The Sunday Oregonian.

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A PARABLE.

[illegible] our Lord, "I will go and see
[illegible] my brethren, believe in me."
[illegible] through the gate of birth,
[illegible] known to the children of earth.

[illegible] the chief priests, and rulers and kings,
[illegible] the Giver of all good things;
[illegible] welcome with pomp and state
[illegible] is mighty and great."

[illegible] of gold the ground they spread
[illegible] Man should tread,
[illegible] chambers lofty and rare
[illegible] and served him with kingly fare.

[illegible] through arches dim
[illegible] in praise of him;
[illegible] palace, and judgment hall,
[illegible] high over all.

[illegible] his steps they led,
[illegible] bent down his head,
[illegible] the heavy foundation stones,
[illegible] bitter groans.

[illegible] and palace, and judgment-hall
[illegible] fissures that rent the wall,
[illegible] wider and yet more wide
[illegible] foundation heaved and sighed.

[illegible] your thrones and altars, then,
[illegible] souls of living men?
[illegible] that building shall endure,
[illegible] the noble and crushes the poor?"

* *

[illegible] not ours the guilt,
[illegible] our father's built;
[illegible] images, how they stand,
[illegible] sole, through all our land."

* *

[illegible] sought out an artisan,
[illegible] haggard man,
[illegible] girl, whose fingers thin
[illegible] faintly want and sin.

[illegible] in the midst of them,
[illegible] drew back their garment-hem,
[illegible] "Lo, here," said he,
[illegible] made of me!"

James Russell Lowell.

OUR VISITORS.

[illegible] paper shall have met the glance [illegible] the Northern Pacific Railroad [illegible] fairly thrown open to the pub- [illegible] continent; the large cortege of [illegible] will have returned homeward [illegible]; and the great railroad pa[illegible] kaleidoscopic novelties and its [illegible] which were not to be seen in [illegible] of the universe, all will have [illegible] like the spring violets. Let them [illegible] in the heart, and as fragrant in the [illegible]. For is it probable that in your life [illegible] another such day will be seen in Portland. To begin with, there will be no occasion [illegible] such a pageant; and if here [illegible] plucky man of our day won't be [illegible] celebrate it. The old guard dies, but [illegible] to count over its halves and [illegible] there is anything of this sort [illegible]. The men of the future may go down [illegible] for twenty-dollar pieces to de[illegible] parades like that of Tuesday—[illegible].

[illegible], it was something that our visitors [illegible] comprehend, for it was *de sui ge*[illegible] question. The enormous sticks [illegible] on the tracks of the North Pacific [illegible] of the pioneer days and [illegible] along with two pet bear cubs, [illegible] were novelties to our visitors. [illegible] into the pavilion here [illegible] ornamented with an elk's head [illegible]. In a thousand little [illegible] of this sort the display showed [illegible] of our people, and our east[illegible] saw it at a glance. They could see [illegible] what could not elsewhere be found. [illegible] cropped out the Yankee energy [illegible] the continent on the 44th par[illegible] turn the vigor of the north[illegible] supremacy.

[illegible] on Tuesday night at the pavilion [illegible] entertainment for our company. [illegible] an entertainment given almost ex[illegible] resident talent, and saw an audi[illegible] thousand people, dressed as [illegible] could be seen at any of Theodore [illegible] in New York or Boston. On [illegible] to be seen the evidences of a [illegible], which had outrun even the [illegible] iron horse. Through all those [illegible] dignity and self-possession which [illegible] a trait of Oregon character, [illegible] thinker of the party, [illegible] characteristic of our people [illegible] his happy comparison between [illegible] the New England States. For [illegible] on her merits that day, and the [illegible] her favor was unanimous. These [illegible] charmed people were astonished, [illegible] what they saw as at the size [illegible] of the city which had produced it. In [illegible], they saw and they were [illegible].

[illegible] at the pavilion were interesting, [illegible] of the visitors. Mr. George's [illegible] read from manuscript and covered [illegible] space. The advance of [illegible], the march of improvement [illegible] of the world, was wholly irrele[illegible] question under consideration. We [illegible] celebrating the Suez canal or anything [illegible] the completion of the Northern [illegible]road. Had he confined himself to [illegible], Mr. George might have short[illegible] down to such space as to admit [illegible] committed to memory, which [illegible] made it far more effective, for there [illegible] in it that was meritorious. Occa[illegible] sort demand speeches that are [illegible] and decisive. Just remember how [illegible] pertinently Mr. Villard replied [illegible] also remember the great space that [illegible] covered in those few minutes.

[illegible] a visible contrast appeared be[illegible] Charles Russell and the gentleman [illegible] him, Mr. Davy. The former is [illegible] a speaker as it has been my good [illegible] in years. I could cite a [illegible] acquaintances who could bet[illegible] to the title of orator than he, [illegible] Wirt Prendergast, Ned [illegible] Tracy or Jesse Goodwin, to say [illegible] Col. Baker, who towered a head and [illegible] all. But for a graceful [illegible] better pleased than with the [illegible] of Mr. Russell. For neat ver[illegible] with a graceful delivery, a [illegible] that he was not expending all [illegible] one little brief effort, and an ease [illegible] did not desert logic for the [illegible] fireworks, Mr. Russell's [illegible] commendable. Nor was [illegible] that particularly demanded [illegible] the speaker. It was rather an oc[illegible] good humor and kindly [illegible] every heart, and demanding of the [illegible] of manner to enforce [illegible] all mankind upon the atten[illegible]. In this Mr. Russell suc[illegible] all cavil. His kindly face made [illegible] friends ere he had opened his lips; [illegible] did speak, the manner of the high[illegible] was perceptible. Mr. Davy [illegible] speaker, but he is certainly [illegible]. He rattled on for twice as [illegible] Mr. Russell, but no one can [illegible] he said. Of words he had [illegible] but he evidently wanted an idea [illegible] a new hat.

[illegible], impressed me as a fiery and [illegible]. And while he can hardly be [illegible], I am willing to place him in [illegible] of debaters, and can readily [illegible] he could lead a big fight in con[illegible] a vigorous and aggressive man[illegible] which wins homage from oppo[illegible] the fidelity of one's own ad[illegible] books of steel. And while he [illegible] graceful diction of Mr. Russell, he [illegible] aggressive speaker, as witness his [illegible] procession of the day, which he [illegible] an epitome of American his[illegible] and spare figure was drawn up [illegible], and his face lighted up with the inspiration of his subject, as he referred to the men of early Oregon, taking up the legacy bequeathed to them by the men of Plymouth Rock. He was followed by Senator Conger of Michigan, who stood where he was flanked by about a hundred Oregon pioneers. His quaint manner and old style of dress evidently captured the "warnick bark" element, and before he had spoken twenty words the pioneers were thoroughly *en rapport* with him. In his homely phraseology and unpretentious style they evidently had an interest—a squatter title, if you like the term; and it was soon to be seen that he had touched a sympathetic chord in their natures. The old man could not talk loud enough to be heard much beyond where the pioneers sat, but he "whooped em up," and they set the rest of the audience afire. Go and ask nine men out of ten who were down stairs who was the most enthusiastic speaker of the lot, and they would tell you "Senator Conger," without one moment's hesitation.

And how agreeably disappointed I was in ex-Secretary Schurz. For the last ten years I have seen his face, and his queer eyes, too, in every illustrated paper in the country, until I had no difficulty in recognizing him the very moment he stepped ashore from the Wide West. I have heard all sorts of epithets applied to him from the newspapers of both parties, and "Dutch crank" was about the best he got from them. When he was called upon I got up and tried to elbow my way out of the crowd, but finally was brought up "all standing" by Governor Perkins, Congressman Pat Tully and Horace Davis of California, who insisted on my hearing him out. After the first sentence from his heavy baritone voice I didn't need any holding, but was quite content to sit down. His speech was full of wholesome thought and sound reflection, suggestions for the good of the country in general and of Oregon in particular. Hitherto he has not been regarded with special favor by the people of this state, but every man who heard his speech will agree with me that he made friends on every side, and the people of Oregon will henceforth regard him in a very different light. He impresses you as a scholarly man from the very outset and his foreign accent wears off as soon as he gets warmed up with his subject. His timely suggestions as to the preservation of our forest timber will be appreciated by all who desire the prosperity and well-being of our state.

The sun was declining, and threw long shadows across the hall as the German scholar resumed his seat, and the cry went up for the gifted old man whose wise counsel and austere patriotism had saved the professional good man's administration from obloquy. As his attenuated figure rose slowly from the chair where he sat beside Governor Moody, a faint tinge of pink from the setting sun lit up his aged face. My anticipation was at an end. The greatest of American lawyers was speaking and I could catch every tone of his voice. He was at last face to face with the land of which Gotham first heard through the enterprise of John Jacob Astor, and with courtly grace he bowed to the people who had preceded him across the continent more than thirty years. There had been murmurs and whispers all day, and shuffling of weary feet, but every sound was hushed as the American Richelieu began to speak. How the old face lighted up with honest Yankee pride as he said: "New England, by her men, and even more by her women, has diffused through this land the sturdy principles upon which the whole fabric of American greatness rests to-day."

And what shall I say of the center figure of the group on the balcony, the cynosure of all eyes, Henry Villard, the man who had brought about all this wonderful turn-out of our people to meet the representative men of Germany and England? I never saw him look as well, nor half as happy. His face was full of *bonhomie* that day, for it was that of a man to whom the completion of a great work was bringing the hope of well-earned repose; and when some of the speakers would make a witty point how his fine gray eyes would twinkle and the corners of his mouth curl upward. The only time I saw anything like a sad expression on his face was when Senator Conger referred to Jay Cooke as his schoolfellow in the wilds of northern Ohio. Then Mr. Villard's face suddenly elongated into a thoughtful look such as I have seen on the features of Barry Sullivan, the world's greatest tragedian. Of what could he have been thinking? Of the boys who went to school with him in the little German town where he first saw the light! And where were they that pleasant Tuesday afternoon when the waning sunlight stole in through the maple boughs to light up the pavilion where the people of Portland had come to welcome him at the conclusion of his victory of peace? Some of them asleep in the clay of Sedan, others in the rifle-pits of Gravelotte; some slumbering beneath the frowning bastions of Metz and others in front of the earthworks at Woerth; while others, far less to be envied, were dragging their shattered limbs about the cities of their birth and sighing for the deep, long and blessed sleep of the battle-field's bloody acres now consecrated in their love and kindled into poetic fire by the "Wacht am Rhein."

And here he was alive, well and thoroughly pleased with the realization of his most sanguine hopes. And while the names of a few survivors of his boyhood days were bracketed for promotion beneath those of Manteuffel and Von Moltke, he had won greater fame at 48 years of age than they could win at 61 or 70. He had brought over the line of which he was president men of the highest rank and culture, diplomatic ministers, soldiers of renown on both continents, and jurists whose professional pride had elevated them to the summit of the ladder, where they discovered suddenly that they had a good deal of elbow room. And all this pageant was the work of a man who, twenty years ago, was writing on the New York *Tribune* for $80 per month. This was something to be proud of indeed. But you will say he has been extravagant, because this excursion from Jersey City to Victoria and back has probably cost him $200,000; but is he doing this on your money? Just remember that six months ago, in New York City, the wife of one of the Vanderbilts gave a party which cost $280,000, of which $36,000 was spent in exotic floral decorations. And this while frail forms were fainting in the icy streets and wondering if the same Christ still lived who once said: "Not a sparrow shall fall without my Father's notice."

Mr. Villard's excursion across the country will not cost a great deal more than Mrs. Vanderbilt's party cost; and who will deny that it has already accomplished a world of good? We feel in it a new impetus to our commerce as a producing people, a new spur to our local industries. Mr. Villard is not extravagant. He is full of German thrift and German foresight; and I am badly mistaken if he does not get back all that this excursion has cost inside of twenty months, with compound interest at that. He knows the value of money as well as any man living, and does not make ducks and drakes of it. He has perhaps spent a quarter of a million dollars in showing the possibilities of the region traversed by his railroad system, and leaves his guests to judge of its future for themselves. So long as he does not make "wilful waste" of his means, while "woful want" stares at him through the railings in front of his mansion, who shall question his right to dispense his hospitality on its largest and most liberal scale? He's not squandering my earnings nor yours; and when you see, a year or two hence, how capital and skilled labor are pouring in here through his agency, you will not think that he has been even squandering his own.

Mr. Villard's picnic has been productive of happy consequences to others than himself or his guests. The joy was general, for the procession represented society—the world, if you will. Into the rapture of the pageant entered the exuberant and universal happiness of a nation rather than a city. All classes, creeds and vocations, welcomed the generous deed and applauded the bloodless victory. The priest beheld another from wedding of two oceans and fancied he could again hear the voice of Christ whispering "Peace," as he walked the midnight sea; the jurist recognized another triumph of law and order over the anarchy and discord that had ruled our frontier states; the statesman saw another highway over which the great world should marshal the advocates and partisans of enlightened government; and the mechanic beheld in it the awakening of a workaday world to the great truth that honest labor is the "one touch of nature" that "makes the whole world kin." Villard was proud because he was happy, but he could not have it all to himself. He must give up some of it to the people whose long isolation he had helped to break, more than any other living man. So as he stepped forward to return thanks for his cordial reception here, the nerve and brain power of your state swung its hat into the air and every recognized vocation of civilized life swelled the vociferous shout of welcome.

Frederick Billings, looking rugged and stout in his sixty years of earnest labor, was the only man from whom Portland really wanted a speech and did not get it. In the dark days of the Northern Pacific road when it seemed as if it would never be built, this pioneer Pacific coast lawyer lent his best efforts and dearest energies to the project. With the history of early California this name has been thoroughly interwoven as that of a man of great personal ambition, coupled with a high degree of professional pride that forbade him to participate in the many schemes which disgraced bar and bench alike in that era. He was the partner of three eminent lawyers, now all dead—Henry W. Halleck, Archibald C. Peachy and Trenor W. Park—of whom I am safe in saying Peachy was by far the ablest man. Park was a cunning schemer, fond of money, and not over particular as to how he got it. General Halleck was an affable old gentleman, but as badly overrated as a lawyer as he subsequently proved to be in military matters. This firm built Montgomery block, and added to the beauty of the city in more ways than one. The money they made was mainly through Billings and Peachy, the former of whom was then what Sam Wilson is to-day—the great corporation lawyer of California. Peachy died only a few weeks ago, a man of great brain, whose life affords a singular exemplification of the old adage that money does not always buy happiness.

Another man I was glad to see in that party was Hon. John E. Bigelow, a New York journalist of the olden time, as well as a successful advocate. In his busy days at the bar he took as a clerk in his office a young man who subsequently came out to California and was elected a United States senator; and the first letter of his name was Eugene Casserly. In 1861 Mr. Bigelow was appointed minister to the court of France, which position he held through the administration of Mr. Johnson, with credit alike to himself and the American people. Prior to that time he edited the New York *Evening Post*, which is now under editorial care of ex-Secretary Schurz. Since his retirement from diplomatic life Mr. Bigelow has resided on the west bank of the Hudson, a short distance below the national lieutenant factory, where he can take the train and run into New York in an hour or two. In physical structure Mr. Bigelow looks more like a western man than a Gothamite, being of large frame and massive features. Like all other men of sterling talent, he is of plain manners and speaks very significant Saxon on all occasions. With all young journalists his sympathetic nature warms up in the shape of kindly advice and good feeling till his gentle words fairly put them once more in love with the least compensated of all the learned professions.

Andrew G. Curtin, the old war governor of Pennsylvania and afterwards minister to the court of the czar, is another of the enjoyable acquaintances I have made on this trip. He belongs to a race of American public men now nearly extinct, not to be classed with Clay, Webster, Calhoun or Cass, but near the top of the second rank which comprised such practical intellects as Silas Wright, Zach Chandler, Matt Carpenter, Pitt Fessenden Stephen A. Douglas and James Beck among its votaries. Tall and wiry, full of activity at an age when most of his fellow men are gouty and cross as a ton of bears, this old man lives in a halo of perennial sunshine from his own happy disposition and genial humor. Now I know why Lincoln loved him as a brother and called him "Andy." His memory is a storehouse of recollections of all the great public men of the last half century. To converse with him is like taking down from a shelf some well-thumbed and time-worn volume, the pages of which are replete with sparkling wit and genial humor. The governor was a guest of Jas. B. Montgomery, Esq., and it was at that pleasant home I met him and enjoyed his genial conversation. Walker Blaine, a son of "the plumed knight," and Frank McLaughlin, of the Philadelphia *Times*, were also of the company. The latter is a shrewd and observing man and was content to show himself a good listener. It is his first visit to the coast, but Mr. Blaine has been here before.

Count Lippe de Wessenwald, Austrian charge d'affaires, sat at the hostess' right *vis-a-vis* to the happy old man from Harrisburg. He is the last man I should set down for a subject of the dominion of Hapsburgh, and by ninety-nine men out of a hundred he would be taken for a well-fed and well-disciplined Englishman. He speaks better English than two-thirds of the British guests on the trip—that is to say, with less affectation—and always gives the right words in the right place. The lord has been very liberal to him for a stronger built figure I do not remember to have seen in years, and he has a broad face upon which sincerity is written in the ineffaceable imprint of our mother, Nature. His conversation is the best proof of what I have been contending for all my life—that simplicity of manner was the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. The count is a great sportsman, and loves a camp in the woods, with a saddle of venison hanging in a tree beside the tent, and a quiet pipe after a supper of trout and grouse. He has promised to come out again next year, and I hope to show him the placid bosom of Olive lake.

As a rule, I don't believe in repeating what one hears in a private house, for where I can't go as an American gentleman, I certainly will not intrude as an Oregon journalist; and to repeat what you hear as a guest is almost universally a transgression of hospitality. But I was told a story of Count Lippe de Wessenfell, which is too good to be buried in the silence that surrounds the friendship and hospitality of a citizen's mansion. While the train was coming in Wallula junction with the foreign guests on board, Count Lippe was standing on the rear platform, and conversing with a gentleman of high rank in the Prussian army. The latter looked about him and said:

"Well, this is wonderful. This is a great ride. Three thousand miles and not a soldier in sight."

"Yes," replied Count Lippe, in a quiet way, "and you might have also said—three thousand miles and not a beggar in sight."

The pleasant-faced Austrian had cracked the shell of the nut, and the meat is all there for crowned heads to help themselves.

Hon. Lionel Sackville West, our accredited plenipotentiary from the English crown, is a rather slight man, with a very expressive and watchful face. Of course he has been the guest of Mr. Laidlaw, the British consul, during his stay in this city. A more modest and unassuming gentleman never filled any public station, and he is fast rivaling, in society circles at Washington, the popularity enjoyed by the genial Sir Edward Thornton. On the same train were the Earl and Countess of Onslow, who not only appropriated an entire Pullman coach to themselves and sent out their servants to eat and sleep in another car, to the inconvenience of other guests in the train, but actually took an entire baggage car for the storage of their baggage. After the last spike was driven the earl was quietly notified that the ceremony was over, and that if he wished to come further west he must allow the coach to be used by other guests beside himself. This he flatly refused to do, and was hauled back again as far as Yellowstone park, where I hope he will shoot a deer and have his guns taken away from him.

Hon. Mr. West does not make any such foolish breaks as that. He knows he is in a new country, settled by plain people, and the plainer he makes himself appear, the greater respect will be felt for him secretly, even if it is not openly manifested. With such intelligent gentlemen as the Hons. Sackville West and Charles Russell in his company, Mr. Villard could very well spare Oregon such an infliction as the Earl of Onslow. I hope Messrs. West and Russell will pardon me for mentioning their names in the same paragraph with this aristocratic booby, and I feel like apologizing to Mr. Villard also, but I could not resist this opportunity briefly to draw a contrast between a representative English gentleman and a titled pig.

To-morrow or next day will see them whirling back eastward, after having crossed the widest portion of America to set their foot upon the soil of Victoria and Esquimalt, which is one of the dearest spots on earth to me. And what have these German and English guests seen? They have seen a grand and opulent country ruled by transplanted Englishmen and Germans. They behold the vigor of the northern brain manifested in all our great public works and in all our elegant private homes. May it ever be thus. We are the children of Penn, Oglethorpe, Calvert, Endicott and Hudson. And as long as England and Germany will send us over their statesmen to see our country and note its latent wealth, they may keep their heroes at home. We need brain and muscle rather than sulphur and steel; and one Humboldt or one Faraday is worth a ten acre lot full of Von Moltkes or Wellingtons to us. We need men to work up raw material. The day will soon be gone by when we can hope to get rich by the exportation of wheat in sacks. We must get rich by manufacturing our wheat into flour, our hard woods into furniture and all our crude staples into goods ready for consumption, or we will never get rich at all. Our protective tariff on manufactures will close our ports to the sale of English goods and it will cut off the English market for our wheat. We must become a greater manufacturing people, and Oregon's water power must not be left out of the calculation.

And now we step down to Ash street wharf to say "Good-bye and God speed you," to the multitude who have held brief communion with us in proper person. They came here not knowing what they were to see, nor whom they were to meet. The foreign-born portion of the guests leave us with the reflection that we are a self-protecting and a self-governing people, while our brothers from the far-off side of the continent depart from us feeling deeply the lesson of the journey. They realize that they have met a homogeneous people linked to them in the triple tie of liberty, equality and fraternity. They have seen a land which the power of the American arm has converted from a wilderness into a garden; and they have been participants in a pageant, in which the humblest laborer felt a citizen's conscious pride. For ourselves and our state, we ask only fair mention and the most impartial criticism; and, in the words of the Moor, "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

M.

ANN HATHAWAY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Shakspeare's marriage with the plain and apparently common-place Ann Hathaway, and she was several years older than himself to boot, seems at first sight as unsuitable as that of Burns with his "Bonny Jean." Ann was "sonsy," as we should say in Scotland, and good-natured; and the union was far from an unhappy one for the poet, as it was probably a very fortunate one for posterity. Had he been caught by some rustic siren who could have made cages as well as nets, he might never have come to trouble with his Justice Shallow, and might have realized a decent competency in the Stratford wool trade. As it was, he had broken bounds for a time before his genius rose soaring into the infinite. But few men have apparently been more indifferent to fame, although it is conceivable that the seeming indifference may have been born of serene self-assurance. Certain it is that he scarcely gave a second thought to the offsprings of his brain, when they had rapidly taken shape under his flying fingers; he left the capital, when in the full flush of his fame, to come back contentedly to comparative obscurity in Stratford. And if his wife had something to forgive she forgave it very freely, and we have no doubt made him exceedingly comfortable in his maturity. William Howitt has read in the Sonnets a very pretty and poetical story of Shakespeare's *vie intime* and conjugal relations. How far it may be fanciful we cannot say; but we are inclined to think there must have been much more in Ann Hathaway than most of her husband's biographers have believed. It is unlikely, on the face of it, that Shakespeare should have married a woman whose soul did not ring responsively to some of the finer chords in his own. We suspect that in her fresh bloom and simple modesty, as in the sweetness of the homely fragrance she diffused, she resembled some of those old-fashioned garden flowers the dreamer of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" loved so dearly. And if it were so, the happiest evenings of his life may have been those he passed with Ann at Shottery.

How Tastes Change.

From Chamber's Journal.

Bishop Thirlwall's greatest pleasure was reading a novel in an open carriage while travelling. Dr. Hook was ready to read one anywhere and under any conditions. Mackintosh soothed himself "before court" and refreshed himself after by reading "The Old Manor House;" and so dreaded arriving at the end of De Stael's "Corinne," that he prolonged his enjoyment by swallowing it slowly, that he might taste every drop. Sir William Hamilton preferred novels of the Radcliffe type; while Mary Somerville in the sunset of life spent her evenings over conversational stories, "hot tragic days being over;" in accordance with Mr. Froude's dictum, that as we grow old, the love agonies of the Fredericks and Dorotheas cease to be absorbing, as the possibilities of excitements for ourselves have set below the horizon, and painful experiences of the realities of weekly bills and rent day induce us to take the parental view of the situation. "A novel which can amuse us in middle life," he says "must represent such sentiments, such actions and such casualties as we encounter after we have cut our wise-teeth and have become ourselves actors in the practical drama of existence. The taste for romance is the first to disappear. Truth alone permanently pleases, and works of fiction which claim a place in literature must introduce us to characters and situations which we recognize as familiar." But Mr. Froude notwithstanding, it is not only young imaginations that yield to the beguilements of romance. Eldon was as interested in sentimental stories when he had gained the goal of his ambition, as when he was young enough and romantic enough to compass a runaway marriage. To the last, Romilly delighted in the romances of Charlotte Smith. Jeffrey was well on in years when he cried over Paul Dombey's death, blessed Paul's creator for the purifying tears he shed, and declared he had been in love with him "ever since Little Nell," and did not care who knew it. Nor was Daniel O'Connell a callow youth when he vowed never to forgive Dickens for killing the heroine of the "Old Curiosity Shop." It must, however, be conceded that Dickens possessed a power of raising a personal attachment for his characters that was unique.

TRESPASSES.

And now that the pageant is over and the bunting is being taken down from the arches we will be asked what we have gained by our city's brilliant reception of Mr. Villard and his friends. I will answer that question in true Yankee style by asking, what have we lost? The advantages we have gained are slow to appear upon the surface of a busy and industrious community. It will be years before the seed that has been sown will fully germinate and bear fruit. But I say to you that we have lost nothing in the dignity that entrenches a self-supporting and self-governing people; nothing in the power that follows in the train of decency and obedience to law; nothing in the wealth that comes as the natural result of thrift and industry. We paraded our local industries before our foreign visitors as the secret of our wealth amid isolation from the great centres of the world's commerce; and in the front rank of the procession marched the surviving remnant of our sturdy pioneers, who hewed down the silent forests that those local industries might abide and endure. And now that our guests are on board the eastward-bound train, we fling after them the old slipper of good luck and bid them come again when the opportunity of leisure offers itself.

Never did Portland look half so fair to the eye of citizen or alien. In a few places the decorations had a garish look, but those were exceptional. Generally speaking, the display evinced its elegance in its simplicity. Particularly was this true of the new ticket offices on Ash street dock and the dining room especially fitted up by Eppinger for the accommodation of Mr. Villard's guests. Neither of these places involved any great expense in their decorations, and yet nothing surpassed them for beauty and symmetry. It only goes to show you that a little good taste often goes further than a good deal of money. There were scores of places through the city as you went up one street and down the other, that showed less taste and harmony of decoration, but cost a good deal more money. Frank Dodge always was something of an artist in his peculiar line, and his good judgment crops out all over the new offices; and as for Eppinger, he is one of the really few art critics in Portland.

The finest piece of exterior decorations, beyond all dispute, was that of the Starr block, occupied by Murphy, Grant & Co., Corbitt & Macleay, Frank Bros. and Mellis Bros. At night it blazed in a perfect galaxy of refulgence and by day it showed exquisite festoons of evergreen and tri-color. Of all interior decorations those of the O. R. & N. Co.'s land department defied comparison. There is nothing as beautiful for decoration purposes at this season as fruits and cereals, provided there is a man at hand who knows how to use them. Such a man cropped out in an old newspaper man named F. W. Mitchell, chief clerk to Mr. Schulze in the land department. He had been placed under no restrictions as to expense in this work, but accomplished it at a much lighter cost than was first estimated by his senior officer. The decorations at the pavilion, which elicited such general commendation from all our visitors, were designed by H. J. McDonald, Mr. Thielsen's private secretary. The triumphal arch at the north end of First street was designed by Mr. Townsend, of the Bank of British Columbia; and while it looked heavy enough for a railroad bridge during the earlier period of its construction, it assumed a grace of proportion after it was complete that challenged the admiration of all.

Portland will be set down, from this day henceforth as a place which does nothing by halves. With a population hardly one-sixth of that of San Francisco, she has given an exhibition of which the California metropolis might have been justly proud. We all know that Seattle is the only really aggressive rival of Portland; that she is plucky and enterprising in everything that she laid down gas mains in her streets before she had three thousand bona fide residents, and in every way arrogated to herself the dignity of a maritime metropolis. And yet a prominent Seattle business man said to the writer on Wednesday night, "I have seen nothing that surpassed this at the conclave in San Francisco. It is true they decorated more miles of thoroughfare, but it did not equal this in real elegance; and for the gas illuminations between A and Salmon street, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying it is the best job of gas fitting I ever saw in my life." Praise from such a source certainly could not be set down as flattery.

The most creditable feature of the whole affair was the comparative absence of drunkenness on our streets. Those who were arrested and sent to the station house with the same cabalistic initials after their names as are usually applied to doctors of divinity, were poor forlorn creatures who would have got drunk if Villard had never come within a thousand miles of Portland. Nor was the number of overbeveraged individuals committed to the magisterial care of "Psalm" Moreland, who holds office "for the comprehension of all vagrom men," augmented by any of the bucolic brigade which arrived with hayseed in their hair from the classic precincts of Soap Creek or the secluded shades of the Long Tom. Of the vast multitude that thronged our streets to such an extent that "the oldest inhabitant" did not recognize one man out of five that he met, none exhibited the outward appearance of anything but good citizenship and orderly demeanor. And while the railroad magnate felt a conscious pride in the realization of his laudable ambition, the young state which welcomed him as her chief guest felt a like honest pride in the sobriety and dignity of her people.

One feature of the celebration that could not well be overlooked was the splendid body of special police appointed for the occasion. If the appointing power had ransacked the corridors of the insane asylum at East Portland there could not have been a worse array of imbeciles selected for positions requiring activity and energy on an occasion of this sort. The regular police force of this city is a body of intelligent and active men, led by a man who is thoroughly competent to fill the position of chief; and hence I think he could not have been consulted in the appointment of these special officers. "The lame, and the halt and the blind," that made their appearance before the rich man's "cold mutton and swarry," were evidently the ancestors of this glorious band of specials. Somehow or other, none of them got walloped—probably because none of them attempted to make any arrests. It is probable we shall have no celebration like this for some years to come, and it is quite certain we shall have no more such special policemen. If you think Oregon is a hard country to get a living in, take a look at some of these fellows and you'll change your mind.

I heard some time ago of an association entitled the "Oregon Humane Society," and would suggest that they employ, during low water in the Willamette, a special policeman at the Stark street ferry. Not a day passes but the ferry incline affords some painful example of the old adage that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast." This is particularly noticeable among the teams engaged in hauling fire wood into this city from the opposite side of the river. They are, for the most part, handled by hired drivers who care but little for anything else so as they get their wages. They load the wagons just as heavily as they did three months ago when the river was ten feet higher and the grade of the ferry incline proportionately less. And when it comes to ascending that heavy grade of slippery planking, the cruel lash is applied without stint to the noblest animal God has created for the use of man. One day during the fore part of the past week, a heavily loaded wagon drawn by two large horses, crossed the ferry westward. The load on the wagon was as much as these noble brutes should have been required to draw on a dead level, to say nothing of such a grade as the incline now presents. Of course the horses staggered at the steep grade and the driver whipped them so severely that one of them, in his frantic efforts to move the load actually popped his right eye from the socket. Other instances, within the past four weeks can be cited where the teams have sustained severe falls and horses have had their knees skinned and otherwise mutilated. It is not the fault of the ferry proprietors, but of unthinking and unfeeling teamsters who overload their wagons, in defiance of every principle of humanity and decency.

In every city but Portland, railroad tracks are sprinkled to prevent the dust from rising and creating a nuisance in the neighborhoods through which their lines are run. There should be such an ordinance in force in this city from May to October, both months inclusive. The "west side" road, in particular, is a prolific disseminator of volatile clouds as its trains dash up the steep grades of Fourth street, sending the dust in every direction. During the winter months no such expense would be necessary. I suppose the railroad managers would regard such legislation as highly tyrannical, but the people should not be inconvenienced for their profit. They may say that housekeepers should keep their windows closed, to exclude the dust; but in my belief they have just as good right to keep windows open as other people have to run railroad trains through the heart of a city like Portland. It is an old saying that "the world is governed too much," but it appears to be too much law for the private citizens and not enough for the corporations.

I went down to the steamer last night to say good-bye to some friends, my son amongst the number. The magnificent Columbia, the best finished ship I ever saw, lay quietly at her dock while her mighty heart of red, living embers was almost pulseless till the noon of night arrived and the gang plank was hauled in. Bolles, the sturdy and well preserved fellow whom I have known through fifteen years of sunshine and shade and always found to be the same genial soul through all, mounted the bridge with the pilot on his left. The tiny bell tinkled and the gong rang out its brazen stroke. The hawsers were hauled in and the whistle sounded an adieu. On the after deck stood a tall man in a white hat, the man who is almost the last survivor of the great array of giant wills that beat down the rebellion and preserved the union of states. Lincoln, Baker, Douglas, Stanton, Morton, Fessenden, Grimes, Johnson and Welles, all are gone, and the old Pennsylvania governor stands alone, an evergreen oak in a razed forest. Kind old man, lingering relic of our country's purer era, you saw our infant state in the purple and glow of her pioneer era as your own years are drawing to the autumn of man's allotted life. May the few remaining days of sunshine light your venerable head and the frosts of the long winter linger far off for

"No temple, though its walls resound
With bursts of ringing cheers,
Can hold the honors that surround
Your manhood's twice-told years."

I met Charley Kohn yesterday afternoon and he invited me down to have a glass of beer out of the first car-load of freight that had crossed the Northern Pacific. So we went down and took some beer, out of a neat elm wood barrel, such as is used for barreling flour in the older states. This car-load of beer was just fourteen days and twenty-one hours from the brewery of Philip Best & Co. to the Portland consignees. Fourteen days and twenty-one hours from the manufacturer in Milwaukee to the vendor in Portland. Verily I can say, *tempora mutantur*. The last time I was in Milwaukee was in 1857. It took me one day to get there to Chicago, and another to St. Louis. Four days and twenty hours from the latter city to New Orleans, and twenty-three days from the Crescent City to San Francisco. Thence to Portland by steamer (had desired to come) would have occupied six days for the old Columbia stopped at Mendocino Mills, Humboldt Bay, Trinidad, Crescent City, Port Orford, Fort Umpqua and Astoria; so that the passenger would have been thirty-five days from Milwaukee to Portland by the only recognized line of travel at that day. Either that or a six-months ox-team journey across the continent—take your choice. And now, a freight train, switched off and side-tracked at a dozen places on the route, comes through in less than half the shortest schedule of way passenger time. Yes, Mr. Villard, "the world moves," but I am half inclined to the belief that you are moving it yourself just a little.

Men frequently read my sketches of domestic life on this western coast and say to me, "I read that story with a great deal of interest, for I was there myself when it occurred. You have a wonderful memory." For a while I was disposed to agree with them, but I'm all over it now. In the past two weeks I have seen sixteen men (the Spanish Students' concert troupe) play nearly sixty pieces of difficult music without a note of music before them and everything "dead letter perfect." There's memory for you. Don't attempt to compare any other people's memory with theirs. And what is more to be regretted, these talented young fellows have given the most refined entertainment (perhaps excepting the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston) that has ever been given in Portland. That they should have done so to comparatively empty benches will always be a source of profound regret to

GRIZZLY.

A TRAMP'S DELAY.

The steamship Madras and her commander have given the press many items. While here she had no trouble, but at Honolulu and Victoria was delayed by quarantine and legal matters. The San Francisco *Chronicle* of last Tuesday has the following:

On last Saturday the English steamer Madras left this port for Honolulu and Hongkong. For a long time there had been bad feeling between the master, Captain Bradley, and his officers but it did not develop itself till just before the pilot was ready to leave the steamer. Some order given by the captain was replied to by the first mate in an insulting manner, to which the captain replied by giving the mate a thrashing. This occurred just outside the Heads, and after the pilot left the captain ordered the engineer to put on steam and go ahead. But a council of war had been held in the engine-room between the first and second mates and the first, second and third engineers and they all decided not to go to sea with Captain Bradley, and consequently the order to "go ahead" was met with a blank refusal. The captain then ordered the sailors to hoist sail, with the intention of proceeding on the voyage at any rate. When the sails were set and the steamer under way the three engineers put on steam and worked the propeller the reverse way, and the steam being stronger than the sails, the vessel came back to the starting place stern first and the anchor was dropped. The captain then sent ashore by a passing tug to have the British consul take some steps in the matter and send out three more engineers. Acting British Consul Mason, Henry Land, the consignee, and a pilot chartered the tug Neptune and went to the Madras, which lay at anchor ten miles outside of the Heads. Finding that matters could not be satisfactorily arranged, for the engineers would not go to sea with Mr. Bradley as master, and it being impossible to find three competent engineers and two mates, it was decided by the consul and Mr. Land to put another captain on the Madras for the time being. To this Captain Bradley agreed, as did the mutineers, and on the return to the city the services of Mr. Swan, first mate of the [illegible], were secured, and the steamer proceeded on her way.

Bakers have been suspected of using sulphate of copper to whiten their bread. Mons. Galippe, however, points out that the detection of copper in bread is no proof that it was improperly introduced, since copper exists normally in all plants, and particularly in wheat.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Doings in the World of Science—Interest in Scientific Research on the Increase—Interesting Reports.

According to Mr. D. B. Dott, of Edinburgh, the principal acid of opium is not meconic acid, as has been supposed, but sulphuric acid.

Russian geologists consider the granites of the Dnieper to have been formed by the action of the water, instead of having had igneous and eruptive origin usually assigned to such rocks.

As an evidence of the rapidity with which interest in scientific research is now extending it is noted that the gain of membership in the American Association for the Advancement of Science has been as great within the last four years as in the previous thirty-one years.

At a high temperature bricks absorb 15 or 20 per cent of asphalt, and become converted into an elastic and very durable material. In Berlin a pavement of bricks thus treated has been laid in a street where neither granite nor compressed asphalt had hitherto withstood the wear.

By impregnating textile fabrics with an oil distilled from birch bark, Mons. Piron claims to make them impermeable to fresh or salt water, acids, alkalies and mildew without impairing their flexibility and softness. The treatment prevents rotting, and adds to the durability of rope, cordage, etc., as well as of woven fabrics.

It has been recommended by Mme. Schlumber that a bottle of ammonia be placed in each barrel of petroleum in oil regions. If the oil should then ignite from any cause the bottle would break and the ammoniacal vapors would at once extinguish the fire. Dr. Pietra Santa proposes applying this plan of protection from fire to collieries liable to fire-damp.

The just completed mortality returns for England in the year 1881 give some cases of extreme longevity. Twenty-five men and sixty-six women were registered as 100 years old and upward when they died. Nine of the men were 100, two 101, three 102, one 103, two 104, three 105, one 108 and one 112. Of the women, twenty-four were 100, fifteen 101, eight 102, five 103, six 104, two 105, three 106 and three 107.

In judging of the value of an article of food, Herr Mayer would consider, as the principal points to determine its harmlessness, its taste, its physiological utility. In the first two respects there is, he thinks, no appreciable difference between the genuine and artificial butter. The third point depends chiefly on digestion, and he has proven by experiment that genuine butter is the more readily digested of the two. The difference even in this respect is not great, but is especially noticeable when the imitation butter is used with potatoes.

The importance to vegetation of an abundant water supply is shown by a consideration of the amount of moisture which is perspired by plants. A sun-flower, only three and a half feet high, with 5,616 square inches of surface exposed to the air, gives off as invisible vapor from twenty to thirty avoirdupois ounces of water every twelve hours. This is more than passes through the skin of a man. Most of the common cultivated plants—such as wheat, beans, peas and clover—exhale during five months of growth more than two hundred times their dry weight of water; while twice its weight of water passes from the Cornelian cherry in twenty-four hours.

"Nature," says Goethe, "will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their own history. The planet and the pebble go attended by their shadows; the rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain; the river its channel in the soil; the animal its bones in the stratum; the fern leaf its modest epitaph in the coal; the falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or stone. Not a foot slips in the snow or along the ground but prints, in characters more or less lasting, a map of its march. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground of all memoranda and signatures, subjects covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

Among the great refracting telescopes of the world, completed or in process of construction, may be mentioned the following: The Lick telescope, for which an object glass 36 inches in diameter has been commenced by the Clarks, of Cambridge, Mass.; the Pulkowa telescope, which boasts the largest lens thus far completed—30 inches in diameter; the Vienna telescope, with an object-glass of 27 inches; the McCormick telescope, of 26 inches; the Washington telescope, of 26 inches; the Newhall telescope, of 25 inches; the Princeton telescope, of 23 inches; the Buckingham telescope, of 21 inches; the Chicago telescope of 18½ inches; the Washburn and the Warner telescopes, of 16 inches each, and the Harvard telescope, of 15 inches.

THE FASHION OF FOX HUNTING.

That which is generally recognized and laughed at as an absurdity when practiced by a very small number, frequently becomes a thing to be cultivated and approved when sanctioned and adopted by that influential minority known as fashionable society. When Don Quixote undertook to revive knight errantry, his countrymen and all the world laughed, and have been laughing ever since, but had a majority of the dons and hidalgos borne him company and gone about the country tilting at windmills and making love to country wenches, there would have been no one to write their amusing adventures or no one to read and laugh at them, if written. The American fox hunter is more fortunate. He has plenty of company, as madly ambitious of a certain purposeless, anomalous and anachronistic achievement as himself. To first drag an anise seed bag over a given stretch of country and then follow the scent with horses and hounds through cultivated fields and growing crops is no more sensible, intrinsically considered, than it would be to drive lances into a collection of menacing and mocking windmills, and had any individual visionary initiated such a proceeding, and pretended that he was fox hunting, his friends might have taken speedy measures to commit him to a lunatic asylum. When we find that an intrinsic absurdity is robbed of much, if not all of its eccentricity by the acceptance of a class, the unpleasant suggestion thrusts itself into prominence that the whole race may be only a great family of lunatics with certain falsities of judgment held in common. But with all due respect to the many excellent and agreeable people, who at Newport and other places in this country are trying to revive or transplant a very questionable English institution, we think they are making a very poor use of their time in devoting it to so-called fox-hunts. As an exercise or pastime, the fox hunt would never have been thought of in America had it not been a long-established institution under very different social conditions in England. The Newport fox hunts destroy the crops and incure the enmity of the farmers in the neighborhood, for sham glory and motiveless excitement. If the riders wish to risk their own lives, that is their own affair, but the injury to horseflesh is a species of wantonness that ought not to be encouraged. Even good society should not be quite as aimless as the butterflies. It should keep its accounts in the pursuits of pleasure as well as in the pursuits of business. It knows what the sport has cost, and now we should like to know, giving to sentiment and fashion their full credit what the rewards are.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING. SEPT. 16 1883.

CLARINDA WAITS.

Clarinda waits—a pretty sketch—
And looks across the dell
To see Leander fondly fetch
The toothsome caramel.

The butterflies about her flit,
The bees around her wing;
Her style and make up sweetly hit
The poet's dream of spring.

She sees the woodland roses freight
The breeze with petals red;
She sees the horseflies agitate
The taurine quadruped.

But still Leander doesn't haste
Through seas of bloom and scent;
Ah! merry, how she sighs to taste
The food of sentiment.

She lingers 'neath her parasol
Till after 5 o'clock,
As patient as a waxen doll—
But, Gramercy! the rock

Is cold and damp—in fact, it's wet—
And fills her soul with ills;
And on the county road she'll get
A lovely case of chills.

—*Puck.*

TESTING HER INNOCENCE.

A Baby Plays an Important Part in a Paris Court Scene.

A poor, plain seamstress who had recently become a widow, was arraigned for theft in a Paris court. She appeared at the bar with her baby of eleven months in her arms. She went to get some work one day, and it was alleged that she stole three gold coins of ten francs each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her room to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the room with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant: "I was going to carry them back to you." Nevertheless, she was carried to the commissioner of police, and he ordered her to be sent before the police court for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself she answered: "The day I went to my employer's I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I was not paying any attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantelpiece, and unknown to me, its stretched out its little hands and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet and was going back to my employer to return him the money when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth as I hope for heaven's mercy."

The court could not believe this story. They upbraided the mother for imprudence in endeavoring to palm off such a manifest falsehood for the truth. They besought her for her own sake to retract so absurd a tale, for it could have no effect but to oblige the court to sentence her to a much severer punishment than they were disposed to inflict on one so young and evidently steeped so deep in poverty.

These appeals had no effect except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most adroit criminal can never counterfeit, the court was at some loss to discover what decision justice demanded. To relieve their embarrassment, one of the judges proposed to renew the scene as described by the mother. Three gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position at which she assumed at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause in court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and stretched forth its tiny hand and clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.

Jenkins and his Double.

One winter evening a gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. Jenkins, had been dining quietly at his club, than which no more respectable and classic edifice adorns Pall Mall. In due time Jenkins started for his chambers in the temple. He is a barrister, and, as the poet sings,

"Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks."

The night was very windy and drizzly, and Jenkins paused on the steps of his club, struggling with his umbrella. On the other side of the street he observed a man dressed exactly like himself, also engaged in struggling with his umbrella. Jenkins walked briskly down the south side of Pall Mall, but he could not help observing that the figure on the other side of the way kept pace with him exactly. He soon became curious about the man and crossed over to observe him more closely. On reaching the north side of Pall Mall, at the entrance of Waterloo place, he found that he had lost sight of the figure. Rather relieved at this, Jenkins walked on, but, turning casually at the old Water-color Society's gallery, he beheld his companion marching on the opposite, the southern, side of Pall Mall. He crossed again, missed him again, but saw that the figure accompanied him down the Strand. Jenkins reached the gate of the Temple, knocked and was admitted by the porter. "Are you sure you know me?" he asked the porter. "Know you, sir, of course I do; I've known you for years." "You could not mistake any one else for me?" "Impossible, sir." "Well," said Jenkins, pointing across Fleet street, "do you see that fellow over here?" "Yes, sir." "Well, he's an impostor. He'll try to get in, and to persuade you that he is me; take care you don't let him in." The porter promised, and Jenkins, who thought he had at last baffled his follower, went cheerfully to his chambers. He groped about for a match, lighted a candle, and there, to his horror, saw himself sitting in the arm-chair before the fire. To drop his candle in his fright, to rush down stairs (like the sailor who took five hours to climb Majuba hill and came down in three minutes,) was to the awestruck Jenkins the work of a moment. He hurried to the porter's lodge. "Why did you let that fellow in?" he cried. "Door has not been opened since you came in, sir," replied the proud porter. On hearing this Jenkens decided not to return to his chambers; he passed the night at a neighboring hotel. Next day, in the cheerful sunshine, he ventured back to his rooms. The candlestick was lying on the floor, but everything else was orderly. In the bedroom another scene met his eye. The storm of the night before had blown the chimney through the roof, and the heavy coping stone reposed where Jenkin's head should have been—on the pillow of Jenkin's. His double, by frightening him out of his chambers, had had saved his life. Let us remember this affecting anecdote when doubles are spoken of with harshness by philosophers.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

Arab Courage.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The courage of the Bedouin is one of their most landed virtues, but one which within the present century has not been conspicuously vindicated. I have seen more than once a tribe on a raid, and have heard more than one tale of Bedouin battles. As a rule the bulletin seems to be the following effect: "We bravely attacked the enemy, which made its appearance in a force of one to our ten. We took several prisoners, and the enemy lost heavily, two horses and several cows being slain. At length his remaining forces withdrew, and we found our casualties to include one mare hurt in the leg by a spear. We cut off the fore fingers of our prisoners in remembrance of those of our tribe whose beards and hair had been burned off on a former occasion, and letting them go, drove off the captured camels, and endeavored to conceal as far as possible the direction of our victorious retreat." Such are the deeds I have heard recounted, and although men are sometimes slain in battle, and Fahed en Nimar has legs which have been peppered with small shot, it must be remembered that to initiate a blood feud is an almost serious circumstance in tribe life, and that the whole policy of the leaders will for many years be directed to the healing of the breach thus caused, and to the settlement of blood money. When a disagreement occurs between two tribes they will gather their spearmen, concentrate their encampments, and square up, so to speak, toward each other, but they generally contrive, before matters come to an open breach, to find a third party willing to mediate, and a compromise is established, to the great relief of the bold warriors on either side.

An Odd Court Incident Down South.

A strange incident occurred at Kingston, Tenn., a few days since. Judge Rogers convened circuit court and in his hurry to impanel the grand jury selected thirteen men from the number in the court room. The law requires a small child to draw the names from a box, and when Judge Rogers' mode was discovered Thursday the entire business of the grand jury was set aside and a new panel was ordered. When the names were drawn from a lot of two hundred they were precisely the same as had been chosen by the judge when court first convened. It is a remarkable coincidence.

QUEENSTOWN, Sept. 12.—Arrived—Br sh Vice Reine, S. F.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 31.—In port—Sh Eureka, for S F. Cleared—Br sh Aberystwith Castle, Honolulu and Portland.

VALPARAISO, Aug. 7.—Arrived—Ger bk Federica, Tacoma.

The "spike" edition of THE OREGONIAN—September 9. Copies in wrappers at this office. Price 10 cents.

A TRAMP'S ROMANCE.

The Story of Two Lives that Were Parted Down in Delaware.

The recollection of an interesting episode in the life of a Sussex county family has been revived here by the appearance of the hero after an absence of twenty-six years. Early in the spring of 1845, before the days of railroads in this section, there drove up to the door of a farm house near Georgetown one of the most welcome visitors to womankind at that period—a peddler. He was a fine representative of his class, about 32 years old, and good looking. Upon entering the farm house with his wares he was immediately struck by the beauty and womanly grace of the only child of the old farmer, a young girl of 20 summers. He was bold in his admiration, and the young woman, little used to attention, blushed like a rose under his glances, and smiled her encouragement. It was a case of love at first sight, and before the pedler left the house he managed to have a private chat with the girl, and told her that his name was William Spaulds, and that he was a captive to her charms. She heard him willingly, and when the knight of the pack proceeded on his journey Kitty Johnson was betrothed to William Spaulds. Six months later the pedler came to claim his affianced. The girl was the only child, and the aged farmer and his wife were loth to have their daughter make an equal match.

They remonstrated, but in vain. The young lovers were married. The old folks could not become reconciled to the manner of courtship and marriage. In less than a year both father and mother died. Spaulds gave up pedling and undertook the management of the farm, but in four years' time the sheriff had visited them and the farm passed into the hands of creditors. Spaulds was a peculiar fellow, and seemed ever in bad luck. He was addicted to no bad habits, was sober, honest, industrious, and many thought Kitty Johnson drew a prize when she captured the pedler. But he never prospered, and there was ever something between him and success. After failure as a farmer he opened a little tin shop in town, and barely managed to make a living in that business. Twice a year he visited Philadelphia to purchase a stock of tin-plate and other material. In the spring of 1857 he left on his semi-annual visit by vessel from Milton. After the lapse of a couple of weeks the vessel reached Milton on the return trip, but Spaulds was not on board. The captain came to Georgetown and told the anxious wife that he had landed her husband safe in Philadelphia, and that he spent two nights on shipboard, but nothing had been seen or heard of him since. Through dreary days the patient woman watched, and through long nights did awake listening for the steps of her missing spouse. Weeks lengthened into months and months into years, and still no tidings came to the lonely and deserted wife. Ten years rolled by, and Kitty Spaulds grew weary of waiting and watching.

She believed that her husband was dead, and the scenes of her early life became distasteful to her. In 1867, in the same season of the year that her husband disappeared, Kitty started west with her two young children. They settled in Illinois, and lived comfortably and happily until three years ago, when her heartache ended and she was laid to rest, faithful to him who had won her early love. Toward evening of one of the hot days of last week there paused at the gate of a house on the outskirts of the town an old, weather-beaten, broken hulk of a man, who said that this was his former home, and that he had come for assistance. He told how reverses of fortune had overtaken him, how he walked many a mile foot-sore and in hunger, and that few had compassion on him. In this case his age excited sympathy, and he was kindly cared for. The kindness touched the old man's heart, and with tears in his eyes he told the old farm folks that his name was William Spaulds, and that he had wandered back here to take one last look at his wife. The simple country folk cut short his story by telling him of the removal and death of Kitty Spaulds, and that his two children were supposed to be still living in the west. The old man did not seem surprised, but wept bitterly, and silently gathering his little bundle, passed out the gate without a word. The sands of the old man's life are well-nigh run, and he can wander but little longer. "What became of Spaulds?" a frequent topic among the old residents, has at last been partially answered. How or why he disappeared still remains a mystery.

The Early Drama.

The drama in its early Greek cradle was not the amusement of leisure-seekers, but the festive business of the entire community. That spectacle "knit up the ravel'd sleeve" of antagonism, and closed for a while the open seams of faction, in the feelings of civic brotherhood. The spectacular purpose, moreover, was a religious one, and every drama had a hymnic motive. Each individual of the nation or city thus met to dedicate their common joy, renewed the pledge of mutual incorporation, which rallied again to unity the rivalries of litigation, politics and commerce. Packed thus in time of peace into a single building at their great Dionysiac gatherings, the representative manhood of the state would abandon to the women and children, to the aliens and slaves, to the sick and impotent, the entire residue of the city's area. Thus the stage at once became the crater at which a flood of sentiment, at once national and devotional, at once patriotic and artistic, found its vent. The muse of tragedy gazed from her mask on all orders of her native realm, gathered in solemn pageant as for a festive liturgy, an innovation of æstheticism, heightened by an enthusiasm of religion which knew no sects to divide, no puritanism to estrange. The muse of comedy peeped forth upon a laughing throng, redolent of the wine vat, eager for an orgy. The theater became a temple for the time, whose votaries were the constituents at once of pnyx, dicasteries, agora and senate; and as the volcano is the mountain, that seething vortex of exhalted humanity was the state itself. There was the highest honor for the actor, the supreme triumph, the all but apotheosis of the poet. Even criticism felt the nobility of its mission to applaud the worthiest, not to expose the feeblest; and the critic was present to gather honey and not to sting. So far from degrading attributes clothing the stage, the choregus and protagonist found in it a patent of nobility, and its humblest accessory became the acolyte of a cultured mystery, the train-bearer of "gorgeous tragedy in sceptred pall," and basked in the halo of her splendor. To such a pile of human sympathies as the world had never seen before, including patriotic fervor, religious rapture, exuberant jocosity and frolic ecstacy, the altar of Dionysus supplied the torch, and the whole of living Athens became a conflagration of enthusiasm with which no modern audience of play-goers, each anxious for his half-guinea's worth or half-crown's worth, can ever hope to compete.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Davoust and Soult.

Temple Bar.

The roughness of tongue which has affected Davoust was natural in Soult. This marshal had an excellent heart, but he could not, for the life of him, refrain from snarling at anybody whom he heard praised. The proverb about bite and bark might have been invented for him, as the men at whom he grumbled most were often those whom he most favored. He was once breakfasting with Berthier and the latter's aide-de-camp—a grave young man, who did not utter a word during the meal. Afterward, while coffee was being taken, a discussion arose between the marshals as to the color of the facings in a certain regiment during the consulate. Berthier pointed to his aide-de-camp: "There's Garand can tell us; he served in that very regiment;" and the officer thus appealed to pronounced against Soult by the one word, "Red." Years later Garaud's name was mentioned before Soult, upon which the veteran remarked coolly: "Ah, I remember Garnaud, he's a chatterbox." It is impossible to translate the following dialogue, because there is no English equivalent for the slang terms in it. A staff captain named Bethmont was sent to Davoust with some dispatches for Ney. Davoust took no notice of him for a quarter of an hour, then turned sharp round, saying: "Qu'est-ce-que vous fichez ici?" Bethmont delivered his dispatches with a bow; "Maréchal on m'a fichu l'ordre de vous ficher ces depeches, et si vous n'avez pas de réponse à me f—, je ficherai mon camp."—*Temple Bar.*

Seventy-five Miles to See the Cars.

Chattanooga Times.

James Doyle and wife, of Sequatchie valley, were in the city yesterday. The object of their visit to the city was nothing more or less than to see a train of cars. The came through the country in a wagon, a distance of seventy-five miles. Depot policeman Driscoll took them in charge, and when the morning East Tennessee train came puffing in they were almost beside themselves with joy, but were afraid to get near "that ar' queer thing." Doyle states that his mother is 86 years old, and had never been twenty miles from the house in which she was born.

LADY GODIVA.

How a New York Reporter Saw the Ride Through Coventry.

HER AIRY COSTUME.

How the Countess of the Haughty Leofric was Taken from the Greenroom of a London Variety Hall.

New York Herald.

COVENTRY, Aug. 15.—The city of the "Three Tall Spires," as Tennyson calls it, has rather a bad reputation among sociable people. To be "sent to Coventry" is supposed by many to be tantamount to being cut off from intercourse with one's fellows; to be, in fact, as a land-leaguer would put it mildly, "boycotted." The origin of the expression is as obscure as most such expressions, and none of the explanations hazarded by the Warwickshire antiquarians are quite satisfactory. For a good many centuries past Coventry has been celebrated far and wide for its pageants. The most remarkable of them, and the only one with which we have to do just now, was, of course, the Lady Godiva procession. To relieve the people of taxation by her cruel lord, Lady Godiva rode naked through the town. Such was the condition he had imposed for the remission of their taxes, and such the origin of the custom that was to-day revived.

This morning, however, a pestilent individual, signing himself a "Lineal Descendant of Leofric and Godiva," writes a wretched, querulous, unsettling, irrelevant letter to the London *Times*, maintaining that the famous ride—the ride upon which Tennyson has written such dainty verses—never took place at all—could never have taken place—because Coventry had no existence at the period in which the "Lady" is said to have ridden through it.

The first pageant in which we can be tolerably sure an impersonator of the gentle countess figured, took place in the year of grace of 1678 at Coventry fair. The Godiva on that occasion was perfectly nude. For those were the times of the "merry monarch," and his example had been imitated in a good many matters of morality—and immorality. The exact details of the show have been handed down to us in a handbill of the period. The various companies of the Coventry and corporation were represented by boys or "followers," "each company having new streamers." Lady Godiva rode before the mayor to "proclaim the fair." For some time after 1678 the pageant was repeated annually with slight variations. In 1826 the corporation and the masters of the civic companies took part in the fair for the last time, and soon after the glory of the procession began to fade, and from being an annual event became an occasional one.

Long before this, I need hardly say, the practice of exhibiting a nude Godiva to the crowd which thronged to the festival had been discarded as contrary to decency and the law. In 1877, after the lapse of several years, the show was again revived, despite much virtuous opposition, but from that time to this morning the "lady," as they affectionately call her down here, was seen no more in the streets of Coventry. Public opinion seemed dead against it and preferred the salvation army procession to the old pageant. A puritanical section of the authorities had pronounced it immoral, and even the garrison (not generally a stickler for morality) had refused to countenance or take part in procession. A spirited committee took the matter in hand privately some weeks ago. Subscriptions were invited, money flowed in and the benevolent neutrality of the mayor having been secured, the Lady Godiva show was to-day revived.

The all-important question, "Who shall be Lady Godiva?" had been happily answered by the engagement of an equestrian "star" from the Theater Royal, Astley's—Miss Maud Forrester. I left her down stairs an hour ago, enjoying a well-earned chop and some brandy and soda. The fete was ushered in auspiciously by a satiric "leader" in this morning's *Times* and clashing peals from the beautiful steeple of St. Michael's. This steeple by the bye—the highest of the "three high spires"—would alone more than repay a visit to Coventry. The ancient city had been gaily decorated over night with fluttering pennons, evergreens and devices more or less appropriate. From many a gable dating back as far as the time of Queen Bess hung waving pictures of the sweet "lady" and her spouse, varied here and there by designs showing us the wicked tailor, and by the city arms—an elephant and castle—the castle atop of the elephant.

The inns were crowded by the influx of 40,000 visitors (among them a large party of Americans), and it was no easy matter, I found, to get a bed when I came down in the dead of night from London. The procession was to start, agreeable to immemorial custom, from the court yard of St. Mary's hall, a building which does duty as a kind of mairie. Thither I repaired, and having shown my credentials to the helmeted policeman at the door, was ushered into the historic room, where I found the costumer and a motley throng of knights and gentlemen busily engaged in fitting on breastplates that wouldn't be fitted, and swearing at slashed velvet hose which were somehow always a little bit too large or small for the wearers. In another room hard by were the ladies chosen to take part in the procession. Queen Elizabeth, represented by a rather pretty girl in mulberry and green velvet, was chatting in broad Warwickshire to Mary, queen of Scots, and to Margaret of Anjou, in blue and Magenta satin.

Lady Godiva herself was dressing in a third room to which, after some coy but excusable resistance, I was admitted. "I hope I don't intrude?" I inquired timidly, with a vague souvenir of Paul Pry in my mind no doubt, as I crossed the sacred threshold and found myself face to face with a very plump and portly "lady."

"Not at all," came the gracious reply from the lips of her lightly clad but shapely ladyship. "I'm not quite ready yet, as you see, but you must excuse that."

I excused her willingly, for nothing was lost by her unreadiness. *Tout au contraire*, Godiva was just then standing in front of her glass, adding a little gauze to the somewhat too scanty upper part of her flesh colored satin corsage. But for this garment which fitted like a glove, a pretense of satin drapery about the waist, and the very transparent "tights" which encased her symmetrical, if perhaps exuberant limbs, clothing she had no more than the original Godiva. In a trice, however, Miss Maud had wound some muslin about her, and letting her long golden tresses down over her shoulders, had fully prepared herself for the approaching spectacle.

"Don't you feel nervous?" said I, noticing that under the artificial pink on her cheeks she seemed pale with anticipation.

"Not very," said "the lady," "but I hope it won't rain. I don't know what I shall do if it does, though I haven't so much on to spoil."

"Did you have a pleasant welcome when you arrived?" I continued.

"Oh, very pleasant," rather bitterly replied Godiva. "Very pleasant, indeed!"

To account for the rudeness of those bad little boys I should explain that Miss Maud Forrester is a handsome blonde, weighing 238 pounds, and looking every pound of it. She carries off her size bravely when she is on horseback, but when you sit next her in a drawing room, or are privileged to admire her unmounted in the deshabille of a Lady Godiva costume, her charms do certainly impress an ordinary mortal as being slightly overpowering.

Miss Forrester was proceeding to inform me that she had often offered an engagement by a New York manager, when an indignant matron requested me "not to keep the people waiting any longer," and I had to retire.

But there was plenty of fun down stairs in the court yard. St. George, mounted on a steed borrowed from a neighboring greengrocer's was gloomily cursing a refractory visor which had fallen over his nose. Earl Leofric, who seemed ill at ease in his purple velvet, was anxiously stroking down the head of a "Gothic" Rosinante that was pining for oats. Bluff King Hal, with frowning vermillion eyebrows, was anachronistically touching his cap to a burly policeman. When all the rabble of the cortege had been at length clad and marshalled, the gates of the court were thrown open to admit the gallant gray which was to bear Godiva. He looked a vicious beast, although pretty enough with gay trappings of crimson and yellow, and the nodding white plume, which tickled the top of his forehead. But the little boys outside in the street had been sticking pins into him, and no sooner did the "lady"—who had now come down—try to hitch herself on to the saddle, when he began to paw the ground, and sidle away to the sharp corners, in consequence of which antics a stirrup was broken and Godiva had to wait until it was mended.

All things have an end, however, and at last her ladyship was seated. The muslin drapery had done much for propriety, but she was still so like real life "unadorned," and so "adorned the most," that she would scarcely have dared to venture on the stage, either in London or in Paris, without adding to her costume. We viewed her æsthetically, happily, and did not waste time in vain fault finding. So regarded she more than answered popular expectation. She is a singularly fine woman, of a rather 'prononce' character, and sat her horse with a consummate elegance which showed she had not thrown away the experience gained in the circus. Then the bands of music scattered at different points of the procession, struck up their loudest and the bells rang out from the Coventry steeples. A mounted policeman and a gentleman in scarlet hunting costume were sent on ahead to clear the way. The kings and queens clapped their tinsel crowns on their heads and clutched their horses' manes more firmly and as the clock struck twelve in St. Michael's tower, the cortege rode forward, cheered at every step by a seething populace.

First came the city guards in the ancient armor belonging to the city. Next the Rugby town band and some tiny three-year old children, tastefully dressed as princes and princesses, on horseback. Then came St. George, glittering in scale armor, with a painted dragon on his chest and his visor quite in order. Next an ornamental car with a lot of white robed Druids inside it, and then more bands, more guards in armor—with their corduroy "pants" visible underneath—and tiny children on horseback. And soon after we saw Robin Hood and Maid Marian, clad all in woodland green and followed by stout Friar Tuck and Little John. The kings and queens, with their escorts, came next—Richards and Henrys, Maries and Margarets, and Virgin Bess, till at last we beheld a grinning jester, and immediately behind him Lady Godiva followed by Leofric and a long array of trade deputations.

The procession wound slowly up one odd old street and down another, the people still cheering, surging and hustling as they struggled to get a good view. "Ain't she a stunner?" was the favorite exclamation as the "lady" passed. "There goes the chap wot puts the alum into our bread," said somebody when the bakers' deputation grew near. I fancied there was still a careworn expression on Leofric. He seemed wholly intent on his rosinante and did not dare to so much as glance at his virtuous partner. In a few more minutes, however, the pageant had turned a corner and the "gentlemen of the press," who had had a hard morning of it, withdrew to their cigars and steaks and bitter beer and their hotels.

The Lady Manager.

Up two flights and down a dark passage a little cluster of seven or eight girls is gathered round an open door. We push through them, and find a handsomely dressed lady sitting at a large writing-table covered with papers. She is listening at the moment to the spokeswoman for the group of girls, who represent that they all want new shoes for the new piece. This matter disposed of, the girls have hardly got from the door before a young man enters with a lot of bills in his hand. They are for the manageress to look over and pay. He is followed by a little French dressmaker, who carries a new satin dress in each hand. "Where shall I put them?" she asks. "Put them down here," says the manageress with a smile and a sigh. "It's a shame my private room should be turned into a wardrobe, but I suppose it can't be helped." It does seem rather hard, when one looks round. The room ought to be pretty. It is light and airy and there are some ferns in the window; it is nicely furnished, too. But sofa, chairs, even the floor, all are covered with dresses and rolls of material and dozens of boots and shoes. On the writing table are some boxes of white ties, ready made into bows. The manageress laughs as she puts them aside. "I have to provide these," she says, "for the gentlemen who can't buy their own neckties. We are so busy, and so crowded, just now," she goes on to explain. "Every work-room is full, for I can only keep three girls at work in a room together. If there are more they always get into mischief—get talking and idling. Then when the work isn't done they want to stay all night and be paid for overtime. I assure you, it's an awful life to manage a great theater like this. Last Christmas, when our pantomime was put on, I was down on the stage looking after the girls' dresses till the last minute; and when the curtain went up on the transformation scene I fainted away with exhaustion behind the scenes. I'd never fainted before in my life. It won't be as bad as that with this new piece I hope. But these people that come to work at a theater are so stupid, one has to look after every single thing, or else, at the last moment it's not done." At this moment a timid looking, shabby man knocks at the door. He wants an engagement. Let us leave him to come to terms with the manageress. It seems he has been earning 4 shillings a week at some other theater and wants to better himself and get 4 shillings and 6 pence if he can. Alas! the miserable hangers on of "the profession," as actors love to call it are very poor indeed. The door is invaded by a crowd of dirty, small children in charge of the wardrobe keeper. New shoes, or something of the sort will have to be gotten for them. The manageress has got her hands full. And here she sits, at her table attending to all these details every day and nearly all day.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

The Diary of a Clerk in 1833.

Jan. 1, 1733, was, we are informed, a "Monday; it began fair, wind northwest, continued fair, with sunshine; night starry." He had a couple of fowls for dinner, because it was New Year's Day. From this and other passages we observe that our friend generally dined at home; that he left his office early; that he was a married man, and, inferentially, in the period called middle life. "At night I went to the Crooked Billet, in Shoe-lane, to see Sally Tickling, who is this day 6 years old. I gave her a shilling, wished her many, many happy birthdays, thence home. I pray God to grant us a happy New Year." It would appear that Sally was the writer's niece, and that her father was the landlord of the tavern mentioned, and that Montage deals with him for his bottled beer. Sometimes we get an insight into household expenses, which is even more instructive than amusing. The price of the New Year's fowls is not stated, but we find elsewhere three fowls costing 4s. "Paid house one week £2," points both to his probable salary and to the amount being allowed by him to meet her domestic expenses. The light which the diary throws upon the price of comestibles is valuable, thus: "Paid my wife to make a Twelfth cake, 5s; one gallon of brandy 5s; coffee and tea, 5s. 6d," (the quantity is not stated). He pays Stephen Asselins: "For 12 months' keeping my pendulum to Christmas, 5s." If Mr. Montage did not smoke tobacco—which we feel certain he did not—he must have consumed, in ready obedience to the fashion of his day, large quantities of snuff, for on the 5th of one month there is the item, "Portugal snuff, 5s.; again on the 16th of the same month, "Port Forth snuff, 6s. 6d.;" presumably a superior quality to that purchased on the 5th. Perhaps it was a quarter of a pound of the celebrated No. 37. There is a tantalizing reticence about some of the entries which make us breathe a wish for a little more information, just a few words: often one word would have enormously increased the antiquarian zest with which a Londoner, versed in the social history of his metropolis, must read even this meager record of his forefathers. "Where," he will exclaim, "did our diarist buy the pungent grains of titillation dust," of which he was so fond and on which he expended having regard to his position, considerable sums. If we ventured a surmise we should say that he bought it on his way to the Crooked Billet, for on his route through Fleet street, he would unavoidably pass Hardham's celebrated snuff shop at No. 106, near Shoe-lane, and what Londoner in those days would buy his snuff elsewhere? It was here that Garrick, Johnson, Goldsmith, and all the civic and political notorieties of the day met under the auspices of Hardham's "Highlander."—*Belgravia.*

A Sweet Little Love Story.

Mitchell (Minn.) Republican.

Dr. Wellmar reports the cutest and sweetest little love story we have had from real life. Yesterday, as he was waiting at Parker D. T., for the train, a country lass came in with her fellow in the farm wagon, locked in eachother's arms. The young man lived in Iowa and was on the eve of starting home. The train was ready, and onto the platform went his carpet bag. Another embrace, and the train pulled out. The lover swung on, and the lassie waved him kisses. The train, going down grade, gained rapid speed; the boy waved his handkerchief, but his heart was in his mouth. Off went the old satchel; off followed the lover, with heels in the air. Over and over went he, and at last lit in a mud hole, rolled like a ball against the soft clay bank, and finally got on his feet and started back to see his Dulcinea. She at the same time was looking for him. They met and embraced, regardless of clay or bruises. The Iowa lover was heard to remark, "Ducky, I will never leave you till you are my wife." The justice of the peace was sent for, and the twain returned to the farm as one.

WYOMING TERRITORY.

Some Distinctive Features of Life in That Land of Wind.

Some writer has said that no portion of the globe is at this time so full of mighty possibilities, or so rich in promises for the future, as the broad stretch of rich territory lying west of the Mississippi, and this assertion comes as near the truth as a newspaper man dare get. But a few years ago this portion of the Union was, very appropriately, termed a wilderness. The coyote squatting in the shelter of the outrageous sage tree sang his tuneful lay, and the cactus stood sadly in the midst of the wide expanse of country known as the Laramie plains, with no human being to love it and cherish it—and sit down on it. The very thought of an orphan cactus being doomed to sit in eternal silence, with no kind word or look for centuries, and with no picnic party and no soft-eyed young man with ice cream pants on to come and nestle lovingly down upon its fuzzy bosom, is enough to draw tears from the eyes of Bob Ingersoll himself—at the usual star rate price. Until lately, too, the westerner who ventured across the Missouri river was looked upon as a curiosity, and the people watched him with apprehension for fear he might be loaded. Within the last half score of years, however, the west, particularly this portion of it, has waltzed to the front and demanded recognition among the countries of the world, and got it, too. * * * The only objection to farming on the plains is that the land comes pretty high—about 8000 feet. The assertion, however, that there is always a sea breeze blowing at that elevation, just moving the leaves of the trees and blowing the cellars out from under the houses occasionally, is false. True, sometimes a whisper of wind springs up on the starboard tack and blows about due west by galley-west for an hour or two, but nothing heavier than corner lots with big mortgages on them have been blown away that we ever heard of.

Raising cattle is Wyoming's chief industry at this writing. With a good branding iron the humble ranchman can get up a pretty nice little herd in a few years. One man who went into the cattle business up in the Sweetwater four or five years ago, with an L. C. mule and a healthy branding iron, is now worth a million. He carried a charcoal furnace with him, and had the brand tied to a rope. He kept the iron hot, and could throw it so as to leave his brand on every maverick he saw, if he could get within twenty yards of it. He just branded all the cattle he could find every spring, and let nature take her course.

"I tell you pard," said old Jimmy Cameron, the guide, to the writer recently, "the west has lost its romance. Only a little while ago, it seems to me, where once there was nothing but the whoop of the Indian and the song of the six-shooter, now there are railroads and churches, and commercial men and high schools, and three-card monte men and lecturers, and daily newspapers, etc., every little while, a natural death. Why, within the last two months, if the bloated papers tell the truth, several men have died in Wyoming of disease. I tell you it looks as though us old timers will have to move away. When we have to wait for lingering disease to snuff us out it's time to light out for the frontier."—*Laramie Boomerang.*

A Rival of Quinine.

London Times.

German medical journals discuss a new medical agent lately discovered by Professor Fischer of Munich. In the course of a long series of investigations concerning the nature and action of quinine he found that by means of a succession of chemical transformations a substance can be obtained in the form of a white crystaline powder from coal tar, which greatly resembles quinine in its action on the human organism. Fischer has given the name of "kairin." The chief effect produced by it, as yet observed, is the rapid diminution of fever heat, and its efficiency in this respect is described as remarkable. It is believed that it will render the use of ice in fever cases unnecessary, and that its skilful employment will enable the physician to moderate the temperature of the patient. Kairin is also reported to have less inconvenience for the stomach than quinine. But observation does not show—as yet, at least—that tonic and restorative influence for which quinine is so frequently administered. Perhaps, from a chemical and physiological point of view, the most valuable thing about the new discovery is that it seems to bring us nearer to finding out the true chemical nature of quinine itself and the true character of its agency. The discovery has been patented and a manufactory of kairin established, under the direction of Professor Laubenheimer, of Glasgow. But, as it is said that the cost of producing a kilogramme (about 35¼ ounces) of the new agent is £14, it will be some time before its patrons can hope to see it take the place of quinine in practical pharmacy.

Enoch Arden's True Story.

Cincinnati Saturday Night.

When Enoch Arden came home after that memorable and disastrous voyage which all but wrecked him and his hopes he crept up the street to his old home, as Tennyson informs us, and looked in the window. There he saw Phillip Ray and Annie, his wife, and their child, all seated around the hearth, cracking walnuts.

The whole bitter truth came upon him with terrible force. Annie, supposing Enoch to be dead, had married Phillip, so as to have a home for herself and child, and a man about the house in case of tramps. It was a sad coming back for Enoch, and he was mad about it. Not so much because Phillip had married his wife, for there were plenty more wives to be had; not because his child had learned to call another man "pa," though that was a bitter pill.

Neither of these things worried him half so much as to note that Phillip was wearing his (Enoch's) clothes. With a menacing gesture Enoch was just about to dash into the house and annihilate them, when suddenly the anger in his countenance was supplanted by a look of terror, and he slunk away as silently as he had come. He had thought of Annie's mother, who during Enoch's absence had broken up housekeeping and come over to live with her daughter, and had become a fixture there.

Enoch told some of the boys afterward that it was the narrowest escape of his life, and that he would rather be shipwrecked every five minutes than encounter his mother-in-law.

Wagner.

No one will deny that Wagner was a man of the most astounding energy, patience and perseverance. He deserves to have achieved a very much higher position for himself. He had large aims, tremendous ambition, and was inspired and goaded on by a thorough appreciation of and high admiration for Beethoven's works; but the one quality which alone could enable him to take up the mantle of the musical god he worshiped failed him. He appealed for the fire from heaven, but it was denied him. He searched after it with all the power of an agonized soul. That any one can feel who listens to his work. He is always reaching out to the very utmost limits of his powers, but he never succeeds in gaining the goal. Sometimes there is a flash, but it is never continued. It is always a disappointment. Nevertheless, for his tremendous struggles he deserves all the honors that his admirers may shower upon him. If he failed to reach the topmost pinnacle in the world of musical art, he strove to reach it as few others have striven. He handled the orchestra as perhaps no other wrote for it, except Beethoven himself. He labored in many directions to improve the representations of opera, and succeeded in a high degree. He showed remarkable gifts as a librettist. But how far he excelled in these directions does not affect the verdict which the world will assuredly give, and that is that as a musical composer Richard Wagner ranks far below the great classical writers who preceded him.—*Temple Bar.*

Honesty Winning a Fortune.

Not long ago a rich man died in Brussels, leaving nearly all his fortune to a young woman who was entirely unacquainted with him. This is how it came to pass, says the Troy Times: He was a very eccentric man, and set out like Diogenes in search of an honest man. His tub was an omnibus, and his lantern a small coin. In the omnibus he used to take his seat every day near the conductor, and always showed himself very obliging in passing up the money of passengers and returning the change but to the latter he always managed to add a franc or half franc. Then he would watch those to whom it came. They would count it carefully, notice the extra coin, and invariably slip it into their pockets. No one had any thought of the poor conductor, whose meagre salary of three francs a day could ill-support such a loss. But at last a young woman passed back with, "Conductor, you have given me half a franc too much!" Diogenes, delighted, followed her home, made inquiries, and as the answers were satisfactory, made his will in her favor, though he never gave her warning that her half franc was going to bring her half a million.

INDIAN WHEAT FOR EUROPE.

Changing the English Source of Supply from America to India.

A pamphlet entitled "Indian Wheat versus American Protection" has just been published in Calcutta by the Central Press company, and has attracted considerable attention on the part of the Bombay chamber of commerce, as well as the mercantile community of India in general. The object is to show the dominant position which India occupies as the source of supply of wheat to Europe, the ease with which the greater part of the English grain trade could be diverted from America to India, and the advantages both to the English manufacturer and the Indian ryot that would result from India becoming the sole source of supply of wheat to the United Kingdom. The anonymous author strongly urges the development of the Indian wheat trade, by means of the rapidly constructed railways, and by the reduction of the rates for the transport of grain to as low a point as those current on the railway lines of the United States, in order that the agricultural interests of India may be able to compare with those of America on equal terms. The annual value of the export and import trade of India during the last thirty years has been steadily progressive, and shows that the extension of railway communication, while stimulating exports in the first place, has always been attended with an increased demand for European and other products. In 1852-53, the date of the commencement of the construction of railways in India, the exports and imports of British India amounted in all to £28,422,166, whereas in 1882-83, when there was upward of 10,000 miles of railway open, they amounted to £142,535,350. The writer of the pamphlet goes on to show that these results have been obtained at a time while comparatively high rates for the carriage of goods, and of grain in particular, have prevailed on the Indian lines, and that, if proper facilities were only given, our fellow subjects in that country could easily supply the United Kingdom with the whole of its annual import of wheat. For example, the total production of wheat in India is not less than 40,000,000 quarters, the average annual import from all countries into the United Kingdom being only about 11,000,000 quarters. The total consumption in India itself is not great, and yet of the large production just quoted only a small proportion is in ordinary times exported, owing to the difficulty and expense involved in transporting it to the seaboard.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

A DRUNKEN DOCTOR'S JOKE.

How an Ingenious Anachronism Satisfied a Disgruntled Darkey.

A Hartford correspondent of the New York Sun tells a funny story, anent the use of the word "nigger." An old darkey named Uncle Gabe complained to ex-Lieutenant Governor Bulkeley that Rev. Mr. Pentecost, in one of his revival meetings, used the word nigger, something which no gentleman would do. The governor tried to explain that it was used to illustrate a story, and that it was not intended as a reflection on the human race.

"Don't care, massa Gubnor," Gabe replied. "No gemmen ever used do word nigger."

As the governor was about giving up in despair, a physician arose from a chair in the corner. He was evidently recovering from the effects of a recent debauch. He staggered slightly as he approached Uncle Gabe and placed his hands on his shoulder. Straightening to his full height, over six feet, and in a tone of voice to correspond, he said, "Stop talking, my little man. Do you ever read your bible?"

"No, sah," Gabe answered. "I can't read. I gets a chile to read it to me and do ole woman. I is a good Christian, dough I can not read yet."

"But you can argue on what constitutes a gentleman," the physician said. "Just listen to me, and never again be ashamed of hearing yourself called a nigger—yes, nigger, not negro."

Gabe seemed all eyes as the tall doctor told him impressively that according to the New Testament at the execution of the Savior it was one Simon, a Cyprian, a black man, who carried the cross to Calvary; that later this Simon, who was called a nigger, was a teacher and prophet of the church at Antioch, the first Christian church in the history of the world. "This is the first mention of the word nigger," roared the drunken doctor, "and the owner of it was proud of it. He was grand, glorious and sublime. You, a little nothing, that cannot even read, feel ashamed and dishonored because you are called a nigger. Go to your home. Get some one to read you the bible, and never be ashamed of being called a nigger again."

"An' who yo' is?" Gabe inquired in awe.

"When sober they call me Dr. Powers."

The Chancellor.

The chancellor was, even in Saxon times, an official of considerable dignity, and under the Norman kings his functions became more varied and his power progressively increased. Like other great functionaries of the household he occupied a seat in the Curia Regis; as keeper of the royal seal he had to authenticate all grants and charters; while, as secretary to the king, he became familiar with his most private affairs. In the reign of Henry III, when the chief justiciary of all England was shorn of his splendor, the chancellor became the second personage in the kingdom, and his salary exceeded that of any other judge. When the three great courts of common law had been evolved out of and finally separated from the great council, a large quantity of legislative and judicial work continued to be transacted by the latter. These various matters were brought before the king in council in the form of petitions, and when their number increased, as it did in the reign of Edward III., it became usual to refer them to the department conversant with the subject matter of each petition. To the chancellor, a grave and learned ecclesiastic, the petitions relating to "grace and favor" were naturally referred for report and decision, and to this practice must be ascribed the origin of that equitable jurisdiction which was destined to develop in after times into the high court of chancery. Lord Campbell considers that "the chancellor's equitable jurisdiction is as undoubtable and as ancient as his common law jurisdiction," but in this opinion he differs from all other authorities; and it is beyond question that, although in early times he may have occasionally granted relief in cases of hardship, it was toward the end of the reign of Edward III. that his powers were systematically exercised upon petitions presented directly to himself. In the next reign we find indignant protests on the part of the commons against the encroachments of the chancellor; and this in itself is sufficient to prove that his jurisdiction had then recently entered upon a novel career. We are not, however, left to conjecture upon this point; for we can place with certainty in this reign the origin of the writ of subpœna, which placed inquisitorial power in the hands of the chancellor.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Superstitions and Brutality.

New York World.

Unfortunate are the children of the Takhalavas of Madagascar. Exceedingly prone to superstitious observances, there is hardly one day in the week on which a birth can occur without some malign influence entailing sufferings on the infant which speedily ends its brief existence. Very few babes survive, if we can believe the St. James' *Gazette*, which says that children born on Friday are left in the woods to perish. Those born on Sunday share a like fate. Twins are ruthlessly murdered. A child born at midnight is laid in the cattle path. If untouched by the animals it is allowed to live. If molested, it is slain. This is a frightful picture of savage ignorance and brutality. Yet we need not go so far away to find such cruelty, as the Takhalavas practice on their young. Two human fiends, a male and female, are now on trial in Long Island charged with taking a little child's life. The heart sickens at the story of their devilish inhumanity. The fact that the child was illegitimate excited the ferocity of both. The mother, in whom maternal feelings must have been long dead, never interfered when her paramour cut the child's tender flesh with a heavy strap, and, with diabolical cruelty, rubbed salt in the bleeding wounds. The other day the little one was found dead with its neck broken, the result of a savage assault by the man. The murderers are now in jail, and it is hoped they will receive the most severe punishment their horrible crime deserves.

Dreams and Lotteries.

At the French lottery offices it used to be a custom to keep a separate register of the lucky numbers which had been suggested by dreams, they were so numerous and so remarkable. Never did a day pass without adding to the wonderful record, and faith in dreams grew in consequence even more rapidly than the list did in the register. It was so in England while the lotteries existed, and is so abroad where they still exist.—*Belgravia.*

PENN'S COTTA

The Dwelling of the Old Philadelphia.

Philadelphia Pres

After undergoing a varied
tia street during the last
dwelling of William Penn
beautiful and permanent
ing the bi-centennial
tention was called to the fact
the founder of Pennsyl
lost in the march of mode
and leave no trace beh
the Historical Society of
took up the matter and made
for the building, which was
last the house was torn down
rafter, flooring—all, in fact,
were carried to West Fairm
grove of magnificent old trees
yards from Girard avenue
complete, brick upon brick,
by the great proprietor of P

All of the materials used
were brought from England
age of twenty feet and a dep
entering, a visitor finds
room with four windows.
old fire-place, and on the
stair to the second story.
the first floor was used as the
house had board flooring, but
cement takes the place of
story. In going upstairs,
found with the original
flooring. In each window
panes of glass—7x9 inches.
mantel-pieces have been
which will be placed on this
other in the parlor. The old
by William Penn will also be
ond-story front room, in its
The third floor, or garret, as it
sists of but one room. In it
and one dormer window.
nished with an open fireplace.

The old comb roof and
cayed that the materials could
the reconstruction, but they
duced by new. The stone at
the identical one placed there
Most of the lumber is
served. A stair upright,
yellow pine, is as sound as
The bricks, which are
those made at the present
of the storms and exposure
turies. Relic hunters have
for unused boards to turn
and the like, but the Historical
far preserved all waste
the society for the removal
will reach about $5000.

It is said that an effort will
lect all relics of the Penn family
them in this house. A fence
about the building and the
by planting flowers. The
the control of the park com

Visits of the Living to

There is a very interesting
opening of the tomb of Edward
from Mr. Gough to Tyson,
page 612, of Nichols' "Lit
It is probably well known to
I copy it, in case it should
ready noticed in these pages.
the tomb of Edward I. and
the dead conqueror of Scotl
robes of royalty, his crown
two sceptres in his hands,
preserved as to exhibit a
draughtsman, a mantle of
white, and at every square
work, besprent with pearls and
stones; a superb fibula fasten
the right shoulder, studded
twenty-two joints, headed and
brilliant sapphire; his hands
(bone with tanned skin,
ing, the right a sceptre
fleure; the left another, long
three clusters of oak leaves
terminating by a dove.
gilt metal, as also the crown
feet were enveloped, but the
tains might be felt, distinct and
whole body of six feet two
the mantle was a wrapper
cerated." Hampden's grave,
den church, was opened by
Lord Nugent, "and the body
a perfect state that the picture
of the house was known to be
ness." (Timb's "Abbeys, Castles
Halls of England and Wales
bodies of lady Kilsyth (widow
dee, the celebrated Claverhouse
last viscount Kilsyth) and her
exhumed and found in the
state of preservation. They
1717 in Flanders by the fall
of a house in which they
of other Scottish exiles were
bodies were embalmed and
land, where they were buried
at Kilsyth, in the family
of Kilsyth thus described
1796: "The body of lady Ki
entire; every feature and
full as the day she was
The features, nay the very
countenance, were marked
body of her son lay at her
were as composed as if he
color was as fresh and his
full as in the perfect glow of
the most singular phenomen
bodies seemed not to have
smallest decomposition,
their elasticity even after being
open air for many months
gentlemen examined them,
made into the arm of the
seem to have been preserved
appearance of brandy, and
on a pillow containing aromat
Balm, sage and mint were
—*Notes and Queries.*

The Jersey

Boston Herald

It won't do to put much
accounts of fashions for
are going out of vogue in
cities may have only reached
the country to the Pacific
is an illustration. We have
through with them, except
in this latitude; and so I
from whom I was getting
they had had their day.
ciet a lady," he replied;
morning with them, if
country into account.
raising hobs in the
just catching on to it.
are serious. To the
manufacturers of
Jersey stuffs are knit,
where hosiery is made.
It shuts off the demand
precisely corresponding
doesn't care, for he'd
the other. But the
mills are very seriously
heavy failure from that
stance, J-e-r-s-e-y spells
other hand, the stocking
pectedly prosperous.
loaded with hosiery and
Along comes this boom
they've got more orders
fill. Why, there's a button
pany that has made
the incidental demand
buttonholes in the
don't go writing that the
ion because you have
self."

Nautical

Central Christian

A speaker who attempts
phors should be thoroughly
sea and the working of a
his speech. A clergyman
pulpit by the seaside.
the truth more distinctly
tion, many of whom were
figure of a ship trying to
a head wind.

Unfortunately for the
phor, he knew little of
ting the ship into
he cried out in a
phatic:

"What shall we do
"The Lord only knows
gusted old tar, "unless
foremost!"

That prince of sailor-
lor, was once silenced by
eloquence. He had
sinner under the figure
with her sails split, and
ward the rock-bound
"Oh, how," he exclaimed,
"shall this poor sinner
Instantly an old salt
listened with open mouth
the preacher, jumped to
that would have sounded
shouted:
"Let him put his helm
away for Squam!"

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Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 16, 1883.

AFTER THE OPERA.

BY D. W. DAVIS.

We stood one night, on Beacon street,
Before her family mansion,
While in my heart the throbs of love
Were struggling for expansion;
We just had left the theater,
We heard "Il Trovatore,"
And, on the door step, talked about
The music and the story.

She raved about the wondrous voice
Of Signor Campinini,
She praised his acting and his face,
While I stood like a ninny—
I wanted to—but why explain,
—(I half suspect she knew it),
I hemmed and twisted like a fool,
And hadn't pluck to do it.

I waited long for some excuse
My stupid brain perplexing,
And then, at length, a silence fell,
So awkward and so vexing;
But suddenly she brightened up,
This loveliest of misses—
"Oh, by the way, did you observe
How gracefully he kisses."

—*Boston Advertiser.*

A GOVERNMENT ON WHEELS.

Some Facts about the Confederacy when Located at Montgomery.

Letter in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Alabama's capitol building is but one of the many interesting relics of those exciting days that are to be found here. The old warehouse that was converted into the executive department of the new venture in government making still stands. The old bank where its first fiscal operations were conducted is yet intact, and the old banker who loaned it the first dollar it ever used is still living. Indeed, all over the town are scattered monuments of that supreme folly.

While looking about at these old reminders of the past I heard a queer story—a scrap of the early history of the confederacy. Colonel Henry C. Capers, who now lives in Rome, Ga., gave me the narrative, and he was on the boards in the very first scene. He was a part of the inauguration and began official life with the experiment before the sun went down on the first day of its existence.

"I was just out of school," said he, "the year the war broke out and came down here from my country home to have a frolic and take part in the inauguration of Mr. Davis. The ceremonies had been concluded and I came down from the capitol building to the Exchange hotel, intending to go home that night. I met Mr. Memminger by accident. He and my father were intimate friends. We shook hands, I made some remarks about the incidents of the day, and then told him I must prepare to go home.

"'No, you must not,' he replied. 'We have need of all the young men here. Come to my room in an hour; I want to see you.'

"Thirty minutes after he left me I was at the door of his room. He invited me in, and Mr. Davis sat near a table in the center. Leading me up to him, he said: 'Mr. President, this is my private secretary.' Then turning to me, he said:

"'Mr. Davis has just honored me with the appointment of secretary of the treasury, and I have appointed you my private secretary. I want you to go and find quarters and establish an office at once. The world must know to-morrow morning that the confederacy is a fixed fact, and that its executive departments are ready for business.'

"I left him, and after some trouble secured the old warehouse you see yonder for the treasury department, and took immediate possession. There was no furniture, and on a dry goods box I wrote the first office order of the Confederate government. It was dated Montgomery, Ala., February 18, 1861, and read:

"'The office of the secretary of the treasury of the Confederate States of America is established at the corner of Market and Commerce streets, where the Hon. Mr. Memminger, secretary of the treasury, or the undersigned, can be found from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., to transact the business of that department.'

"The *Mail and Messenger*, in its issue of the 19th of February, printed this curious official document. This was the starting point, and it seems ludicrous enough to look back to it in the light of the mighty events that have occurred since those days. Mr. Memminger was the first cabinet officer appointed and announced, but the other departments were rapidly filled and the government was soon in working order. There were naturally many amusing incidents connected with the early organization. I remember that only a day or so after the treasury department was opened a tall, solemnly looking man came in and asked for Mr. Memminger. I told him he was at the capitol attending a session of the senate. He said he must see him. I replied that it would be hard to do so until after the senate adjourned, and asked him if there was anything I could do for him. He introduced himself as Mr. Charles J. Days, and said:

"'I have been appointed by President Davis as acting secretary of war, and a company of soldiers has arrived in need of provisions and quarters.'

"'There is not a cent in the treasury,' said I, 'but I will consult Mr. Memminger and see what can be done.' But Mr. Davis said he must have rations and quarters for the men, and that it was very singular that there should be any delay. He seemed much annoyed that the government was not fully equipped and in possession of the resources to meet the demands of war.

"I finally told him to return in an hour. In the meantime I sought Mr. Memminger, explaining to him the situation. He told me to go to Captain Knox, of the Central bank, and get what money was necessary for the immediate relief of the war department. I saw Captain Knox and told him of Mr. Memminger's request. He said we could have all the money we wanted, and I think I drew $300 to start the military arm of the confederate government. When Mr. Keys, the emergency secretary of war, returned, I told him that if he would go and purchase such provisions as his army required and provide it with the necessary quarters, he could draw upon the treasury department for the money to pay the bills. He went away, soon had the troops in suitable quarters and fed. Captain George W. Lee commanded the first company to report for duty to the confederacy, and it was from DeKalb county. This organization made the first draft on the confederate treasury.

"This is but a sample of the curious incidents I might tell you. One of the first pressing necessities of the treasury department was an official seal. When we came to look about for an engraver, we could not find a man in the confederacy that could engrave on steel, and only one or two that cut on stone. After a vexatious search we were obliged to have one cut on wood. It was a rude affair, indeed, but it answered the purpose. The first official paper it was used upon was the ship's register of the cruiser Alabama. The hunt for an engraver was but a type of numberless troubles. Every fresh demand that was made upon us developed our dependence upon the north for almost everything produced by skilled labor. To the last we had no end of trouble in securing men who could, even indifferently, perform the duty required of them. Our people did remarkably well, however, under the circumstances, and it was not long before we, in a measure, overcame the difficulties and had the government in fair running order. I stayed with Mr. Memminger until the government moved to Richmond, and then went into the army."

Topsail Halyards.

Out we lay on the quivering yard—"look out you don't get struck on the head"—for the wind is whirling hundreds of yards of wet canvas as stiff as the cover of this book, over the yard and round your head, as though it were so much of the softest silk, now snapping like a thousand coach-whips, now bellying up over your head, and flying out with a boom like a great gun, and a wrench at the great yard that makes it sway like a willow branch. Now is the time you want sailors—the skill to take advantage of the quiet moment, or the flap of the canvas, that brings it into your hands; the insensibility to the danger of the situation, aloft on the dizzy, shaking yard, poised a hundred feet through the darkness high up over the boiling, surging waves at every roll of the ship. A man must fight the gale in its might many and many a time before he becomes unconscious of any fear aloft at such a time. But he is no sailor unless he does so. A man who has to keep one hand for himself and one for the ship is not much good aloft on a dirty night. After an hour or so up at the mainsail we managed to get it tied up in such a fashion that it drove the mate into a towering rage. I often fancied that some of the men used to be stuck aloft just to keep out of his reach. I know that after coming down from aloft from such a job, I used to think the mate was almost justified in his worst treatment of them. "Let go the topsail halyards," roared the mate to a man standing by them. "I ain't a touchin' 'em, sir," answered the man, when a moment's delay might cost a sail or a mast. If none of them did that actual trick they often did things quite as provoking, and made one almost sympathize with the mate.—*On Blue Water—J. F. Keane.*

The Railroads and the First Guides.

As the writer of all Bradshaw's descriptive guides published in 1844 and subsequent years, and afterward arranging and compiling the first "British and Continental Guide," published in 1848, I may be allowed to have some personal knowledge of the origin of the useful six-penny book first printed by Messrs. Bradshaw & Blacklock, and published by Mr. W. J. Adams, at No. 56 Fleet street, in 1842. How the idea came to be developed was fully recorded in the pages of the *Athenæum* some seven years since by writers who severally vindicated their claims to the suggestion of a certain tabular method; but it is freshly impressed on my memory that the railway companies then existing strongly opposed such a publication, on the plea that these time-tables would enforce the necessity of trains starting punctually at a particular time, and thus render the companies liable to penalties for inconvenience from delay. By taking a large number of shares Mr. George Bradshaw honorably succeeded in conquering this opposition, and he finally made the work in which he was so greatly interested both profitable and popular. Mr. Bradshaw died nearly 30 years ago, at Christiania, in Norway, whither he had gone to obtain for "Bradshaw's Guide" some steamboat information.—*Notes and Queries.*

A Roman Tile.

A fragment of Roman tile from Silchester should be noticed. When the clay was wet a dog ran over it and made a most perfect impression of one of his feet. We wonder whether any naturalist is so expert as to be able to tell us from this long-preserved impress what breed of dog it was that strayed among the Roman kilns.—*The Athenæum.*

Price Factories.

While only one bushel in seven of the wheat crop of the United States is received by the produce exchange of New York, its traders buy and sell two for every one that comes out of the ground. When the cotton plantations of the south yielded less than 6,000,000 bales, the crop on the New York cotton exchange was more than 32,000,000. Oil wells are uncertain, but the flow on the petroleum exchanges of New York, Bradford and Oil City never hesitates. Pennsylvania does well to run 24,000,000 barrels in a year, but New York city will do as much in two small rooms in one week and the petroleum exchanges sold altogether last year 2,000,000,000 barrels. When the Chicago board of trade was founded, its members were required to record their transactions. The dance of speculation has nowadays grown to be so rapid that no count is kept of the steps. This board was lately reported to have turned over as much wheat in one day as the whole state of Illinois harvests in a twelvemonth. Its speculative hogs outnumber two to one the live hogs in the United States, and it is safe to say that the board raises five bushels of grain to every one that is produced by the farmers of the west. Securities have become as staple an article of production with us as wheat, cotton, oil, or hogs. One million dollars' worth a day of new stocks and bonds is needed in prosperous years to supply the demands of the New York Stock Exchange, and its annual transactions are nearly thrice the taxable valuation of all the personal property in the United States. One of the things that would be new to Solomon, if he lived to-day, is the part played by the modern exchange in the distribution of the products of labor, and the redistribution of wealth. The honest industry that builds up our greatest fortunes is raising wheat and pork on the Chicago board of trade, mining on the San Francisco stock exchange, building railroads in Wall street, sinking oil wells in Williams street, and picking cotton in Hanover square. While the text books of the science of exchange are describing an infantile prattle the imaginary trade of prehistoric trout for pre-Adamite venison between the "first hunter" and the "first fisherman," the industry of the cotton plantation, the oil fields, and the farm is being overlaid by an apparatus of exchanges which will prove an extremely interesting study to the Ricardo of, say the twenty-fifth century. These exchanges are the treasuries of the world of labor. The prices of the speculative wheat and the spectral hog of the board fix those of the real wheat and the actual hog of the field. The negro planter of Georgia who raises his bale and a half must sell it for what the cotton exchange says it is worth. The man who works in the ground must take the price fixed for him by the man who works in the air. No one can understand the "corner" who does not comprehend the development and reach of the exchanges of our time. The manufacture of prices, like other modern industries, is being concentrated into vast establishments, and these are passing under the rule of bosses and syndicates. The markets, like political parties, are run by the machine. The people are losing the power of making prices as well as nominations. The "Free Breakfast Table" pays tribute to some clique, whether railroad pool, trades-union, match monopoly, coal combination, pottery tariff infant, or board of trade corner, on pretty much everything upon it. The coffee market of the country has lately gone out of the region of unorganized supply and demand into the hands of a coffee exchange, with all the modern improvements for speculation. A price factory to make the quotations of butter and cheese has just been established in New York. It deals in butter eggs as well as hens' eggs, and has all the approved facilities to enable it to count and sell the chickens that are not yet hatched out of eggs that are not yet laid.—*North American Review.*

A Drunkard's Diary.

Detroit Free Press.

On the person of a stranger picked up drunk the other night, the police found a diary of the affair, reading as follows:

"Wednesday Morn—Ar'd in Det. Fine town. Had a jaw with a hackman.

"Later—Town improves as I look at it. Took a drink. Com near having a fight. Took an'ther drink.

"Still Later—Seen the P. O. and city hall. Fine structures. Had a dispute. Took a drink. Town improves. Saw a runaway. Had some beer. Saw a dog fight.

"Yet Later—Seen all the opera h'ses. Took a drink. Saw the river. Treated a man to the beers. Wonderful how m'ch biz'ss is car'd on here. Fine town. Took a drink. Feel good.

"Afternoon—Town improves on me. Took a drink. Had a row. Biz'ss rush'ng. Big g'ases of beers f'r 5 c's. Feel jolly nice.

"Later—Great rush biz'ss. Took brandy this time. Seen 'er m'rk't. Seen 'er wheat el'vat'rs. Feel good. Nice town.

"Still Later—Jnice towr. Fleel goos. Took 'er driz. Shaw 'er p'leeceman. Whoop! Took a dr—!

"Very Latest—Shaw—shaw—s-h-a-w a b'leeceman. All riz. Feel hap'y. Feel zif I could—c-o-u-l-d—could—"

But he couldn't. He made for an alley and went to sleep, and he was so drunk that they tied his legs up in a knot and carried him down in the shape of a ball.

Baptizing Yoqui Indians.

Guaymas (Mex.) Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

At the close of the morning service on a recent Sunday the rite of baptism was administered in the baptistry, located in the base of one of the towers, to a number of Yoqui Indian children. They were all infants of very tender age, and with very little raiment on, a strip of cloth, more or less carelessly arranged, constituting the climax in this direction, from which the babies' brown arms and legs were continually breaking forth, and occasionally the entire infant, with a vigorous effort, triumphantly cast off its unaccustomed bonds. The men and women were fairly dressed in the prevailing costume of the country. They are a wild harmless appearing people. After the baptism they all embraced, both men and women, or, rather, gave a sort of half-embrace, stretching their arms out toward each other without really putting them about each other, and afterward they shook hands, evidently a form of congratulation over the advent of the new babies, although they looked as solemn as the Sphinx all the time. These Indians are natives of the Yoqui valley, some distance to the eastward of Guaymas, but are now scattered all over Sonora, making the most effective workers in the country. They are very largely employed in the mines, one Yoqui being considered worth half a dozen Mexicans.

Saving the Wheat.

Wall Street News.

Just when the reapers ought to have been at work in the wheat fields of Michigan it was raining every day, and a dozen times per day, and farmers were a blue lot. Sunday came, and it was a clear, fair day. At Delhi, in Ingham county, a fair-sized congregation had gathered at a country church to hold the usual service, when the minister arose and said:

"Brethren, the Lord has finally given us a fair day."

He paused here, and a couple of farmers slid out.

"He has given us six days to work and one to rest, but during the last week you have rested six."

Here four or five more went out, and he turned to the few left and continued:

"A farmer who has thirty acres of wheat aching to be reaped should realize that the Lord knows that no man can worship Him on an empty stomach."

The last farmer started for home, and the good man looked over the women and children and said:

"Old Mrs. Redwick is nearly blind, and Deacon Jackson has no wheat out. I guess the three of us can visit with the Lord so well that he won't hear the rest of you driving the reapers and loading the wagons."

The City of London.

What a center of the whole world London is! There is a large American colony now in London who are quite at home and who are a part of the life, and an essential part of the life, of the world's capital. One dislikes to be expatriated. "There are no folks like our own folks after all," thought Dr. Claudius. So it is. But if one must be expatriated providence has made some compensation when providence has ordered that one shall be expatriated to London. With every year there is an immigration of Americans to London who thenceforth make it their home. Here civilization has reached its highest. Life is facile. The London climate from January to January is the most beautiful to be found in the temperate zone and the most healthy as well. It were a pity that more of those who come from other lands to make a home of London do not make it the theater of serious ambitions and interests in life. Many do enter into its philanthropic as well as its fashionable society and enterprises.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure all annoying kidney and urinary diseases. $1.

CARRIED OVER NIAGARA.

Self-Possession of a Man Doomed to Sure Death.

Buffalo Advertiser.

The following thrilling story is related in a letter dated October 3, 1848:

About sundown last evening a man was carried over the falls. Who he was is not known. His dress and appearance indicated respectability, and after he got into the rapids his self-possession was extraordinary. His boat was a very good one, decked over on the bow, and I should think would carry three or four tons. No other than a person unacquainted with the current above the rapids would venture so near them. I was on the head of Goat island when I first discovered the boat, then near half a mile below the foot of Navy island, and nearly two miles above the falls.

There seemed to be two in the boat. It was directed toward the American shore—the wind blowing from the shore, and the sail was set standing. Being well acquainted with the river, I regarded the position of the boat as extraordinary and hazardous, and watched it with intense anxiety. Soon I discovered the motion of an oar, and from the changing direction of the boat concluded it had but one. While constantly approaching nearer and nearer the rapids, I could discover it was gaining the American shore, and by the time it had got near the first fall in the rapids, about half a mile above Goat island, it was directly above the island.

There it was turning up the river, and for some time the wind kept it nearly stationary. The only hope seemed to be to come directly to Goat island, and whether I should run half a mile to give an alarm or remain to assist in case the boat attempted to make the island, was a question of painful doubt. But soon the boat was again turned toward the American shore. Then it was certain that it must go down the American rapids. I ran for the bridge, rallied a man at the tollgate, and we ran to the main bridge in time to see the boat just before it got to the first large falls in the rapids. Then I saw but one man—he standing at the stern with his oar, changing the course of the boat down the current, and as it plunged over he sat down.

I was astonished to see the boat rise, with the mast and sail standing, and the man again erect directing the boat towards the shore. As he came to the next and each succeeding fall he sat down and then would rise and apply his oar in the intermediate current. Still there was hope that he would come near enough to the pier to jump, but in a moment it was gone. Another, that he might jump upon the rock near the bridge; but the current dashed him under the bridge, breaking the mast. Again he rose on the opposite side. Taking his oar and pointing his boat toward the main shore, he cried: "Had I better jump from the boat?" We could not answer, for either seemed certain destruction. Within a few rods of the falls the boat struck a rock, turned over and lodged. He appeared to crawl from under it, and swam with the oar in his hand till he went over the precipice. Without the power to render assistance—for half an hour watching a strong man struggling with every nerve for life, yet doomed with almost the certainty of destiny to an immediate and awful death, still hoping with every effort for his deliverance—caused an intensity of excitement I pray God never again to experience.

LIME-KILN CLUB PICNIC.

Delegates to the annual picnic and election of the Lime-Kiln Club began to arrive as early as Thursday evening, and by 9 o'clock Saturday morning 426 honorary members had reported at Paradise hall and been identified. The largest delegation was sent by Kentucky, numbering twenty-two, and the smallest by North Carolina, numbering one single person. The delegates from Virginia, Georgia and Alabama came by regular passenger trains. All others arrived by freight train or on foot.

Committees from the local members received the delegations as they arrived, and such strangers as could not be fed and lodged in the houses of members slept in Paradise hall and fed at the Central market.

Among the more distinguished guests may be mentioned the Hon. Snowball Slipback, of Alabama; January Pegout, of Georgia; Gen. Z. G. K. Bolt, of South Carolina; Judge Rubbers, of Virginia, and Prof. Fitzjohns Spikenheim, of Indiana. All of the above-named gentlemen parted their hair in the centre and wore two watch-chains, and at least two of them had eye-glasses and canes.

Friday evening an informal meeting of the club was held to exchange opinions and form closer friendships. Thirty-seven large watermelons, six dozen bananas and five pails of lemonade were destroyed during the meeting. Among the opinions advanced and argued was that of Major Smothers of Illinois. He thought the time had come when the words African and negro should be proscribed. One didn't have to be white to be an Englishman, a Frenchman or an American. A newspaper had no more right to refer to a person as black than as white.

January Pegout advanced the opinion that the colored race was coming to understand the situation much clearer. There was plenty of room in this country for both white and black, and though the white man was rather airy and eccentric, he probably meant well at heart and his whims could be put up with for the sake of seeing the country progress.

Professor Oathead advanced the opinion that the colored people of America were more qualified to criticise a chromo with a yellow background than any other people on earth.

The Hon. Laybock Smith advanced the opinion that the day was not far distant when every colored man would have a box at the post office and carry a fire-alarm card in his pocket.

Saturday morning at 9 o'clock there was a gathering at Paradise hall of all who intended to attend the picnic, including over fifty ladies who weighed over 200 pounds each, and, preceded by the Glee Club band, the procession marched to the foot of Riopelle street and embarked on a barge.

The games which preceded the banquet were organized by a special committee; and each and all were witnessed with great interest. The following is a report of the more important:

Running race, 200 yards and turn a handspring. There were seven starters, but the race was easily won by Elder Occidental Johnston of Tennessee. The prize was a thirty-cent mouth organ, with a three-inch stroke.

Running jump; ten contestants; prize of an egg-beater, worth twenty-five cents; won by Uncle James Green of North Carolina. The successful man covered eleven feet of ground and carried his heels with him.

Taking a chicken off the roost with the least disturbance; 230 entries; prize of a red wheelbarrow; won by Professor Stringham, of Canada. The professor removed the fowl with a delicacy of touch that constitutes him the champion of the world, and ninety-seven different persons at once offered him $1 apiece to teach them the trick.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It was All Right.

A man who was looking through a second-hand store in Brooklyn, with a view of finding a bedstead to suit him, finally examined one, and asked:

"Are you sure there are no bugs in this?"

"Bugs! Vhy dot podsteed was outd of mine own family! We got it vhen my brudder Moses vhas here, und now he has gone avay I sell it for half-price."

"Say, I believe it has bed bugs in."

"Oimpossible, my friend. My wife vhas so neat dot if she knew of such tings in der house she go crazy."

"And I'll be hanged if here isn't proof!" exclaimed the customer, as he pointed to an unimpeachable evidence.

"Vhell! vhell!"

The customer was going out with a heart-broken look on his face, when the other detained him, and said:

"Dot's all right, after all. If you puy dot potstead you know you have bugs from a respectable family! Moses vhas head clerk in Rochester, und you know I vhas here twenty-seven years in peesness."—*Wall Street News.*

Investigate and Then Don't do It.

Buffalo Commercial.

The next swimmer who seriously aspires to do what Webb failed in trying to do will carefully inspect every yard of the course to begin with. He will send dummies down the rapids and watch their drift and fate. He will test the currents and study the eddies and movements of the water in the whirlpool. Having taken all these obvious precautions, and having gained a fair knowledge of the situation, he will take particular pains to keep out of Niagara river at that particular point. No man who knows the rapids and the whirlpool well will ever try to swim through them unless he is tired of life. Webb lost his life through reckless ignorance. Everybody told him he was a fool to think of swimming the rapids. He knew better—simply because he knew nothing about it. No man will do as he did again, and no man who knows what he might have known will trust himself to the Niagara river between the bridge and the whirlpool.

Captain Webb's death in Niagara recalls the similar fate of a man in Italy just 1[illegible]0 years ago. Nicholas, surnamed "the diver," on account of his many wonderful exploits, undertook, in the presence of thousands of spectators, to dive to the bottom of the Sicilian gulf, where there is a dangerous whirlpool, and bring up something which had been thrown in. He made the attempt and succeeded. Again something more precious was thrown in, and he again succeeded. Finding that in the second attempt he encountered some submarine difficulties which he had not expected, he declined to make another attempt, but, a Sicilian noble throwing in a gold cup studded with brilliants as the prize, he dived into the gulf and was never seen again.

Miss Jennie Young recently delivered her lecture on Longfellow at an entertainment given by Mrs. Gladstone in London, and made, says *The Queen*, a most favorable impression on the crowded and fashionable audience. Her personal recollections of her friend and countryman as well as her remarks on and impressions of his life and works, were listened to with deep interest, and the pleasure of the lecture was greatly enhanced by her rendering of several of his poems, set to music by various composers, and introduced by her from time to time in illustration. Miss Young had just returned from a tour in Scotland and the north of England, where she had lectured in many places on various famous poets.

Sandy Sims, colored, died in Washington last week. It is said that he was born a slave in 1777, and bought his freedom before the war. For several years he had been a bootblack near the corner of Ninth street and Pennsylvania avenue. He was a member of the Ebenezer church for more than sixty years. At the funeral, after speaking of the deceased man's long life, the preacher asked: "Who in this congregation has lived 100 years?" "I have," said one of the sisters, rising. She was Elizabeth Coates of East Washington. Her friends say she is in her 106th year.

The editor of the Lyons, N. Y. *Republican* pays the following tribute to the memory of the late William Wirt Sikes, who was once a leading contributor to the columns of that paper: "He was a man of somewhat retiring manners but those who knew him intimately remember him as one of the most genial of men—a rare conversationalist, possessing a fund of anecdote, and a delightful companion. He was a man of sterling integrity, honorable, upright and charitable. Adversity never discouraged him, and prosperity never spoiled him."

THE DESTRUCTION IN ISCHIA.

A Letter from an Eye-Witness of the Scenes that Followed the Earthquake.

Courier des Etats Unis.

NAPLES, Aug. 1.—I will speak only of Casamicciola, for I have had neither the strength nor the courage to visit Forio, the principal place in Ischia, nor Lacco Ameno, where the victims were quite numerous. Casamicciola is built in the form of an amphitheater, and a portion of the houses are built upon the escarpments of the rock. These houses have naturally suffered most. They have all tumbled down. Those at the foot of the hill have stood the shock best of all, and many of the bathers lodged in this part of the town were able to escape. A hotel called the Hotel Sauve was not in the least injured. As you see, it was well named. At the moment the shock was felt all the bathers were in doors. The evening was cool. They were in the parlors of the hotels, singing, playing and chatting, when suddenly the ceilings came down and the people were thrown into the very foundations of the houses.

How shall I describe the spectacle that presented itself to my eyes when I entered the town? Imagine enormous piles of masonry forming barricades in the streets, walls still standing, beams pointing skyward, broken furniture, yawning abysses, confused and entangled masses of planks and beams; and all this throughout an immense extent of streets, and piled up almost perpendicularly. On approaching the ruins, cries for help and piercing shrieks could be distinctly heard. All through the night those poor people called for help with nobody to help them. Their calls were answered only by calls. The greatest difficulty was experienced in the work of getting out the wounded. The houses from which the cries were most distinctly heard were first taken in hand. The soldiers were admirable in the display of courage and self-sacrifice; but unfortunately it would have required 10,000 men accustomed to such work to meet the difficulty. You have probably seen a work of rescue undertaken in a town where nothing is wanting to save some unfortunate workman buried under a scaffolding or a pile of ruins. You know what a length of time and how much trouble and precaution must be taken to save the man without endangering the lives of those who endeavor to get him out. Then fancy the same scene in a town completely ruined, where everything is wanting, while a scorching sun renders the task doubly difficult, and the men must work, listening on one side to the cries of wounded men and on the other to the piercing shrieks of women, imploring help, wringing their hands in despair, and tearing their hair. When you have pictured such a spectacle you have some idea of what I witnessed during the two days that I remained at Ischia.

On Sunday evening it began to rain and this added to the difficulty of the situation. When one has witnessed the scene that Casamicciola presented on that evening in the light of the fires that were started to allow the [illegible] soldiers to dry themselves and to drive away the miasms, no battlefield and no bombarded town can have any surprise for him. It would be impossible to describe all the horrors that I have witnessed. Several soldiers were crushed by the falling of walls during the work of the rescue.

To render the catastrophe still more horrible the bodies in the ruins began to decompose. The minister of public works, who was on the spot, ordered that immense graves be dug, into which the bodies were thrown after having been covered with a quicklime. But there are bodies in the ruins that cannot be reached. Happily, a steamboat with a cargo of phenic acid arrived. This acid was taken from Rome, Naples and all the cities. It was distributed among the soldiers, who threw it into the ruins. It is probable that, notwithstanding the prayers of those who say that they can still hear cries in the ruins, this immense charnel house will be covered up. Nothing else can be done. To clear away the ruins is impossible.

A NEW PASSION PLAY.

The Sacred Drama Enacted at a Little Town in the Austrian Tyrol.

Those travelers who failed to see the Passion Play three years ago at Ober-Ammergau have this summer an opportunity of seeing it at Brixlegg, in the Tyrol. The theater is a rough wooden building, cold and drafty when there is a wind. It is not half the size of the Ober-Ammergau theater, as it only holds about 1600 spectators, whereas the latter is said to accommodate 6000. It is, however, roofed in all over, and the stage is large and can be seen almost equally well from every part. There are only about forty "logen," or numbered seats; it is, therefore, necessary to engage seats some days previous. A correspondent of the London *Globe* gives the following description of the drama: "The play begins punctually at half-past nine, and is over a little before five with an interval in the middle from half-past eleven until one. It is not as long as at Ober-Ammergau, which many will think a great advantage.

The part of Christ is acted by Hubert Anton, a small shopkeeper from the neighboring village of Kramsach. He is tall and slightly built, with a mild, youthful countenance. He looks, indeed, scarcely more than 20. His costume is a violet robe, with a bright red mantle, and dark hair and short beard. He is not as fine looking a man as Ober-Ammergau. Rosalia Sommeregger, the daughter of a Brixlegg shopkeeper, personates the Virgin. She looks and acts well. A miller's assistant, Alexis Schweiger of Brixlegg, acts the part of St. John. He is a tall, fair young man, and looks well in his scarlet robe with the green mantle. St. Peter is admirably personated by Peter Winkler, a miner. His costume is violet and brown. The difficult part of Judas is, on the whole, well acted by a workman of the name of Unterberger. He wears yellow and brown, and gets himself up to look every inch the traitor. Herod is the postmaster, and Pilate is a hatter. The dresses of Annas and Caiaphas are the finest, or at least the most gorgeous, and they both act well throughout. The former is a workman from Kramsach and the latter is a shoemaker. There are in all, about 150 actors. The play will be performed on three Sundays in August namely, on the 5th, 19th and 26th and also in September.

Henry Irving is to be the guest of W. H. Vanderbilt, and in the Vanderbilt mansion up town a suit of rooms is being prepared especially for the actor. Mr. Irving's sitting room will front Fifth avenue and he will have a study, a toilet room and a bed room. A large mirror has been purchased specially for his use, that he may study and pose before it. This was one of his requests to Mr. Vanderbilt, who will do all in his power to make it pleasant for his guest.

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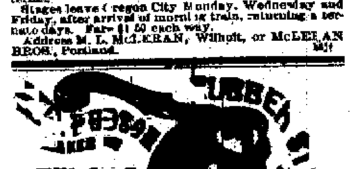

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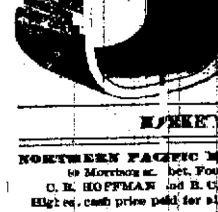
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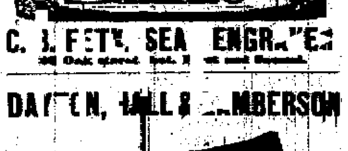
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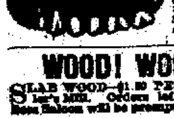
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Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING SEPT 16 1883

THE SCARCITY OF PREACHERS

For several years past, the convocations conferences and assemblies of the various Protestant churches in this country have been the scenes of constant complaints of the scarcity of young men entering the ministry and numerous devices to entice fresh material in have been the result. But statistics prove that each year the number of clerical students grow less One reason for this may possibly be found in facts recently published regarding the remuneration of ministers in the New England states which may be regarded as a fair standard of the condition of affairs elsewhere throughout the country It is found that in New England, the Methodist ministers receive an average salary of $560 a year the Baptists a trifle more the Presbyterians $740 and the Episcopal ans $900 Of course some will say that money has no influence upon men who have received a call " But the fact is to the contrary Ability and enthusiasm cannot live upon bread alone, and will for self preservation seek a calling with a fair remuneration for energy expended Better pay fewer social restrictions greater freedom of thought action and expression, await young men of ability in other professional callings, and it is not to be wondered at, neither should it be a subject for lamentation, that they seek them Again the church does not keep pace with the times It follows at a small gait, and men with active brains cannot, and will not, keep step to this slow march The consequence is that the really able young and old men get away from the orthodox standard and leave preaching of the old school to common place young men who could not succeed in any other calling in life Men like Prof. Swing, Rev Heber Newton Henry Ward Beecher Walter Savage, James Freeman Clarke Rev Mr. Milne Walter Q Scott and a host of others are strong enough to stand alone and make the church follow them But these men have grown old in the service The bright man of to-day if he takes a stand with these advancing patriarchs sees little inducements to enter the ministry as he fears he might be sessioned before he got a start As citizens of a land bustling with energy and progression, young men capable of competing in a broader field cannot content themselves within the narrow limits of the illy supported pastoral fold. The demand for $5000 a year clergymen is very limited, the greater number must content themselves in small communities where the life of laymen is circumscribed enough, but where the village parson s existence is hampered by congregational jealousies bickerings and the smallest and meanest of domestic relations, which would either make a cynic of the Angel Gabriel himself or mercifully narrow his mind so as to fit the rut in which he was compelled to move This is not an encouraging prospect for an ambitious educated young man at the threshhold of active life who is choosing a path for himself In weighing the chances of success in the several callings which are equally open to him he may very wisely consider that he can be just as good a Christian at the bar or the desk or the counter as in the pulpit and with a quarter of a million at his command he can do more for the practical good of humanity than by starving along as the center and cause of neighborhood quarrels in a black prairie town The bone and sinew of the church, however as of the state is in the rural communities Churchmen may therefore view with alarm the fast-growing scarcity of good material for heads of country congregations The trouble largely lies in the disintegration of church work. A village community of one hundred families that could comfortably support one good church and a competent preacher at a fair salary, struggles along with four or five preachers and churches of separate denominations, the result being that each gets but a beggarly allowance and the general cause is seriously injured If there could be some sort of religious clearing house in each state wherein small communities might be parcelled out among the various denominations with jurisdictions carefully defined or perhaps some rotating system adopted as in vogue among the Methodist clergy then strong hives of Christian workers might be readily maintained in every hamlet With such a business like system of religious co-operation there would no longer be complaint of scarcity of material for the Protestant ministry

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Professor Francis Wayland of the Yale law school, and president of the American Social Science Association, in a recent address before that body at Saratoga Springs took strong ground against capital punishment, his leading reasons being that there is an increasing aversion to it on the part of the people, and that whenever a penalty is so far out of harmony with public sentiment that with rare exceptions, juries refuse to enforce it, the time has arrived for its repeal Imprisonment for life is the substitute that he proposes for extreme offences and he says of it The deterrent influence of this form of penalty will be materially enhanced by the greatly increased certainty of conviction after detection and of punishment after conviction From the moment when it is made to appear that a possible mistake is not irreparable, trials for murder will be deprived of their anomalous and exceptional features The gallows will no longer cast its dark shadow across the court room Evidence will be weighed, and inferences drawn, and probabilities balanced and verdicts rendered, as in other criminal cases There will be less feverish excitement, fewer angry controversies, diminished attraction for the idle and vicious, in a word a much more wholesome atmosphere, material as well as moral for the exercise of calm reflection and deliberate judgment And now if the question be asked—and certainly nothing could be more natural than such an enquiry—How can the literal execution of a life sentence be ensured? I answer By a constitutional provision, making release from confinement impossible until, before the court in which the prisoner was convicted it shall be made to appear that he was innocent" Perhaps it would be well to adopt the constitutional provision with regard to life or long imprisonment without waiting for the abolition of capital punishment. That would follow much sooner than now seems probable were there an invariable certainty that the milder punishment would be lasting

The English fox hunt doesn t thrive in America The Rhode Island farmers in whose fields it was practiced, are making trouble in the courts over the damage done to their growing crops and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has taken the field in behalf of the fox

Whatever may be said against Mahone this fact is indisputable viz He has made free speech and free voting in Virginia possible To carry these points against an unscrupulous despotism, methods that would be inadmissible in other circumstances are sometimes to be expected.

"Old 1850' is pretty well through, thank you, that is it is a good deal more [illegible] the [illegible] some of its younger contemporaries [illegible] to observe, are beginning to [illegible] low"

THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE HEBREWS

In an article on "The Jewish Question" published in the Nineteenth Century Professor Goldwin Smith discusses the position of the Jews in their relations with mankind and particularly their emancipation from the disabilities long imposed on them in many countries and incidentally we are favored with many penetrating remarks upon their status and character Professor Smith says he heartily supports the political enfranchisement of the Jews though he does not pretend to believe that a people which entrench themselves in tribal exclusiveness refuse intermarriage and treat the rest of the community as Gentiles are the very best of candidates for citizenship But we are not referring to the article for the purpose of bringing out its political bearings A more interesting and important question is presented in Professor Smith s discussion of the religious contents of the subject He says it is surely time for the rulers of the Christian churches in general and those of the established church in particular to consider whether the sacred books of the Hebrews ought any longer to be presented as they now are to Christian people as pictures of the divine character and of the divine dealings with mankind His critical philosophy reads them with a discriminating eye It severs the tribal and primeval from the universal that which is perennially moral such as most of the commandments of the decalogue from that which by the progress of humanity has ceased to be so. It marks in the midst of that which is utterly unspiritual and belongs merely to primitive society to the Semite of Palestine the faint dawn of the spiritual and traces its growing brightness through the writings of prophets and psalmists till it becomes day But the people are not historical philosophers Either they will be misled by the uncritical reading of the old testament or they will be repelled Hitherto they have been misled and some of the darkest pages of Christian history, including those which record the maltreatment of the Jews in so far as it was religious have been the result of their aberrations Now they are being repelled and the repulsion is growing stronger and more visible every day It is not necessary and it might be irritating to rehearse the long series of equivocal passages which shocked the moral sense of Bishop Colenso and of which Mr Ingersoll the great apostle of agnosticism in America makes use in his popular lectures with terrible effect The question is one of the most practical kind and it will not well brook delay It is incomparably more urgent than that of biblical revision

GERMAN OPINION OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

Paul Lindau editor of the leading German magazine one of the last space visitors now in this city talked quite freely about American literature while in New York a fortnight ago He said that Longfellow Bryant Bayard Taylor Emerson and Bancroft were read in Germany and aside from them few recent American author That Taylor should find himself in such company is a little singular but perhaps his popularity is due to the fact that he was known as minister to Berlin Of American humorists Bret Harte and Mark Twain are greatly admired The former however Herr Lindau considers strong only on California themes When asked whether the Germans had not been offended at some passages reflecting on them in Twain s Tramp Abroad he said Are we offended with a concave mirror when surveying our image in it we find ourselves supplied with a fat paunch an enormous nose a head beyond the possibilities of any hat to cover every form and feature distorted and forced out of shape? We know what we are and how we look and the fanciful picture presented to our eyes gives us only food for laughter, not cause for resentment All the German newspapers published the passages which caricatured us the most and made no other comment than to head the article with the words 'Mark Twain describes this or that in the following droll manner or Mark Twain jokes about us as follows His description of how we applaud a tenor who can no longer utter a note simply because he once was a great singer actually typifies our national habit of being content with what has been The jokes he made on our long words our inverted sentences and the position of the verb have really led to a reform in style which will end in making our language as compact and crisp as the French or English I regard Mark Twain as the foremost humorist of the age Of our novelists now in fashion the Germans know nothing but they like Irving and Cooper extensively

What has become of the man in the moon? He was such an enviable being that it is sad to lose sight of him He had none of the peculiarities of humanity—he was not born, he budded forth like a plant of the field, he never died he merely passed pleasantly into vapor His wants were supplied without labor by an over abundant nature which teems on all sides with meat and drink He never suffered from indigestion, for his stomach opened like a game bag, and served at the same time as a pocket His senses were always at their brightest, he could take out his eyes and put them in again at will and as for his ears they were plantain leaves Moreover he had no married cares, he was a bachelor—there never was a woman in the moon Where is he? What has become of him? Plutarch who believed in him made great allowance for his peculiarities upon the ground that his climate nature and constitution differed essentially from our own He had a high opinion of the lunar inhabitant, and even went so far as to say that man on earth is indebted to the moon for his soul that the body comes from the earth, the intellect from the sun and the soul from the beneficent man in moon Kepler went a step further and credited the man in the moon with marvelous powers He could walk or fly or sail at will fruits under his fostering care budded and ripened in a single day and he had limitless power to create A later authority supposed that the man in the moon awoke only at night being unable to bear the brilliancy of the sunlight that he had lived as long as he wanted [illegible] dried up and was kept by his succe[illegible] It really seems hard to [illegible] of this [illegible] ing being yet we [illegible] hear of him to lay What has become of him ?

A resident of Carrow [illegible] that notwithstanding the presence of cholera a good deal of amusement is going on there The [illegible] promenade [illegible] [illegible] vehicles [illegible] elegantly dressed [illegible] [illegible] plantation the ladies of the [illegible] to be seen driving in the [illegible] [illegible] the opening of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a matter of [illegible]

but the general community gave it no more than judicious thought. It was the farmer and the country citizen who got frightened Horrible tales of our affliction came from country towns while here we were supposed to sit in sack cloth and ashes. Possibly this cholera scare has been exaggerated Sometimes however, the calamity of plague makes men delirious with carelessness—but not often in these latter days

A New York society belle is wearing a gold brooch to which is attached a live beetle Not new but the beetle as ornaments will always be odd This specimen is stated to have cost $150 and is a native of South America Other ladies are showing a fancy for this insect of brownish hue on the back and white on the under side Some of them circle his body with a zone of gold and chain him with a golden cable to their white necks, whence he is allowed to describe a circle for his natural lifetime which is usually about six months during which he lives on air The ordinary firefly has become an ornament and in time will come centipedes and roaches Hats may be adorned with stuffed mice and rats These may all come—not because they are beautiful but through revenge What is hated and dreaded when alive becomes an ornament simply because the feminine heart wishes to have some revenge for that which makes her jump on chairs or scream with silly terror The age of buttonless Jerseys knows no limitation

Horsemen are looking forward with deep interest to the first annual exhibition of the National Horse Show association in New York city It is to be given in Madison Square garden on the 22d 23d 24th 25th and 26th of October From 550 to 600 horses are expected to be placed on exhibition The entries will be divided into fifteen general classes and each class will be subdivided into from five to twelve divisions The general classes are as follows Thoroughbreds Arabs trotters, roadsters horses of all work heavy draught horses Clydesdale Percheron brougham coaching carriage dog cart T cart tandem village cart single double and four in hand teams saddle horses ponies hunters etc, There are two prizes offered in every class ranging from $20 to $200

Two fifths of the voters of Boston are of foreign birth The number of polls in the city is 108 548

PAPER HANGINGS.

Their Manufacture and Use—Improvement of Domestic Production—Development of Taste—Modern Fashions in Design—Fall Patterns

N Y Evening Post

Twenty six American factories are engaged in the business of manufacturing wall paper The improvements of machinery and in the processes of making the paper together with the very marked advance in the art of coloring and designing have to a great extent driven imported papers from our market A few years ago it was said by dealers in foreign wall paper that the manufacturers in this country copied the designs of French and German makers Whether or not this charge was well founded at that time it certainly is not to day Manufacturers in this country are producing some of the most beautiful designs which are drawn for them by well known artists and frequently cost large sums of money

A reporter of the *Evening Post* lately passed two or three hours in the salesrooms of one of the best known manufacturers of wall paper inspecting the newest designs Roll after roll of the finest goods were displayed upon the racks and samples of others pasted into large scrap books were shown Many of the designs were by artists who had been awarded large special prizes for their work in the competitive exhibitions familiar in recent years One which received a prize of $1000 represented a hexagonal network of gold laid upon a light background within the honeycombed meshes of which were clover blossoms and vines, with flying bees in black and gold

There are but few people probably who really know how much a room can be furnished by means of proper decorations on the walls I can take any room and no matter how handsomely it may be furnished and can put I can put a paper on the wall which will make the room look very bare and empty Very often in entering a room you are at once struck by something out of the way about it Yet you cannot tell precisely what the trouble is The room may be furnished in a handsome manner with rich carpetings and all the adornments that wealth can procure and yet you will find something wanting and if you study out the matter closely you will find that the cause is that the papering or decoration of the room is not in harmony with the other furnishings I remember entering a room at one time which was papered with a neat but cheap paper and after one look at it my head grew dizzy I tried to keep my eyes off of it but could not and it was some time before I could become accustomed to the effect The design was a running vine on a dark background, the vine ran perpendicularly but seemed to have a slant in one direction Upon closer investigation I found that this was not so but the apparent effect remained although I had convinced myself that it was an illusion

A MANUFACTURER S TALK

The gentleman who showed the designs to the reporter has had large experience in decorating public buildings libraries and private houses and when asked What is the decoration of interiors? said "Despite the efforts of many self constituted critics, we still adhere to the dado finish and find that this style is best liked by the best class of our customers When you come to discuss style, however you can only consider city orders Dealers in the country pay but little attention to prevailing styles and to supply this demand we send almost anything in the shape of wall paper In the cheaper grades of paper there has been a marked improvement in the last few years A few years ago during the Dolly Varden' craze there was a very sudden demand for wall-papers in bright colors without regard to any recognized form or design Fortunately this craze was but short-lived and as very frequently happens public taste then went to the other extreme and dark heavy colors were for some time the rule The style for the fall season which is just beginning and probably for some time to come will be light colors not drabs and grays but light and warm colors arranged in small designs

WISE SAYINGS

You pity a man who is lame or blind but you never pity him for being a fool which is often a much greater misfortune —Sidney Smith

It is for little souls, that [illegible] [illegible] weight of affairs [illegible] lounge [illegible] lay them aside and take them up again [illegible]

[illegible] the cause of most of our faults [illegible] [illegible] —[illegible]

No way has been found for making heroism easy [illegible] [illegible] —Emerson

[illegible] [illegible] Smith

THE YOUTH OF THE WORLD

[illegible]

LITERARY MATTERS

A new revised edition of Palfrey s New England will be brought out in September It will be complete in four volumes 12mo

Bret Harte's new California story In the Carquinez Woods will be published early in September in a little classic volume

Mrs Jas T Fields who has had long experience in philanthropic work has written a practical little book entitled How to Help the Poor which Houghton Mifflin & Co will soon publish

Francis H Underwood s biography of Whittier will appear in October It is said to contain much new matter about the New England poet with several verses new to most readers and a valuable bibliography

One of the unique publications of the autumn will be an illustrated volume entitled "A Little Girl among the Old Masters The most interesting feature of the book will be an introduction by Mr Howells and descriptions

Julian Hawthorne s life of his father Nathaniel Hawthorne which has been so long in preparation will be issued by J R Osgood & Co some time during the early winter It will make two volumes and will contain new portraits and illustrations

One of the noteworthy holiday books will be Tennyson s "Princess which James R Osgood & Co will bring out There will be four editions the most elegant in calf or morocco inlaid Missal patterns or in crushed levant with silk linings. The book will have a hundred illustrations by leading American artists

Two new editions of Lucile are to be published by James R Osgood & Co early in September One of them is to be called the Tremont Edition and is to be issued with red lines bevelled boards and gilt edges and the other to be called the Pocket Edition is to be of the little classic size Both are to be illustrated

Bret Harte resides at St John s Wood London with the chancellor of the Belgian legation Mr Vanderveldt a cultivated man whose wife seriously set herself to work to regulate Mr Harte of whose genius she had a high idea Mrs Harte lives in this country upon her husband s consular salary not being able to provide the conditions to decoy his fancy forth

The *Atlantic* for October November and December will be rendered specially noteworthy by articles from Mr Emerson s unpublished manuscripts The first of these is entitled Historic Notes of Life and Letters in Massachusetts and is marked by the most charming qualities of Mr Emerson s genius The November article will be upon Dr Ezra Ripley and that of the December number Mary Moody Emerson

Howell s latest novel A Woman s Reason and H C Bunner s A Woman of Honor are to be published in September Julian Hawthorne s "Fortune s Fool " and a library edition of Dr Grimshaw s Secret are to be published in October a new novel by Miss Blanche W Howard Guenn A Wave on the Breton Shore is to be issued in November and later in the season a new novel by Mrs Burnett to be called Dolly These works of fiction are all to be published by James R Osgood & Co

A bad man writes to the Paris *Voltaire* about the blunders made by eminent French authors which he has taken pains to glean from their works M Sarcey is quoted as writing of a duel in which one of the two blades was plunged into the breast of the other and Paul de Cassagnac is charged with the prediction that France will throw herself into the arms of the liberating sword M Duruy s History of France however takes the prize for saying that the first king of France was Pharamond an imaginary being who has never existed he was succeeded by his son

The first two volumes of an entirely new edition of Emerson s works will be published shortly by Houghton Mifflin & Co The first volume is entitled "Nature, Addresses and Lectures, and as heretofore been known by the title of Miscellanies This book will contain a new portrait of Emerson etched by Schoff and very acceptable to Mr Emerson s family The second volume will be the First Series of Essays This edition which comprises all of Mr Emerson's works hitherto published and two new volumes of essays lectures and speeches, will be issued so rapidly as to be in bookstores before the holidays

The revised edition of the New Testament attracted more attention than any book published during the present century and the revised edition of the Old Testament will be looked for with still more interest by a large class of the best educated men in Christendom The investigations of the present century have thrown much light upon the historical portions of this book and will enable the learned revisers to give us a more accurate English version Revisers have now completed their last revision and are making up the unadjusted differences between the American and English revisers The revision will be completed probably toward the close of the present year and will be brought out next year by the Oxford and Cambridge presses

American Commonwealth" is the title of a new series which Houghton, Mifflin & Co announce to be brought out under the editorial care of Horace E Scudder, and to include a popular yet thoroughly accurate history of such of the states of the union as have contributed in any marked degree to determine the form of the American government or have had any distinctive social political or economical history The first volume of the series, which will be devoted to Virginia, and will be published early in September is by John Esten Cooke, well known as one of the leading writers of the old dominion. Oregon will be treated by the Rev Dr William Barrows South Carolina by the Hon William H Trescot, formerly assistant secretary of state, Maryland by William Hand Browne associate of Johns Hopkins University, Pennsylvania by the Hon Wayne Mc Veagh Kentucky by Professor N S Shaler of Harvard University

Messrs S C Griggs & Co announce a number of new books in various departments of literature, among them World Life, or Comparative Geology by Prof Alexander Winchell, LL D author of Preadamites, Jesus the World s Savior by George H Lorimer D D, author of Isms Old and New a translation by Prof R B Anderson of Horn s History of the Literature of the Scandinavian North a third edition for the use of schools of P of Welsh s Development of English Literature and Language a new edition of the Spell Bound Fiddler [illegible] [illegible] a new volume of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The September number of the *Manhattan* [illegible]

[illegible] Trumpeter The illustrations in the present number of the *Manhattan* are the best that it has yet published

A STORY OF 1876.

Tilden was Induced by Southern Democrats to Quietly Accept the Decision of the "Eight to Seven" Commission and then Thrown Off

Chicago Herald.

WASHINGTON Sept 8 —Mr Tilden s probable candidacy is actively discussed here The *Herald* s dispatch from Yonkers settled the question of his health and recited facts showing that political ambition is not yet dead in the old gentleman Mr Watterson s recent declaration that the quiet and repose of Greystone are of the utmost consequence if Samuel J wishes to attain a ripe old age is received with discrediting winks Many who know Tilden well say he will hanker after the presidency until he die They go further and assert that both Dana and Watterson know this and are secretly aiding and abetting him in his political designs, while openly acting in other directions Within the past few weeks long headed politicians have offered to bet considerable sums that Mr Tilden will be the nominee of the next democratic convention They seem to think no other man will suit the rank and file of the party and that no other name can draw out so strong a vote Amid all this discussion Tilden s attitude in 1876 and 1880 is freely canvassed Many charge that he was guilty of moral and physical cowardice in not striking for his rights in the former year others condemn him for his dog in the manger style in 1880 Southern democrats are especially severe in their denunciation of the old gentleman s attitude on both occasions

The *Herald* correspondent had a talk with a politician to night who knows a great deal about the secret service of democratic politics He throws a new light upon Tilden motives and conduct and vouches for the correctness of his story He said Tilden s silence in 1880 has been misunderstood He was trusting to the honor of prominent southerners to fulfil a sacred pledge That pledge was given in 1876 before the electoral commission was formed It was nothing more nor less than in case justice was not done him the south should solicit for his renomination in 1880 and move heaven earth and hades to place him in the presidential chair Tilden kept quiet in 1876 in compliance with the prayers of southern democrats to save their states and risk the presidency he kept quiet in 1880 believing that he dealt with men of honor and was grievously deceived

"What particular states were interested in this compact?" asked the *Herald* correspondent

Florida Louisiana and South Carolina It was however a common understanding with the majority of the leading democrats of the south But let me go a little more into detail Tilden was cheated of his victory in 1876 His immediate friends were opposed to the subterfuge of an electoral commission Only the southerners were scared by Grant war preparations at the capital Tilden did what any other man would have done under the circumstances South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana were in the possession of the republicans They had the machinery for counting the votes and you know what that means It was generally believed that those states had gone for Tilden You can find republicans to-day who will admit they went that way The people of these six states were more interested in securing self government and ousting the carpet-baggers than as to who should occupy the White House The leaders knew this and the republican managers here knew it and were quick to set upon their knowledge. Charley Foster of Ohio went to the southern representatives You gentlemen said he have been crying for local self government you want to manage the affairs of your states That is a feeling we can appreciate gentlemen, a very proper thing. Now you have all the southern states, except Louisiana Florida and South Carolina Very good The election of state officers is in as much doubt there as the election of president Well then you agree to the electoral commission to decide the issue of the presidency and we will concede the election of your state officers The southerners snapped at the bait It was a matter of state before country, the presidency was nothing beside their local affairs They met at Wormley s, and solemnly agreed to vote for the electoral commission on condition that the state officers should be counted in

Well where does Tilden figure in this?

These men induced him to consent to the seven to eight commission They told him they knew he had carried those states They admitted there was little hope for him in the commission But they agreed the republicans have possession of the state machinery Let us get it from them Say you will abide by the decision of this commission and in 1880 the whole southern states will vote as a unit for you if the commission fails in doing you justice now Tilden agreed He was cheated on The democrats got possession of the state governments The next convention came in due course Mr Tilden did not open his mouth Mr Dana shrieked for his renomination as an act of poetic justice but Tilden relied solely on the integrity of the men who made the bargain and promised him the vote of the south When the convention met those states which had profited by his action were the most bitter against him Some of the very men who induced him to help them to secure their fair government said harsh cruel words of him That is the reason why Tilden was not a nominee and it is the reason why he was lukewarm in the campaign and also why Mr Dana called Hancock s good man weighing 250 pounds

What are you drawing inferences I am stating solid substantial facts which several influential southerners can corroborate if they wish —not of the history of this memorable campaign to be written as it happened

Joel Parker of New Jersey is deserving of praise for the dem rat nomination in 1884 because he has never been defeated It would be a pity to spoil a clean a record Somebody who is self taught and accustomed to adversity would fit the bill better

OWENSBORO, Ky —Rev J W Waldrop says Brown s Iron Bitters greatly relieved me of general debility and indigestion

MEETING NOTICES

Division No 2, A. O. H —All members will assemble at their hall on (SUNDAY) [illegible] at 1 40 to attend the laying of the corner stone of [illegible] church [illegible] brothers in good standing cordially invited [illegible] who have [illegible]
M J CONBOY Secretary. J McMAHON President.

P M B Society —Notice—All members of the Portland Hibernian Benevolent Society are requested to meet at their hall this (SUNDAY) at 2 P M sharp to participate in the laying of the corner stone of Father Orth s church By order,
THOS. KEARNEY, President.
W J KEALLEY Secretary

Father Mathew T A B Society —Members are hereby requested to meet at their hall on Sunday (tomorrow) Sept. 16 at 2 o'clock P M sharp to participate in the laying of the corner-stone of St. Lawrence Church By order of President.
W B STREY, Sec y

NEW TO-DAY.

TWO WAITERS WANTED AT THE [illegible] hotel

FOR RENT—NICELY FURNISHED ROOM 45 cor East Park and Salmon price $12.

WANTED—SITUATION AS HOUSEKEEPER. Call or Address Third and Market sts

WANTED TO RENT—UPPER FLOOR WITH or without rooms, in business part of city Address T D., this office

FOR RENT—UNFURNISHED ROOMS SUITable for housekeeping at No. 36 Yamhill street near Fourteenth

WILL THE TWO GENTLEMEN WHO CALLED to furnished house No 64 Eighth st., bet Stark and B and and they can get it.

PLATT'S AGENCY

M. S. E. A.

FURNITURE FOR SALE

ON ACCOUNT OF DEPARTURE ALL COMplete and new 144 West Park bet. Alder and Morrison

PERSONAL—WILL THE YOUNG LADY WHO was accosted by gentleman Tuesday evening on Stark street near Front please send address to L. FL REN 26 this office. She will hear something to her advantage

GOOD OPPORTUNITY TO BUY A GOOD FARM 10 miles southwest of this city contains 80 acres 30 acres under cultivation a good house [illegible] ling and running water [illegible] [illegible] Inquire at 23 N Front [illegible] Also a fine house with 8 rooms and lots stabling a [illegible] water in South Portland [illegible] a bargain

PRODUCE OR COMMISSION BUSINESS—$5000 to $7000 to invest in a partnership in a [illegible] business. WELCH & CO., Stark street

JEWELRY BUSINESS FOR SALE—A WELL established and paying jewelry business for sale [illegible] Walla Walla W T [illegible] Call on or address J CROW Walla Walla

NOTICE ALL PERSONS HAVING BILLS against the Parade Committee will please present them at the office [illegible] streets [illegible]

FOR RENT—NEAT COTTAGE IN DESIRABLE [illegible]

COOKS [illegible] [illegible]

SALOON FOR SALE

IN ONE OF THE BEST TOWNS IN OREGON [illegible]

O. R. & N. CO.—NOTICE.

The steamer Bonita for Lower Cascades and way points will leave the Ainsworth wharf at 6 o'clock A. M Monday, the 17th inst., instead of 7 o'clock, the regular hour. Passengers please be governed accordingly.
A. L. STOKES,
Asst. Sup. of Traffic.

NEW TEACHER.

[illegible]

JACOBS
TRADE MARK

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

WANTS.

$300 —PARTNER WANTED IN A WELL established business that will pay $150 per month to each partner WELCH & CO Stark street.

WANTED—CANVASSER FOR A WELL ESTABLISHED house [illegible]

WANTED—ROOM OR SUITE OF ROOMS WITH board, for man and wife [illegible] Box 37

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT.

WANTED—A SITUATION TO DO GENERAL housework [illegible] our Rheinhold [illegible]

TO TRADESMEN AND OTHERS—WANTED books to keep by week or month [illegible] employment [illegible]

HELP WANTED.

GIRL WANTED—AT THE PACIFIC HOTEL near Washington [illegible]

BARBER WANTED—GOOD WAGES TO A GOOD man [illegible]

WANTED—GOOD COOK [illegible]

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSEwork [illegible]

SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE—SEATS IN THE SYNAGOGUE, CONgregation Beth Israel [illegible] 16th at 2 o'clock P M [illegible] privilege to bid for choice of seats [illegible] bers

THE BEST IN THE MARKET!

Salem Bakers' Extra

—AND—

FAMILY FLOUR,

MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR family bakers and export trade by Salem Flouring Mills Co Salem Or Portland agency GIBSON CHURCH & CO N E cor Front and Ash sts

LOUISVILLE RESTAURANT.

JOHN SLAVICH,
THE POPULAR RESTAURATEUR

Informs his friends and the public generally that he has just opened his large elegant and well appointed RESTAURANT on the east side of First street, between Morrison and Yamhill

Meals can be obtained at all hours day or night

A number of fine rooms have been fitted up for ladies GIVE JOHN A CALL.

HARNESS AND SADDLERY.

JOHN CLARKE MANUFACTURER AND DIRECT importer of fine harness and saddlery robes lap dusters, horse clothing turf goods, saddlery hardware etc, etc Fine goods a specialty 104 and 106 Front st. Portland Or

J CRONIN IMPORTER AND MANUFACturer of harnesses and saddles 201 Front cor Taylor

TO LET—ROOMS.

[illegible]

FOR SALE—REAL

GOOD INVESTMENT—TWO [illegible] idence lots in South Portland beautifully located near the [illegible] Apply to P W GILLETTE [illegible] Stark street city

FOR SALE—TWO LOTS AND h use containing 8 rooms, [illegible] cadam road in Southern Portland [illegible] cash balance in monthly [illegible] IRA B STURGES Secretary [illegible] sociation Room No 5 49 First street

LOST.

LOST OR STOLEN FROM LAKE a round bottom Sail and Row [illegible] long had center-board and [illegible] a d gunwales black supposed to [illegible] a boy about 16 years old and [illegible] Astoria Finder will please address [illegible] Vancouver W T

I Solicit a Call from the Ladies

Whether you are in need of any Dry Goods or not, come to the store, and I will cheerfully show you goods and give for I am well aware that I can sell you goods cheaper ever purchased in Portland.

Coming here, comparatively speaking, a stranger, I become acquainted with the Ladies, for I wish to gain their trade. It will certainly be an object for you to trade with I am well aware that, in order to gain custom, I must sell rates than my competitors do, and I certainly intend so to

Yours, respectfully,

CHARLES S. LEV

The One-Price Cash Dry Goods

33 Yamhill st., bet. First and Second.

DELMONICO

DRY

L DELMONICO

DRY DELBECK & Co A REIMS

EXTRA DRY

CHAMPAGNE

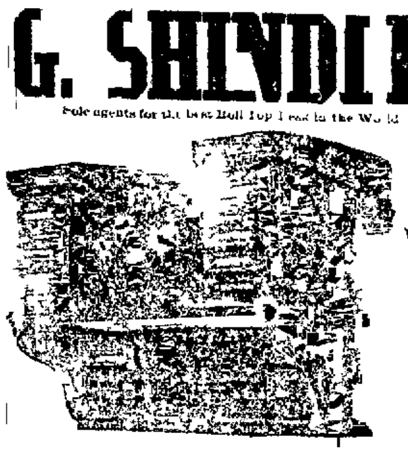
—THE—

Finest Cuvee in the Wor

WILMERDING & CO., Sole Agents, : : : San
CHARLES KOHN & CO., Agents, : : : : : Por

G. SHINDLER &

Sole agents for the best Roll Top Desk in the World



WALL

Carpets,

FACTORY AT

Warerooms 166, 167,

Portland,

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 16, 1883.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

PORTLAND, Sept. 15, 7:37 P. M.

Place of observation	Height of Barom.	Change last 8 hours	Ther.	Wind Direction	Rain fall (inches)	State of weath.
[illegible]	29.88	—.08	67	NW	.00	Clear
[illegible]	29.89	—.08	56	NW	.00	Clear
[illegible]	29.[illegible]	—.08	66	N	.00	Clear
[illegible]	29.84	—.04	72	S	.00	Clear
[illegible]	29.81	.09	63	S	.00	Clear

[illegible] ther. 80.0; minimum ther. 52.0.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
POSTAGE PREPAID—IN ADVANCE.

[illegible] $1 00
[illegible] per month 1 30
[illegible] with Sunday Oregonian, per month 10 00
[illegible] per year 12 00
[illegible] Sunday Oregonian, per year 2 50
[illegible] Oregonian, per year 5 00
[illegible] and Weekly Oregonian, per year 3 00

[illegible] Weekly Oregonian, per year. [illegible] M. Pierce's translation of the Æneid of [illegible] will be furnished to new subscribers for one [illegible] other edition, for 50c extra, postage free.

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

[illegible] per week, delivered, Sunday excepted...... 25c
[illegible] per week, delivered, Sunday included...... [illegible]c

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN.

[illegible] sale at the following places:

[illegible] candy store, Fifth and Morrison.
[illegible] Fourth and Morrison.
[illegible], 53 Morrison.
[illegible], 157 First.
[illegible], 155 First.
[illegible], First and Morrison.
[illegible] cigar store, 145 First street.
[illegible], First and Washington.
[illegible], 55 First.
[illegible], First and Ash.
[illegible], First and G.
[illegible], First and Alder.
[illegible] S. W. Cor. First and Salmon.
[illegible], 103 First.
[illegible], First, bet. E and F.
[illegible], Postoffice building, East Portland.
[illegible], 27 First street.
[illegible], 50 Morrison.
[illegible], northeast corner of First and Alder.
[illegible], 187 First.
[illegible], 31 F street.
[illegible], 66 First street.
[illegible], 206 First street.
[illegible], First street between D and E.
[illegible], 124 First street.
[illegible], 147½ Third street.
[illegible], No. 9 North Third street.
[illegible] of the counting room of THE OREGONIAN, cor. [illegible] and Stark.

POSTOFFICE TO-DAY.

Open from 2 to 3 P. M., for delivery of mails. The Dalles and eastern mails arrive at 5:30 P. M.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND

The Spanish Students left for San Francisco on the steamer last night.

Religious services, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. will be held at the New Market theater this afternoon.

The number of pupils present at the opening of the public schools of this city was 2732. A considerable number have not yet reported.

Secretary of State Earhart, who has been doing much to make things pleasant for Villard's guests for some days past, left for home last night.

J. B. Stoddard, the well-known lawyer, returned to this city yesterday, after several months' visit to New York and other points in the East.

Mr. P. E. Studebaker, of the firm of Studebaker Bros., wagon and carriage manufacturers of South Bend, Indiana, arrived last evening on the Northern Pacific.

W. S. Scoggins, Dan Sprague and John [illegible] returned from a hunting trip to Sauvie's Island yesterday with thirty beautiful wood ducks, which they slew in a short time.

There were sixty-one cabin passengers booked on the steamer Columbia at 11 o'clock last night who will have to sleep upon cots during the entire trip, as the staterooms have all been taken.

The talented eastern couple, John F. Byrnes and Helene, in their funny comedy of "Twists," supported by a first-class company, intend visiting the upper country. They have no superiors in their line.

Major Henry C. Dane, who has been engaged by the Lincoln Post, G. A. R., to deliver his famous lecture on the "Great Naval Battles of the Rebellion" under their auspices, was detailed a signal officer on the fleet under Admiral Farragut in all his great battles.

Harry W. Hogue, who has acceptably filled the position of reporter on the *Evening Telegram* for some time, has resigned and will go east to take a thorough course at Harvard University. His numerous friends here will be pleased to hear of his success in the course he has marked out.

About 11 o'clock last night Carrie Bush and Harry Landers were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by his honor Justice Moreland at the city jail. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a number of interested spectators and among them was the bride's mother. The couple had been arrested for living together as man and wife.

Thomas Brown and John Kane, two of the parties who robbed the old man Frank Hast[illegible] a few days since, pleaded guilty in the state circuit court yesterday and were sentenced by Judge Stott to four years each in the penitentiary. Wm. Davis, the other party to the robbery, had counsel appointed and was allowed till Monday to plead.

Ah Chee, a hard looking Chinaman, was arrested by Officer Simmons on suspicion of being the individual who robbed Dr. John A. Childs' house and the residences of other citizens in the western addition of provisions and clothing. The Mongolian was taken to the city jail and locked up; but was released several hours later upon his friends depositing $200 bail for his appearance.

The guests of Mr. Villard sojourning at the Esmond and in Neppach's building were serenaded last evening by the splendid band of the Fifth regiment United States infantry, which accompanied the last spike party from Fort Keogh, eastern Montana. These musicians, who have contributed much to the pleasure of the party, will leave this evening or to-morrow morning for home.

A reporter of THE OREGONIAN has lost two keys, one a trunk key and the other a flat key for a Yale lock, which were tied together with a short buckskin string. As they belonged to a reporter they are consequently of no value to any one else. The owner would like very much to learn the name of any one who might chance to find them—not necessarily for publication, but only as an assurance of good faith.

A humane citizen makes complaint against Messrs. Plummer & Byerly, charging them with cruelty to animals, in that they put a turtle in the cage with their pet rattlesnake, and the brute, taking advantage of his coat of armor, just walked all over the poisonous reptile, and scared it out of a year's growth. It is very doubtful if the law concerning cruelty to animals is intended to protect rattlesnakes.

Mrs. Nora Atkins was arrested Friday on a dispatch from Seattle, which stated that she had left her home and husband on account of her becoming infatuated with a member of the Spanish Students' Company, and it was feared that she would leave for California with the "strangers." The woman is quite young, and upon being reasoned with she agreed to return home. Her father, Ed. Thorndyke, is a well-known citizen of Seattle.

Col. Robt. Harris, vice-president N. Y. and Erie road and director N. P. R. R. for many years superintendent and president of the famous Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, an old-time friend of John V. Cochran, the pioneer stenographer of the North Pacific coast, is a member of the Villard party, and with E. H. Tobilson took a run to the Sound in advance of the main guests to look after the interests of the company and see the inland sea. Mrs. Harris accompanies her husband.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

Henry Mace, a longshoreman, while at work yesterday in unloading the steamer Lurline, slipped and the handle of the truck he was pushing struck him in the abdomen and knocked him senseless. The injured man was removed to St. Vincent's hospital, where he was attended to by Dr. Bachs.

FOUND GUILTY.

The case of Herrall & Zimmerman, charged with selling liquor without a license, was tried in the police court yesterday before Judge Moreland and a jury. After the testimony had been introduced and the case argued the jury retired. They returned in about half an hour with a verdict of guilty. Sentence will be pronounced to-morrow.

FOND OF FRUIT.

Three boys known as Sam Beavis, Joe Elsele and Harry Unnah were arrested on a warrant issued out of Justice Keegan's court Friday for stealing fruit from the orchard of J. O'Leary, the dairyman, who resides some distance north of the city. Beavis threatened O'Leary with bodily harm and was bound over to keep the peace in the sum of $200. The other boys deposited $20 apiece for their appearance on trial.

FLOTSAM FROM THE QUEEN.

Colonel J. P. Shaw returned from Fort Canby yesterday, whither he went to secure a portion of the goods thrown over from the Queen of the Pacific when she struck upon Clatsop spit some days ago. Several individuals who secured part of the discarded freight declined to hand it over to Col. Shaw, who is acting for the O. R. & N. Company, as they claimed they were advised by counsel to hold the wreckage. About $3000 worth of goods were recovered for the company.

CARIBOO HORNS.

A handsome pair of cariboo horns are displayed in the window of a First street gun store. The party who left them there stated that the animal from which they were taken was killed on the Clackamas, and weighed 1200. There is evidently some mistake about the matter. It may be possible that the cariboo was killed in Oregon, but it is not probable that it weighed so much as stated. The horns look as if they had been hung in some hunter's cabin till stained by smoke.

CLOTHING THIEF.

C. H. Judkins, some weeks ago, entered the apartment of Nicolas Petsas, on the corner of First and Pine streets, and stole a quantity of wearing apparel which is valued at $40. The clothing was traced to a second-hand dealer near the corner of Second and B streets by officers Barry and Hudson, who recovered the greater part of the garments. The storekeeper identified Judkins as the man from whom he bought the clothes. The prisoner denied all knowledge of the affair, but two other witnesses also identified him. Judge Moreland held him to answer before the grand jury in the sum of $500. In default of that amount he was committed to the county jail.

ROBBED HIS WIFE.

John Siebring was arrested at Pendleton yesterday by Sheriff Martin of Umatilla county, upon a dispatch from Sheriff Sears. Siebring married a woman of considerable property in this city some months ago, and it was alleged that in a short time after the wedding he fled to the upper country, taking with him $2400 in coin belonging to his bride. Mrs. Siebring, learning of his whereabouts, swore out a warrant for his arrest on a charge of grand larceny. Sheriff Sears will leave to-morrow morning for Pendleton and bring the prisoner to this city. Siebring has been employed for some time past as a Wells, Fargo & Co.'s shotgun messenger between Pendleton and La Grande.

GATHERING FOR THE PREY.

The city is full of fakirs and swindlers of all kinds en route to the state fair. Every year a number of gambling and swindling devices are in operation on the fair grounds by which the unsophisticated youths who gather there are cheated out of the coin they have saved up for their annual holiday. It seems as if the managers of the fair might devise some means of protecting the unsophisticated and unwary from these sharpers. From the barefaced manner in which such fellows practice their thieving it has been supposed by some that their presence on the grounds was connived at. The managers will do well to take steps to exclude all fakirs, gamblers, and other swindlers who prey upon the rustics from the grounds and their vicinity.

JOE PERRY ARRESTED.

Henry Dorner, Robert Dosner and Charles Ross, alias "Charles Reed," the man who purchased Joe Perry's saloon on the corner of Second and Taylor streets, Friday, and who are alleged to have robbed him of $560, were up in the police court yesterday for examination. In addition to the charge of stealing the money from him, they are said to have relieved him of three watches of the value of $50, and a meerschaum pipe valued at $15. On motion of counsel for the defendants their examination was continued until Tuesday next. Henry Dorner, who is out on bail, in retaliation swore out a warrant for Perry's arrest in Justice Greene's court, on a charge of petit larceny. Dorner claims that Perry sold whisky over the bar since the saloon was sold and appropriated the money, and is therefore guilty of larceny. Perry's case is set for to-morrow.

SUICIDE OF A DEER.

A very singular affair happened at Latourelle falls a few days since. Homer T. Hallock writes that while at Mr. Latourelle's he visited the celebrated falls in company with that gentleman, and while they were standing under the cliff enraptured with the beauty of the scene, they were startled by a noise overhead. Glancing up they saw a large buck make a tremendous leap into the air and plunge headlong over the cliff, striking the ground near where they stood. He fell upon a marshy spot where there were no rocks, but every bone in the side upon which he struck was broken in many pieces. The horns, strange to say, were not broken, and were saved by Mr. Hallock as a souvenir of the incident. The distance jumped by the deer was about seventy feet. As to what prompted the animal to take the fatal leap, there is no information. Probably he was crossed in love.

RIVERS' RECEPTION.

Henry Montgomery Rivers, a whisky-soaked bummer, who has acquired quite a reputation as a billiard sharp, has gone into a new business. He discovered that section 2125 of the city ordinances, which provides for the numbering of streets and houses, was not enforced, so he procured a number of tin and glass signs upon which figures were painted, and he went from house to house, and after first producing a written notice from Superintendent Sears he would proceed to nail up his numbers and charge for them afterwards. He attempted to do this with one man at the upper end of town yesterday, and his reception was so exceedingly tropical that he departed very unceremoniously, being aided by the boot of the aforementioned gentleman. He hastened to consult a lawyer as to his rights in the matter, and approached so near to the unfortunate limb of the law that the latter has been intoxicated ever since.

GRAND ARMY LECTURE.

Major Henry C. Dane of Boston, one of the star lecturers under the management of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, now visiting Oregon and Washington territory, in pursuit of material for a lecture on "The Great Pacific Northwest," has been secured for a lecture under the auspices of the Lincoln Post No. 4, G. A. R. Major Dane has a national reputation as one of the most graphic and eloquent descriptive orators living. In a letter to the Redpath Bureau, General H. H. Thomas, speaker of the house of representatives of Illinois says:

"I desire to say that I have heard most of the leading orators of our country, and lecturers, including Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips, Geo. W. Curtis, Chas. Sumner, John B. Gough, and in my candid opinion, Major Dane is the peer of any of these. I heard several of the most intelligent listeners last night express the opinion that his lecture, 'The Great Naval Battles of the Rebellion' was the most interesting one to which they ever listened. I certainly never heard one that pleased me more."

MOVEMENTS OF MR. VILLARD AND GUESTS.

Mr. Villard, accompanied by C. H. Prescott, Paul Schulze and Colonel Xylander arrived here about 8 o'clock yesterday morning in Mr. Villard's private car over the Kalama extension.

The party of English and German special guests arrived here from the sound at 3 o'clock on the steamers Reed and Thompson. The American guests are to arrive at midnight on the same boats.

Hon. L. Sackville West, British minister, and party were entertained by Lai Kwong at a Chinese banquet last evening.

L. Delbruck, German consul, Theodore Fritsch, delegate of the merchants of Stettin, Herrman Kreisman, Consul General Herman Marcuse, Dr. Richard Oberlander, Hon. G. Siemens, Dr. Baxter, medical purveyor, U. S. A., Dr. Oswalt, August Belmont, Jr., F. H. Cook, Esq., Hon. A. G. Curtin and Capt. John Mullan left last night on the Columbia for San Francisco on their way east.

A special train with a party of guests goes up the east side road as far as [illegible] junction to-day.

The first train load of general guests leaves for home at 7 o'clock this evening. The remainder will start at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Hon. Chas. Russell and three other members of the British parliament sailed from Tacoma yesterday morning on the [illegible] for San Francisco on their way home.

A PRECOCIOUS ASTORIAN.

Policemen Clinton and Dillon of San Francisco went to the steamer Columbia one day last week upon her arrival from Oregon and took possession of a four-year old boy named Arthur T. Foley, who went aboard the steamer at Astoria. He was not discovered till out to sea, when the stewardess took him in charge. The distracted parents telegraphed to San Francisco for the police to look out for him, some one in Astoria having seen the boy aboard the vessel. Clinton took him to the chief's office, where he made himself at home by rummaging over the private papers, spilling ink on a prominent detective's pantaloons and passing remarks about things in general. The chief, unable to stand it longer, ordered the boy taken out. Clinton, taking a fancy to the youngster, took him to his own home. On the cars he proposed to go on the platform, where he could see the town, and not gaining permission to do so he helped himself to a handful of the officer's flowing beard. The "cars going without horses" greatly interested and mystified the small Webfooter, and so great was his delight with street-car riding that he could with difficulty be induced to get off. Arriving at the house the boy immediately took possession and when Clinton left he was out in the yard riding the officer's billy goat, under the boy's arm was a pet hen, and his voice could be heard for a distance of four blocks. The little fellow was unconcerned and had no desire to come home. He was sent back by the steamer Columbia on her last trip.

NEW BOOKS.

The following new books have been received and added to the Portland Library:

The Refugee, by Herman Mellville.

Brownie's Triumph, a novel, by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon.

Famous Women—Mary Lamb—by Annie Gilchrist.

Morley's Universal Library, Marlowe's Faustus and Goethe's Faust, by John Anster, L. L. D., with an introduction by Henry Morley.

The Downward Path, from the French of Emile Gaborian.

A Newport Aquarelle.

Family Secrets. A companion to Family Pride and Pique.

Country Quarters, a love story, by the Countess of Blessington.

The Great Northwest; a guide book and itinerary for the use of tourists and travelers over the Northern Pacific railroad and the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company and the Oregon and California railroad, containing descriptions of states, territories, cities, towns and places along the route of these allied systems of transportation, and embracing facts relating to the history, resources, population, products and natural features of the great northwest, with map and many illustrations, by Henry J. Winser.

History of the Northern Pacific Railroad, by Eugene V. Smalley.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Rev. Dr. Reed, of Columbia, Ky., will preach in the Calvary Presbyterian church to-day.

Scandinavian Baptist church, corner of Caruthers and Sixth streets. Services 11 o'clock A. M. and 7:30 P. M., by Rev. G. Liljeroth.

St. Stephen's Chapel, corner of Jefferson and Fifth. Service this day at 11, with sermon by Bishop Morris; also at half past three. Seats free.

Services at the M. E. church, corner Hall and Sixth streets, at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7:30 o'clock P. M.; Rev. T. L. Sails pastor. A cordial invitation to all.

Scandinavian M. E. church corner of North Twelfth and D streets. Rev. C. J. Larsen, pastor. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30.

First Presbyterian church—Corner of Washington and Third streets. A. L. Lindsley, pastor. Morning subject, "Some Things that Railroads do not Transport." Evening, preaching by Rev. Dr. Reed.

Christian Church—Corner East Park and Columbia. Preaching morning and evening by the pastor. Morning service at 11 o'clock, and evening service at 7:45 o'clock. Sunday school at 12:30 o'clock P. M. All are invited. Clark Davis, pastor.

Taylor-street M. E. church—Rev. Geo. W. Izer, pastor. Morning discourse at 11 o'clock. Subject, "The Cities of the Plain." Evening discourse at 7:30 o'clock. Subject, "The Banquet of Death." Praise meeting at 6:45 P. M. The public is cordially invited.

The German Evangelical Reformed Congregation.—Divine service at the church, Ninth and Stark streets, every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., and on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 P. M. at the Odd Fellows' hall, East Portland. Rev. J. Gantenbein, pastor.

Unitarian church—Corner of Yamhill and Seventh streets. The pulpit of this church will be filled by Rev. Mr. Steinthal of Manchester, England. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30. The afternoon Mission Sunday school (South Portland) observes its third anniversary at 3 o'clock.

First Congregational church—Corner of Second and Jefferson streets; services to-morrow at 11 A. M., and 7:45 P. M.; preaching by the pastor, Dr. Frederick R. Marvin. Morning subject, "The Restoration of Belief." Evening subject, "The Last Spike." Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. Young people's meeting at 7 P. M.

First Baptist church—Preaching Sunday morning at 11 o'clock by Rev. J. C. Baker, who will present the Home Mission work in the northwest coast and its claims upon our attention and co-operation. In the evening at 7:30 o'clock Mrs. Osborne will give an address in behalf of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

The Christadelphians—Meeting at 135½ First street (upstairs, Room No. 6, over Prentiss's music store) between Washington and Stark streets. Mr. R. C. Bingley will give a lecture on Sunday at 11 A. M. Subject, "The Dissolving of the Heavens and Earth from a Scriptural Standpoint." Seats free; no collection. Please bring your bibles.

A. M. E. Zion church, corner Main and Eleventh streets, Rev. T. T. B. Reed, pastor—Services every Sabbath 10:45 A. M.; 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock, prayer meeting. Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock, Henry Highland Garnet Musical and Literary Association. All are cordially invited to attend; especially invitations to strangers and visitors to this city.

OUTGOING PASSENGERS.

The following persons sailed for San Francisco last night on the steamship Columbia, which left at 12 M.:

F M Howard and wife
Davis L Paunter
Wm M Smith
Sam Buck
Mrs W S McKean, son
J Donaldson, wife & son
Mrs Bacon
Mrs Lesser
L B Frank
Geo Haupt
Mrs W F Delany
Martin Stuart
Florence P Sharp
Carlos Garcia
V Caro
E Amon
A Gutier
T Ripoll
M de Mula
D C Jones
G W Griffin
Mrs Thompson
Miss M Courlton
I W O'Niell
A H Hadley
Dr Masten
Mr Seymour
H Walbridge
A Range
P Calris
A Gajuiona
L Garcia
I P S Castor
E Warts
J Fancy
S W Hammond
T Gumbeiner
O Williams
L Lombardis
M Gonsalez
Mrs Stuhlmuthy
Miss A Ainsworth
L Morle
H T Briggs
I Krismore
Dr Delbrink
Dr Oberlander
Miss A Chambers
M Reed and wife
W H Gilbert
W D Scott
Jno Jay
G Bartlett
I R Dinsmore
M A Derzalar
R P Ward
E Martin
J Alexander
A E Phelps & wf
I Linnastrown
G S Hinsley
W Kerron
J Denny
I H Corry
A Schaffer
A Belmont
E Mesch
G Filown
R Martinez
M Lopez
L Sancto
E Iswavie
E S Fowler
A Thompson
Q More
G O Brady
G Burr
J T Braslon and wife
A Amos and wife
Jo Dilworth and wife
G Reed and wife
Mrs Seymour
Mrs M D Nancke
Mrs Hanze
C Ancter
Jas Campbell
C Festlake and wife
B F Rendall
J Norwood
E J Pierce
M Sheppira
W B Chown
P Hanrahan
J John
T H Jones
W B Kurzland
W C Gunn
W H D Beane and son
F H Cook
J Hutchinson
Chas Russell
P Martin
D H Waldman
J M White
I Howard
J Muir
A S Curtin
F McLaughlin
H Marcuse
Dr Siemens
S Wallace
Jos Miller
Mr Rochdrum
F Fortea
L H Allen and wife
Dr Oswalt
Dr Whitfield & da
Capt Marsh & wf
Dr J H Baxter and wf
W B Smith
J W Gilbert
W B Arton
J A Dilworth
J T Rigens
T Barnum
J G Sitgens
Mrs Beicor
Mrs J Kron
Mrs Carter
W M Everts
C H Marshal

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

DEEDS.

D. S. McDonald and wife to G. E. McRae, L 3, B 3, Market street add; Sept. 12—$500.

Geo. E. McRae to D. McDonald, L 3, B 3, Market street add; Sept. 12—$500.

J. B. Leslie and wife to Emily Cotton, L [illegible] Tibbetts D. L. C.; Sept. 13—$[illegible].

J. B. Garrison to M. R. Brown, L 1, 2, 3, 4, B 5, Garrison E. P.; Sept. 8—$[illegible].

W. Dunn [illegible] to G. E. Y[illegible], L 11, B 22, Albina Homestead; Sept. 13—$150.

J. B. Montgomery and wife to C. H. Hill, [illegible], Albina, Sept. 8—$[illegible].

[illegible], Sept. 14—$[illegible].

[illegible], Sept. 11—$5000.

[illegible] and wife to [illegible] D. L. C.; Sept. [illegible]—$[illegible].

Dr. [illegible], *Specialty.* [illegible] building, corner First and Washington.

THE EAST SIDE.

THE WHISKY CASE.

The case of J. M. Cook vs Henry Meyer, for selling liquor on Sunday, came up in Justice Bullock's court yesterday, S. R. Harrington appearing for the state, and Judge Bellinger for the defense. There was no trouble experienced in securing a jury, Mr. E. O. Dowd being the only person objected to, and those accepted being as follows: George B. Fimpel, B. Pape, Kaddarley, S. Berni and J. D. Clampit. Three young men appeared as witnesses for the prosecution, in addition to the complaining witness. The latter being subjected to a cross examination by Judge Bellinger, was forced to admit finally that the case was malicious on his part on account of legal proceedings taken against him by the defendant. Arguments of counsel being submitted, the jury took but a few minutes to agree upon a verdict in favor of the defendant. It appears that the complaint was drawn up in July last, though not filed till a few days ago, this action evidently being a measure on Cook's part to deter Meyer from compelling him to pay a just debt. But his scheme has failed throughout, and he will be made to foot the bill of costs.

UNEXPECTED DEATH.

Dr. James Keck, the well known homoeopathic physician, died at his residence, on the corner of Sixth and Oregon streets, Holladay's addition, about half-past 7 last evening. The report of his death was received by everyone with great surprise, as he had been sick but a few days, but with no greater surprise than regret. The cause of his death was diphtheria, which disease he contracted recently while attending two patients in Portland. He of course anticipated no fatal result, and, depending on his own skill to effect a cure, no assistance was called till too late to be of any service. This misfortune following closely upon the death of his younger son, who was killed by the cars at the lower depot about two months ago, renders it doubly lamentable, and the distress of the wife and elder son who are thus bereft cannot be described. Deceased was a man of sterling qualities, and those who knew him best in life will mourn his death the most. He was a member of the fraternity of Odd Fellows, and also of the P. O. S. of A.

GAS COMPANY—ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The annual meeting of the East Portland Gas Light company occurred Wednesday evening, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, S. B. Story; secretary, C. B. Bellinger; treasurer, J. L. Spore; directors, S. B. Story, J. L. Sperry, A. J. Knott, Jos. Paquet and Chas. Logus. Mr. Geo. Keaton is retained as superintendent.

NOTES.

Tim Kelly, Esq., D. D. paid his respects to the recorder yesterday morning, and deposited the usual amount for the privilege.

Miss Clara Fruth, who has been absent for a year past in the east, returned home Thursday night, via the Northern Pacific railroad.

J. R. N. Sellwood, one of the board of directors, assisted by his wife, entertained the principal and teachers elect of district 21, Thursday evening at his residence, corner of Sixth and Stephens streets, Stephens' addition. As the opening of school occurs shortly, the affair was designed for furthering acquaintance and the object was realized to the satisfaction of all. The host and hostess themselves were the life of the party, rendering it one of interest and pleasure.

SPECIAL CHURCH NOTICES.

M. E. Church—Rev. S. T. Wilson, pastor. Regular services to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 2:30 P. M.

United Brethren Church—Rev. G. Stokafoose, pastor. Regular service to-morrow at 11 A. M. in Ross & Story's hall. No evening service.

St. David's (Episcopal) Church—Rev. Jno. W. Sellwood, rector. Regular services to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 9:45. Bishop Morris will preach at the evening service.

First Presbyterian Church — Services are held in Odd Fellows' hall, corner of Tenth and J streets. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. D. O. Ghormly, on Sabbath, Sept. 16th, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 12:30. Morning service will be an anniversary service. Strangers are welcome.

MARTYRS TO VANITY.

Miranda has the loveliest arms you ever saw. She is delighted that short sleeves are worn, and her gloves are not nearly so long as other people's. Her favorite attitude is sitting with her right elbow in the palm of her left hand. She waves her hand when she speaks. At a dance her right arm is well displayed behind her partner's left, if he is tall, or on his shoulder if he is small. Those beautiful arms have spoiled Miranda. She wears black, though it does not suit her complexion, because her arms look so white against it. She is always directing your attention to those unlucky ones, numerous enough, who have thin arms. Whoever marries her will have to be very careful never, under any circumstances, to admire another woman's arm. If he should make a slip in this direction, there would, to use a good old phrase, be "wigs on the green."

Did you ever see such dear little feet? Or such perfectly turned ankles? Or more wonderful stockings? Never, indeed. Her pretty feet are Lesbia's specialty. That is why she wears those flowered stockings and those little pointed shoes. That is the reason her skirts are so unusually short. Lesbia is bright and clever. She is sensible about everything but feet. She is a trying girl to talk to. She will interrupt the most interesting conversation just when you think you are "both beginning to get on so well," to ask if you approve of high heels, or some other such leading question. She is like Mr. Dick with King Charles, and must drag the topic of feet into everything. It is a pity, and yet many prefer her to Nora, whose feet were well shaped enough, but has "no style." She talks merrily and pleasantly when you know her well, but is rather quiet with strangers. Not at all the sort of girl to get on. Her voice is not sufficiently loud or imperious. She does not bustle about with an air as though the world was made for her. She wears pretty gowns, but does not bunch them out, nor mince along with a soubrette-like trip, swaying her gown from side to side, as Lesbia does. In fact, she will never look anything "in a room," though she may be well enough as the presiding spirit of a home. She is hopelessly unfashionable.

Letitia has a waist. It is her great point, and she is very proud of it. Well she may be, for it is the result of patient years of pain. She has laid on the shrine of that little waist many precious things—good health, good temper and good spirits. Having sacrificed the first, the other two followed as a matter of course. But then it is such a wonderful waist. It cannot measure more than seventeen inches at the very most. The pressure has made her nose permanently red. Not all the waters of Araby would make that nose white again, but what matters? Does it not belong to the smallest waist in London? One thing immediately strikes the beholder. He wonders how so small a waist can possibly be so obtrusive. Were it two yards round, it could not more aggressively insist on being noticed. Draperies are so arranged as to lead the eye down to it, and skirts are of such a fashion as to guide the attention up to it. Letitia walks with her elbows well out from her sides, so as to advertise, in a pointed way, the fact that your view is scarcely interrupted by her slight and well distributed figure. As she stands talking to you, she puts a hand on either side of this wonderful waist, and appears to be clutching herself, as it were. She wears the tightest of jackets, and never is seen in a dolman. She gets terribly cold in winter, because she will not wrap up. In fact, her whole existence is a burnt offering to her waist. Were she to grow stout, her object in life would be gone. Letitia considers herself even the gratification of an excellent appetite in the interests of a small waist, a self-sacrifice that would be noble in a better cause.

Mira has the loveliest complexion in the world. Without it, she would be a perfectly charming girl. With it, she is quite a bore. If there is any wind, she is unhappy "because it makes my cheeks so rough." If the sun shines, she is miserable "because I burn so frightfully." If it is hot, she complains, "I flush so painfully." If it is cold, her cry is, "I can't go out to-day, for I get so blue in cold weather." Her cheeks are of such an [illegible] nature that [illegible] never [illegible] them. She finds the prettiest [illegible] you ever saw; and [illegible] in her face [illegible] her eyes that makes [illegible]. Why, then, all these excuses? Simply because she takes precaution [illegible] than care, and is afraid [illegible] complexion [illegible]. She is a martyr to her own complexion.—*London Truth.*

It seems [illegible] that *Samaritan Nervine* cures dyspepsia. No cure no pay.

EARLY DAYS IN THE NORTHWEST.

Interesting Interviews With General Rufus Saxton and Captain John Mullan.

STORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF MULLAN'S PASS.

The First Surveying Parties for a Railroad to the Pacific Ocean—Privations and Incidents of Those Days.

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* has the following interesting correspondence from its representative who is with President Villard's party:

PORTLAND, Or., Sept. 13.

Among President Villard's guests are a couple of gentlemen, to whom the first trip over the Rockies has an especial interest. One of them is General Rufus Saxton, Assistant Quartermaster General of the United States army, at present located at Louisville, and the other is Captain John Mullan of Washington. General Saxton was the man who led the first surveying party over the line of the Northern Pacific, for the purpose of determining a railroad line, and Captain Mullan, besides being the discoverer of the famous Mullan's pass, spent years of his life in the great northwest in the service of the United States government, and among other work of importance constructed the first great government road some 700 miles in length, that gave an outlet through the Rocky Mountains to the north between the headwaters of the Missouri and the headwaters of the Columbia.

A press correspondent had a pleasant chat with both, and much of interest was learned about the early days of the great northwest.

"It was in 1853," said General Saxton, "when I took command of one of three surveying parties who were dispatched by the United States government to select the most practical route to the Pacific coast. We made our start from Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia river, and pushed through on land to Fort Benton, Montana, and then down the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers to Fort Leavenworth. Our start was made in early May and it was the last of November when we had reached our destination. Our route lay through a part of the country which was then almost unknown; it was a wilderness in which both man and beast roamed in all their native wildness; it was a section of country where the foot of the white man had rarely trodden, and where his welcome when he did come was anything but cordial. Our party made a very careful survey of the country through which the Northern Pacific now runs. We made a barometric profile and measurement of our line of march. These were days of exciting incidents and our party met with many experiences and adventures of a thrilling nature."

"Were you ever attacked by Indians?"

"I cannot say we were attacked, but we had several narrow escapes. We met the Indians in their most uncivilized state, they had seen very few if any white men and, although, indeed, with great hatred and jealousy of them as a body, they still had a little idea of the power of the "Great Father" at Washington, and held his men in more or less respect. They were not used to fire arms, their weapons being the primitive bow and arrow, spears, war-axes of cruel manufacture, and the like. Our party, as it progressed through the country was viewed with more than ordinary curiosity and respect—the simple minded natives were greatly mystified by our surveying and other instruments. They did not know what to make of our actions while we were taking observations and at last appeared to have settled down to the conclusion that we were a superior order of mankind—"wizards" or Gods," whom it would not do to disturb. When I learned the impression they were laboring under I did not try to disabuse their minds, and thus it was that our little force of eighteen men made their way through the wilderness unscratched by the red men."

"What were your first impressions of the country?"

"There has never been any change in my opinion since I first saw it. I consider it to be as near 'God's country' for beauty and fertility as any land can be. It has been locked to civilization heretofore, simply because it has been inaccessible. The march of the iron horse will create a great revolution and I predict that it will be only a very short time before you will see millions of people living where thirty years ago there were not one hundred whites."

"What sort of a report did you make?"

"When I returned to Washington I was convinced that I had been over a route that was by far the best and most practical for a transcontinental railroad. I felt sure that we could save at least 1000 feet elevation in crossing the Rocky mountains. The country was of a character that answered our immense population as soon as it was made accessible and every condition was most favorable for construction. I made my report to the war department. Jeff Davis, who was then secretary of war, also received a report from me in person. Davis was very anxious to have a southern route recommended, and I saw at once that he did not like the tenor of my recommendations. Breaking off our conversation somewhat abruptly he said: 'Lieutenant, I suppose you found the mountains there as flat as the heads of the Indians.' And with this rather incomprehensible remark I was sent back to join my command, and cease my explorations in the great northwest for a while. But I never lost my faith that the day was coming when men of enterprise and capital and far-seeing sagacity would recognize the importance of the great northern route and give the east and west an outlet along the very route which I recommended nearly thirty years ago.'

"Did you see much of Montana and learn its value as a stock raising country?"

"I consider Montana to be the finest country for cattle in the world. I have traveled for days through the country with great herds of buffalo, numbering thousands and hundreds of thousands to be seen on every side. Any country in which buffalo can live and thrive is good for cattle, and I know from what I have seen that there is no finer grazing land anywhere than in the valleys of Montana, east of the mountains. You have doubtless heard much of the mild winters of Montana. There is considerable truth in this. I cannot pretend to explain what the influence is. Certain it is, however, there is some influence at work which operates upon the climate of Montana much the same as the gulf stream affects the coast near which it runs. I feel convinced that cattle can live through the winter and thrive, spending most of their time in the open air. It is best of course that they be provided with proper shelter in event of a storm, but as a rule cattle can live out of doors and "grub" throughout the entire winter in valleys, and in the spring they will be in much better condition than many cattle in older parts of the country that have been kept housed all winter. While I think Montana is especially adapted to cattle it is still a most promising agricultural country as well."

"How about the other states, traversed by the Northern Pacific?"

"It is not necessary for me to particularize each state on its characteristics. I have traveled through or been over all of them and I can say fully and freely that in my opinion there is no more productive country on the known continent than that section of the United States located between the Pacific ocean and the great lakes and bounded on the north by British America. Each state and section has its own peculiar characteristics, which make them valuable. I am willing to predict that the business of the road will surpass that of any other running to the Pacific coast. There is more arable land on this route than on either of the others and an almost complete absence of literally bad land."

"Have you been through the country much since your early explorations?"

"Oh, yes; I have spent a good portion of my time on the Pacific coast and know the country well from Washington territory and Idaho to Arizona and New Mexico. Last spring I made a pretty thorough trip all through the western part of the country traversed by the Northern Pacific. I had no reason then to change the views which I held in 1853 when I presented the first report to the government that recommended the Northern Pacific route."

Leaving General Saxton the inquirer turned to Captain Mullan. The captain is a very agreeable gentleman, who was pleased to give all information in his power. His gray white beard and soldierly bearing commanded respect at once. He is a very entertaining talker and one could listen by the hour to his stories of frontier life on the Pacific coast.

"Will you state to the readers how you came to discover Mullan's pass, captain?" he asked. "Well, I will tell you. I always do with great pleasure. It was in the spring of 1853 that I became one of the sub commanders in the exploring expedition which under general charge of Hon. I. I. Stevens set out from Minnesota for an exploration across the country to the Pacific coast, the immediate object being to select a route for a railroad from St. Paul to the north Pacific coast. This expedition and survey, as you know, was one of those that were set on foot under an act of congress of March, 1853, authorizing the secretary of war to start three exploring parties across the continent, one by the southern, one by the central and one by the northern route, and for the purpose of defraying the expenses of these expeditions, congress appropriated $150,000. To the charge of the northern was assigned Hon Isaac I. Stevens, who had resigned from the engineer corps to accept the position of governor of Washington territory. The general outline of the plan of our movements were mapped out in Washington in the spring of 1853. At this place and time Governor Stevens had the benefit of much information acquired from Dr. John Evans, then United States geologist for the state of Oregon, who had in 1851 ascended the Missouri river to the mouth of the Yellowstone on the annual steamer of the American Fur Company from St. Louis, with Mr. Alexander Culbertson of that company. From this point they went by land to Fort Benton, and thence by the Big Blackfoot and Hell Gate Ronde and the Pend d'Oreille river to Oregon.

Stevens' plans contemplated the organization of three distinct parties. The first was the Cascade party, under charge of General George B. McClellan, who went from New York to Fort Vancouver by steamer via Panama. A second party was to survey the Missouri river from St. Louis to the mouth of the Yellowstone; this was under charge of Lieutenant Andrew J. Donaldson, United States engineer, whose assistant I then was. The third party was under Steven's immediate direction, and was organized at St. Paul, with the intention of moving direct for the mouth of the Yellowstone, where the Donaldson party was to meet him. With Stevens' immediate party were several engineers who engineers came to occupy leading position in the United States service.

In this connection Lieutenant Saxton was directed to proceed from New York to Fort Vancouver via Panama and Oregon and take charge of a provision train which was to meet Stevens' party at Hell Gate Ronde when they should reach there. This was duly carried out. With Lieutenant Saxton was Lieutenant McFeelan and Lieutenant Arnold, of the army. All of these parties moved according to our Washington programme. Stevens and Donaldson met at the mouth of the Yellowstone. McFeelan quite thoroughly explored the Cascades, and Lieutenant Saxton and his assistants delivered their train of supplies at the Hell Gate Ronde as arranged. All the eastern parties and the river party having reached the mouth of the Yellowstone they moved westward along the Missouri river to Fort Benton in several sub-divisions. Reaching Fort Benton, Lander was sent north to explore; Doty, son of Governor Doty, of Minnesota, was sent to explore the Marias Pass; Lieutenant Saxton dropped his supplies at Hell Gate and with an Indian guide conducted the other expedition up the Big Blackfoot river and accompanied some members of Stevens' party to Fort Benton and the summit of the Rocky mountains. Stevens further directed Lander to explore the old "Lewis and Clarke' pass, leaving the passes south of them still to be examined.

In the general assignment made by Stevens at Fort Benton, I was directed to take a small party, with two civil engineers, Burr and Adams, and cross the Missouri at Fort Benton and proceed along the east base of the Judith mountains in Montana, crossing the Musselshell in the valley of the Yellowstone, and to follow up these rivers westward as far as I thought they lent the courses of their valleys to our purposes.

I took a friendly Blackfoot Indian and went to the camp of the Flathead Indians on the Yellowstone, and thence took up my westward exploration. I found that the Yellowstone, westward, from a point near where the present town of Billings is now located, did not lend its direction to our purposes, and I then concluded that I would make for the Jefferson fork of the Missouri, trusting that I would find a pass at its head. But as the Hell Gate Ronde, at the mouth of the Bitter Root valley, was our great objective point, I thought the valley of the Jefferson fork lay too far to the south.

Leaving the Yellowstone I proceeded a little to the northwest and recrossed the Missouri just below the three forks. Here was an open plain that enabled me to take in quite accurately the Rocky Mountain range for a distance of forty or fifty miles.

Looking almost due westward from the point where I had recrossed the Missouri river, I noticed a marked difference in the range, and I thought that if I could get through them easily and strike any water course of the Columbia from the sea through well-defined valleys, or even canons, that this might be the proper course for me to take. Of course I learned much each day from my Indian and from the general lay of the country. So off we started, and found my expectations fully realized. I discovered a pass one-eighth to one-quarter of a mile in width, up and down and over which you can drive a buggy at a trot, and from it flows the water of the Little Blackfoot into the Hell Gate, and thence to the Clark's Fork of the Columbia. I reported this to Stevens, whose party I joined late in October at the Hell Gate, and he did me the honor to call it the "Mullan pass," and through it I subsequently carried a military road that starts at the head of navigation on the Columbia and extended to the head of navigation on the Missouri river, a distance of 625 miles; and this is how I discovered the "Mullan pass," which is thirty or forty miles south of one that had been determined upon by the engineers, and some 1500 feet lower, being but 5960 feet above the level of the sea, and where the Northern Pacific road is now building the Mullan tunnel so as to get the lowest grade possible."

CLARENCE P. DRESSER.

THE COURTS.

STATE CIRCUIT COURT.

State of Oregon vs. Mary Glenn—Sentenced.

Zelig vs. Summerfield—Default and judgment.

State of Oregon vs. P. M. McMahill—Arraigned and E. N. Stephens appointed to defend—Monday to plead.

State of Oregon vs. Wm. Davis, Thos. Brown and John Lane—Arraigned. Brown and Kane pleaded guilty; sentenced to four years in state penitentiary. Davis has A. E. Emmons appointed to defend him; Monday to plead. Frank Hasting, who was held as a witness in the case, has been discharged.

POLICE COURT—MORELAND, J.

French Rose—Soliciting prostitution (G.T. Flynn)—Forfeited bail of $25.

C. H. Judkins—Larceny (Nicola)—On trial.

John Hampton—Backing truck on sidewalk Chris. Remig—Continued.

Harry Downer, Robert Downer and Chas. Ross—Larceny from a dwelling (Jos. Perry)—Continued to the 18th.

Thos. Grenfield—Assault and battery (Geo. Boyd)—Continued to the 17th.

Schuyler Camp—Assault and battery (Danl. Reidy)—Fined $10.

Schuyler Camp—Interfering with an officer (Officer Martin)—Continued till Monday.

Mat ock—Roaming street after night (officer Johnson)—Ten days in jail.

C. W. Hero—Sleeping in park blocks (officer Marin)—Forfeited bail of $10.

A Gee and Ah Gow—Carrying articles suspended from side (A. B. Single on)—Forfeited bail of $5 each.

H. Roberts—Running express wagon without license (officer Cramer)—Dismissed.

Dewitt Ireland—Larceny from store (Cohn Davis [illegible])—Continued to the 17th.

Thos. Hennesy and Frank Quigley—Drunk and [illegible]—Fined $10.

Wm. [illegible]—Drunk and disorderly; fined $10.

Mr. P. E. Studebaker, treasurer of the Studebaker Bros. Manufacturing Company, South Bend, Indiana, the largest manufacturers of farm and spring wagons and carriages in the world, reached here yesterday via the Northern Pacific road. Mr. Studebaker, with the business enterprise and energy which has always characterized his company, is the first leading manufacturer who has visited this section since the completion of the road. He will make a special study of the business requirements of the Pacific northwest, so that the Studebaker wagons and spring work may continue to hold the leading position here as in every other state in the Union. Mason, Stevens & Walker are general agents for Oregon, Washington and northern Idaho of the Studebaker Brothers' Manufacturing Company.

Atlanta Constitution: Those who do not like the [illegible] A few words from the head of the old ticket are greatly [illegible] at this time.

NOW READY AT MOZART'S.

Fall and winter styles [illegible] ready made suits from $2 50 to $[illegible]; ladies' ready made suits, from $[illegible] to $[illegible]. Our millinery will be sold this season cheaper than ever. Mozart's Cloak and Suit House, 76 Morrison street.

The savings bank system of the English postoffice [illegible]. During the last year [illegible] additional [illegible] accounts [illegible] 3,000,000, with [illegible].

Mr. Charles Levy has just completed arranging his [illegible] at the One Price Cash store, [illegible] street, and offers some bargains which will surprise the ladies. Read the new ad.

[illegible]

MR. BANGS' HONEYMOON.

The Discarded Wife's Threats—Mr. Bangs' Painful Recital.

Brevoort place, Brooklyn, is one of the pleasantest streets in the pleasant and sunny locality in which it is placed, and the houses there yesterday bore an air of quiet peacefulness and domesticity. No. 31, however, is the theater in which a painful domestic drama was lately played, for it is the home of Mrs. Frank C. Bangs and her mother, Mrs. Merritt. A *Tribune* reporter was received by the former yesterday afternoon in a prettily furnished boudoir looking out on the green and neatly trimmed lawn at the back of the house. Mrs. Bangs is a tall, well preserved blonde, whose rather prepossessing features and general attractiveness are evidently heightened, rather than diminished by the skillful use of "sundry "toilet appliances." She was richly dressed and received the reporter with much courtesy. "I have seen some of the morning papers," said she, "and when the time comes am prepared with my defence. I do not want, however, to state anything I cannot prove, and my defence will take the form of deeds rather than words."

"Do you desire to deny the charge Mr. Bangs has made against you?"

"No, sir. That man is utterly beneath contempt, and silence is the only denial or answer I care to make. My future steps will consist of acts in the courts of law, and I flatter myself the true state of the case will then appear."

"Did Mr. Bangs leave you of his own accord."

"All I know he says that, but I must really beg you to excuse my answering you directly one way or another, for I am entirely averse to the idea of making counter charges, and entering on any public controversy with such a man as my husband has proved himself to be. It is now a question only for the lawyers," and Mrs. Bangs gracefully rose and signified that the conversation was at an end.

Messrs. B. F. Tracy and De Witt are her New York counsel in the matter, but it was found on inquiry that both members of the firm were out of town.

Seated in the room in the Sturtevant house which, when not on the road, he has occupied for the last twelve years, Mr. Bangs last night related his domestic history to a *Tribune* reporter. The veteran actor was clad in a long silk dressing gown and his dramatic intonation and gestures, coupled with the mellow vibrating voice and handsome features, set off by the white hair and moustache, added a peculiar interest to the painful recital.

"If my wife says that I did not leave her house of my own accord, after returning to it at her earnest entreaty, she says what is distinctly false. Let me detail to you the events prior and subsequent to our marriage. For months that woman sought to form my acquaintance, and it was only when I was playing in the 'Corsican Brothers,' at Niblo's Garden, that she prevailed on a mutual friend to introduce her. After the performance we went, accompanied by this friend and another lady, to the Irving house, where we had some supper. From that night out she shadowed me. If she was not with me she was sending notes, messages and telegrams. I was sick, sir, at the time, so sick that my doctor positively forbade my continuing to act. She soon began to exercise her arts of fascination. Time after time she implored me to accept money, for she had found that I was in straightened circumstances. I refused for a long while, but at last consented to accept her check for $1000 and take the necessary rest my doctor had ordered. As I wrote to her at that time, it seemed as though she was some ministering angel come to light up my life. I went to New Jersey to recuperate, and she followed me. While there we almost became engaged, for, to the feeling of gratitude which possessed me, there succeeded something stronger and holier. I became infatuated with her. You have seen her and know she is beautiful, and can if she likes be winning and fascinating. On our return to New York I asked her to be my wife, and she gladly consented. Then it was that, in compliance with her oft-repeated entreaties, I accepted from her an additional $6000, in one $1000 and one $5000 checks, to pay off the debt I owed to four trusty friends who had backed my ill fated starring tour. One of them, to whom I owed $2500, would only take $1500 and made me a present of the $1000 to use in any way I chose. I added it to $900 of my savings, and bought my sister, for whom I have lived and worked for twenty years, some furniture and set her up in housekeeping. On the Fourth of July we were married. Ten hours afterward I had made up my mind that I could never live with her all my life. On July 7th, after undergoing a torrent of abuse, I packed up my things and resolved to leave her even then. For four hours she pleaded with me to forgive her, and eventually I consented. Those who attended our receptions in Washington and Philadelphia did not guess what a struggle I had to endure the constant presence of the grinning skeleton, the sad truth I learned a few hours after my marriage. Finally, after she had burst upon me like a tiger, and for the third time overwhelmed me with a torrent of abuse, telling me she had bought me, and so on, I did leave her and came here. Her lawyer followed me, and after two hours' talk I consented to return on my own conditions, which were that we should occupy separate rooms; that I should never eat at the same table, and that in the fall, when I got an engagement, we should finally separate and subsequently obtain a quiet divorce I did return, and two days afterward took her mother, who is a dear, good old lady, down to Coney Island along with my wife's son and the nurse. On my return I found the door of my room locked, and my wife sitting in her room with a young man whom she pays a salary to wait on her. 'I want the diamond ring I gave you,' was her greeting. I drew it off, handed it to her, and merely said, 'I leave you now, madam, for ever,' and in half an hour after my things were packed I rang for a cab, and had had started for New York.

"That, sir, is, before God, the literal truth of the whole affair. She has, I think, lost her cause by striking at me through an innocent women, my sister, who will, I fear, not survive the terrible exposure and publicity. I can only add that no man of self-respect could live with that woman, and had I done so, I should have been a raving maniac before long. Let her do her worst; the bitterest part is past."

Two Chicago roughs attacked a Chinaman on a north side street car the other day, when the Celestial pitched in and gave both of them a sound thrashing. After it was over and the roughs had stripped out he picked up his hat and said: "All Chitlamen don't samee. Some flight and some run. I flight."

Why don't the "solid south" put forth a candidate for president? Playing second fiddle to New York is growing monotonous. This is frequently said of late, but the old men put on the brakes and quietly declare: "The time is not yet."

WALTERBORO, S. C.—Col. A. L. Campbell says: "A member of my family used Brown's Iron Bitters with good results."

LETTER LIST.

The following letters remain in the East Portland, Oregon, postoffice, September 15, 1883:

WOMEN'S LIST.

Adams, Mary
Brandvall, Nellie
Bennett, Mrs Namett
Case, Mrs Kitie
Deardorff, Rosetti
Davis, Mrs Charlotte
David, Mrs Hannah M
Fleely, Mrs T
Golden, W F
Hundsaker, Miss Alice
Hakes, Mrs
Howell, Mrs Fred
Hall, Mrs
Leary, Mrs J M
Monroe, Mrs Altie
Middleton, Mrs Irene
Merly, Julia
McGowen, Miss Mamie
Marion, Aggie
Parrish, Rosella
Platt, Mrs M
Pully, Anna
Plaua, Mrs
Pully, Miss Viola
Pritchard, Mrs G
Rhodes, Mrs Mary
Stephens, Emma
Stewart, Miss Hallie
Stine, David
Samuns, Mrs
Severence, Mrs J
Svendush, Miss J
Sammons, Sarah A
Smith, Mrs Casey
Tracy, Mrs Annie
Tilton, Mrs Emma
Wilson, Caroline
Wilson, Mrs John
Wilson, Mrs Mary
Woodard, Miss C

MENS' LIST.

Ames, D F
Blake, A M
Brandt, Jenny
Boyd, G W
Baker, H E
Bennett, Johnny
Cheatham, Frank
Cavenagh, And'w
Chitwood, Jas C
Cooper, J C
Donaldson, Alex
Davidson, J N
Dolord, E F
Darling, A O
Davis, Benj
Donaldson, A M, 2
Evans, Robt
Foreman, H A
Grable, O Dan, 2
Greenfield, John
Gould, W L
Hicks, Samuel
Howard, James
Hamilton, J N, 2
Hall, F M
Jones, Walter
Kirk, E A
Little, F W
Long, Wm
Lucas, John
Lewis, John
Lewis, Dan
Lester, Al
Morgan, Phil
Mills, Jas B
Masters, J C
McManus, John
Mc[illegible], Jessie
Mc[illegible], W J
Point, A J
Powell, E L
Pully, Mack
Pie, Lee C
Roberts, Steven
Rushlight, Sam
Ryon, P N
Smith, A J
Shaver, C E
Somerville, John
Tillor, C C, 2
Tildon, E M, 2
Traillcraft, Ole B
Tabrar, Mr
Thomas, John
Wright, Hiram S
Wine, E C
Williamson, Jack
Williams, W H
Walker, Alvia
Werthheimer & Bro
Warner, John O
Weaver, O D
Zimmer, Glov's

M. COUGHLE, P. M.

Complete permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions, [illegible] are among its prominent workers.

From childhood to age all use St. Jacobs' Oil for all kinds of bodily pain. It cures.

[illegible] and they have determined to take the [illegible] their own hands.

[illegible] Copies for [illegible] at the office. Price 10 cents.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

WEARING AWAY.

[The following exquisite lyric, depicting Burns' affection for Jessie Lewars in his last illness, has recently been found in Kilmarnock. It is anonymous, but is believed by competent critics to have been written by Motherwell who cherished an a most idolatrous admiration for the great Scottish bard.]

The sun lies clasped in amber clouds,
Half-hidden in the sea;
And o'er the sands the flowing tide
Comes racing merrily.
The hawthorn hedge is white with bloom,
The wind is soft and down,
And sad and still you watch by me,
Your hand clasped in my own.

Oh! let the curtain bide, Jessie
And raise my head awee,
And let the bonnie sitting sun
Glint in on you and me.
The world looks fair and bright, Jessie,
Near loving hearts like you;
But fortune's blast nips summer love,
And makes real friendships few.

Oh! Jessie, in the dreary night,
I clasp my burning hands
Upon those throbbing sleepless lids
O'er eyes like glowing brands.
And wonder, in my weary brain,
If, haply, when I'm dead
My old boon friends for love of me
Will give my bairns bread.

Oh! did the poor not help the poor
Each in their simple way,
With humble gift, and kindly word
God pity them I say;
For many a man who clasped my hand,
With pledges o'er the bowl,
When the wine halo passed away,
Proved me a niggard soul

Oh blessed thought midst our despair,
There is a promise made,
That in the day the rough wind blows,
The east wind shall be stayed.
A few short years, and those I love
Will come again to me,
In that bright realm without a sun
That land without a sea.

Oh! wilt thou gang o' nichts, Jessie,
To my forsaken hearth,
And be as thou hast been to me,
The truest friend on earth?
And sweetly in your linnet voice,
You'll sing my weans to rest
While Jean will lay her weary head
Upon your loving breast.

Oh! what is fame? Its wreath of rays
Cools not the fevered brow,
Will tell his name in coming days,
Who whistled at the plough,
And wrote a simple song or two,
For happier hearts to sing,
Among the shining sheaves of corn,
Or round the household ring.

Yet would I prize the bubble fame,
If but mine artless lays
Bore thy sweet deed and lovingness
For future time to praise.
True soul! I bless the poet's skill,
Which won a friend like thee,
Whose tender love 'twixt home and heaven
Is with me constantly.

DICK WATSON'S DAUGHTER.

Yes, sir, Portland born and bred, and proud of it. We Portlanders are a bit proud of it, a good many of us, this being always a home to us, as it has been to our fathers and mothers before us don't you see? Can't say exactly why this should be always home—it's not easy to explain, and I am not a good hand at explanation. Has anybody ever explained why cats love houses and back yards, and not the people in them? why they will starve on the tiles or in an empty house, rather than go away with the master who has fed them all their lives? Something to do with the overgrowth of the organ of locality, a wiseacre told me once, and perhaps he was right. But old dad said he was a fool, and dad was just as likely to be right as the other man. I don't always know a fool from a wise man myself; it takes a lot of time to find out that even in London, where you are all so mighty sharp.

I stick to Portland. Do you see Weymouth and Melcombe over yonder in the bay? I've never been across and shall never care to. What's the use? I've everything I want—health and strength, a good house, and a good wife; plenty of work, and plenty of smiles to meet a man after the work's done. What more should I find over yonder?—and how much less? My father lived and died here, so shall I. I can't abide with people always wanting change—that's a bad complaint, sir, you take my word for it, and gets people into all sorts of trouble—into prison, too, poor gommocks. I'd lay a crown-piece there's lot of them up at our big prison there who would say to me, "That's true enough, David Costerbadie, if you never speak another sensible word in the whole course of your blessed life; that's uncommon true." Very well then, what's there to laugh about? I dare say your London is a fairer, squarer place than this, but it would not suit me any the better for that. Not it.

Well, perhaps a few years ago I was not quite as satisfied as I am now, and was bothered just a little with an idea of sliding off, of turning out a soldier, or a policeman, or a diver—which my uncle was, and got drowned by way of a judgment on him, the dad has always said, for sneaking away and getting under water. But though it did cross my mind I had better make one less, it never came to the big march to go, and matters worked round by degrees, as they will, sir, if you only wait and work hard and don't snivel. Bless you, yes! It won't come round the way you thought—dashed if it ever does that!—but round it comes, just like the hand of a clock, and as I'll prove to you clear enough if you don't mind listening for a while. Mine's a queer story in its way. When those young ones about us grow up, I'm a-going to tell it them, even with their mother sitting by to hear it. I don't know there's much of a moral in it, but Betsy says there is; and Betsy has always her wits about her, if I haven't, though she's not Portland born and bred, as all we Costerbadies are. She's a foreigner, she is—ain't you, Betsy, lass?—and very much ashamed of it too, though it wasn't her fault, poor thing, as some people might think. She comes from your town—from a part of it called Whitechapel, which sounds like a place clean and pious enough for anybody, and Betsy says perhaps it may be in the parts of it she doesn't recollect.

It was her coming to Portland which made all the fuss about us, and put us all to sixes and sevens, as the saying is, although we were at sixes and sevens before she turned up for that matter, owing to hard luck. There had been hard times at the quarries—the private quarries were all wrong somehow—changing hands and changing men, and the new stone they fetched out of the land did not come up well, or did not last long, or had something or other the matter with it which kept us quarrymen chopping and changing, or sitting still in the house-place out of work, and wondering when the work would come again. We grumbled a bit, too, at the prison lot taking the labor from our hands, and letting us lie idle. But people will grumble, and the government wants its quarries worked at a cheap rate; and at all events here the prison is, for good or bad, and no getting rid of it again. We're all grown to it, and with work enough for both of us, we don't grumble as we used.

Betsy Watson crossed over to Portland in the bad times then, when work was very slack, a score of more of years ago I may say, before the railway came to us, and the big breakwater was finished. I mind her standing in the street with a big bundle in her arms—a crimson bundle with white spots—and looking around as if she'd lost her way, and a poor, thin, pale, gawky kind of wench she was that day. Just to think of that, sir, looking at her now, that wide!

She came over by the steamer, and when the people had all got on shore and gone away, she walked slowly along the road toward Chesil—that's the lot of old houses by the Chesil bank, which we see from this window down on the shore there. We all lived at Chesil at that time, a family of us Costerbadies, dad and mother, and sister Leah, and young Jonathan, who was a cripple and died before his time, and your humble servant. I had been out of work all the winter, and was hanging about the road as if I had stolen something—and ready, if anybody had asked me, to carry anything up town or top of the island for a stray sixpence or less. And there was nobody I could be of use to but Betsy Watson, who strolled on with her black straw bonnet blown to the back of her head, and who was wondering where she was, or which was the right way to go, or what had become of those who should have been at the landing stage to meet her with her bundle, and say "How d'ye do?" and had not come to time, or never meant. It was something of this, I fancied, before I caught her eye and slouched away a step or two, and then stopped again with my mouth all open like a trap, Betsy told me afterward, and looking a rare silly.

It was she who spoke first—women being naturally more forward in their ways than men, or being more inclined to settle things offhand, and not go beating about the bush so much as we shy fellows. And I was shy enough of strangers, of course, though this bit of a gawky girl was ten years younger, and like a child to me. She was exactly 17, and I was 7-and-20. She was five feet seven, which is a strapping hight for a girl, even if she has overgrown herself a bit, and I was six feet three; so there you have us like a picture, and a rum picture we must have been too.

"Do you know, sir, where I could find a cheap lodging in these parts?" she asked bang off, of me.

"Oh! there's plenty of lodgings," I answered, pointing to no end of bills in all the windows of all the little and big houses in sight. It was Easter time, when company was scarce enough, and the weather was awful cold that year. It was actually snowing while she spoke to me, and the snow was settling on her hair like flour on a bright brown chestnut.

"Ye—es, but I want a very cheap lodging. I don't mind how poor, being poor myself," she added frank and straight.

"Oh! I see."

"And I shall not give anybody any trouble while I stay here; that is, I hope I shan't."

This was a very young woman to come out holiday-making by herself, and, indeed, for all her hight, I took her to be a year younger than she was, she was that thin and had so innocent a face. A sad face, too, and sorrowful people don't look younger than they are, as a rule, but she did, somehow.

"The sort of lodger people like, lass," I replied, with a laugh, "and you'd suit a good many about here."

I did not speak to her as to a lady born, but as to one of my own class, though I was as red all the time as a beetroot. And I was wonderfully taken by her, as by a child that had lost its way and wanted help to find it and might not get into careful hands being ignorant of life. She was very poor, although neat as a new pin and well shod. The wind did not quite seem to suit with her thin black dress and whisp of a shawl though, but to cut through them both, as she stood there trying not to shiver. I thought of all the neighbors in Chesil and along the hillside, and not being quick to come to conclusions, I did nothing else but think and keep my mouth open. When an idea came to me I gave her the benefit of it, but it wasn't very often, as we walked slowly along the road together. I should have been glad to carry her bundle, but didn't like to ask.

"They let lodgings down there," I said, pointing to Chesil, "but it would be awful cold for you, and sometimes the sea swamps you when the wind keeps in this quarter long. There's old Deuce's, there's Churchfunnel, there's Mother Dreak's, there's——"

"David, who's this wench?" said a shrill voice—my sister Leah's voice; and sure enough there was sister Leah at my elbow, as curious as any woman, and wondering who I'd got to talk to and walk with all of a sudden at that time of day.

Betsey Watson looked at Leah and crept aside like a girl a bit frightened at the sight of her. And Leah was not a well-favored lass, I must say, not for thirty-five, when good looks aren't always in their bloom even with good temper to back them, which Leah never had. Leah had grown very yellow of late and full of hard lines and had lost two front teeth only last week—one top, one bottom—and that would make any woman cross, though there was no one to see her but dad and me, and mother and Jonathan. Leah had been out marketing and had come upon us with her basket on her arm, and a something green sticking out of the basket. She had no bonnet on and the wind was blowing her hair—almost gray now—a good many ways at once, and her face was pinched and not so clean as I had seen it now and then on Sundays. She looked a bit spiteful at us both, too, goodness knows for why.

"This young girl," I said to Leah, "was asking me where she could get a lodging hereabouts, and I was saying——"

"Oh! you're a pretty one to talk about lodgings," Leah answered, uncommon sharp; "what kind of lodging do you want?" she asked, with a long, steady stare at Betsy, and then at the bundle in her arms.

Betsy told her what she had told me, and more. She wanted a very cheap lodging; she was poor; it had been said she must have change of air, and she had saved up all the winter to get that change, and here she was. It was all plain speaking, and no beating about the bush.

"For how long?" asked Leah.

"A fortnight—perhaps three weeks, if my money will last out, and I can get to like this place," she answered, with a little shudder at it already.

"You came from—where?"

"London."

"You've come a long way, if you're short of money," said Leah, with a kind of snort.

"They said that part of England would do me a deal of good, and besides——"

She did not say what besides, but stopped all of a sudden, and my sister, more interested in Betsy's means of living and paying her way than in her reason for giving Portland a look up, said bluntly:

"What money have you got?"

"That's not for you to ask, Leah, or for me," I broke in here, for I saw the poor weak thing flinch again at the question coming from such a stranger; "that's no one's business but her's."

"Yes, it's my business," said Leah, "for this child—and she's but a child, tall as she is—may not be able to pay those who'd feel the ill-luck of being cheated of a penny."

"Oh! I don't want to cheat anybody," said Betsy Watson, quick and warm at this. "When the money is getting low, I shall be ready to go home."

"I should think Mother Dreak's would suit her, because——"

"Because you know nothing about it, David," said Leah, "or about anything save quarry work, which you can't get. If this child can pay her way—fair and square, as she will—she might spend her holiday in a worse fashion than along with us, I take it."

"Oh! no," cried Betsy, shrinking away for the third time, "I—I don't want anything like that."

"How do you know what it's like, or what we're like?" said Leah, ready to argue the point at once, and with no end of force too—just like Leah, that was. "We're neat and clean; there's a bedroom all to yourself, with a fine big sea view, too; we'll board and lodge you cheaper than any one in Chesil, and we hav'nt had a lodger for nine months, and this hulking brother of mine is always out of work, and you'll be a help to us. Our house is as good as another if it's an honest house, ain't it?"

"Ye—es," said Betsy, frightened from all argument by this; "oh, yes! quite true."

"Then what do you want to go anywhere else for? Come and see the house—here it is; it won't kill you to look at it. That's my father sitting in the doorway—there's my mother looking over his shoulder at us—there's Jonathan at the window—your window. You come and see the place before you say you don't want anything like that; you mayn't know what you do want," and Leah seemed to drag Betsy Watson down the road to the stone houses in the shadow of the Chesil bank, where the waves were washing and roaring finely that afternoon, and with a noise that skeered her first go off.

I walked a little distance behind the way my sister talked her swept away a little objection of my own which I should have liked to make, but I was clean silenced by her style. I had never known Leah go on quite like that before, never seen her so excited and so anxious. Generally Leah was a woman of a few words, which were plain and hard enough when they did come out, which wasn't very often. "A sulky toad," I have heard father call her more than once, and "A sorry lot, that Leah Costerbadie," had been said of her by the Chesil neighbors for no end of time. Leah had never seemed particularly anxious about anything till that day; but then it was hard to guess whether she was anxious or not. So her manner opened my eyes as much as it did young Bety Watson's; just for the reason I was no more used to it than she was.

When we got home, Leah said to me, "You wait here, while I show the young lady over the place"; and "the young lady" looked at me for a moment as if afraid to trust herself with my rampageous sister. Then she gave way and passed into the house as if she was Leah's prisoner and there was no much chance of running away from her.

Presently she was talking to father and mother in the parlor, and Leah slipped out and caught me by the arm.

"She'll stop if you don't blunder out something and turn her against us," she whispered hoarsely.

"Yes—but don't you see—"

"You fool!" she cried, "don't you see ever? Ain't we starving?"

She backed in to the cottage again, leaving me all of a big heap against the stone wall.

It was as bad as that then, and it was harder lines with the Costerbadies than I had guessed. Well, the old people and Leah and Jonathan had fought their battles well without my guessing much about it and without my wondering how long the money would hold out. No one had worried me, for if I was in their way, for I took things about us quietly as most folk, even when there was anything to put me out, which was seldom, though Leah and dad had a bad way—I own it—of aggravating people and each other. Not so much in bad times, for then we held together a bit more and helped each other all we could. Presently my brother Jonathan—poor cripple and hunchback he was, and yet close on twenty years of age—came limping in to the street toward me.

"Davie, she's going to stop," he said; "she thinks the place will suit her."

"Well, I hope she'll like it," I said, "and I hope you'll all be kind to her, for she's a poor body enough."

"Yes, ain't she?" piped Jonathan; "I wonder what she came for?"

"Change of air."

"Did she tell you so?"

"Yes."

"I like her face," said my brother, after thinking it over a little, "but it wouldn't be lucky if she died here, would it?"

"Lor' bless the fellow—no."

"It would be our luck though, wouldn't it?"

"You shut up, and keep that nonsense to yourself, Johnnie—she ain't a-going to die," I said; "what made you think of such stuff as that?"

Going to die, indeed! Why, in twenty-four hours from the time she set foot in Chesil, she was a different young creature altogether, and as full of life as ever she could stick! I don't suppose change of air ever agreed with a young person as it agreed with Betsy Watson; there was quite a color on her cheeks next day, and before the week was out she was as brown as a berry.

"That Whitechapel of yourn must have been a very sickly place," I said to her about the third day of her stay with us, and when she was getting redder and redder, nose and chin especially, "for you to have got as pale as when I saw you first."

"I can't say if it's sickly," she answered doubtfully, "all I know is I am very sick of it."

"Were you born there?"

"Oh, yes!"

"People don't get sick of where they're born—at least, we don't in Portland."

"No."

"But Whitechapel mayn't be quite as fresh a place as this, take it altogether."

"I don't think it is *quite* as fresh," she answered, laughing at me.

"Then what makes you stop?"

"Oh! you are as curious as your sister," she said pettishly, and went away from me and sat on the Chesil bank, and chucked stones into the water for hours afterward. I felt she did not want my company; I walked away till tea was ready, and thought of what she had said in the mortal time.

As curious as my sister! Well, Leah was curious enough, I knew, but I had never been called curious before, and never had been that I knew of. "You don't seem to me, David, to bustle about quite enough or take enough interest in things," the dad had told me over and over again; "you're too big and lumpy, like," And now here was a little chit of a woman telling me I was curious, and running away from me because I worried her with questions—actually worried her!

Yes, it was singular, because somehow, sir, I was curious about her. She looked to be so very much alone in the world, so adrift like, and yet a contented little soul, very quick with her needle and not too much of a lodger. She liked to be of help in any way, knowing she was poor, and fancying herself almost one of the family after a while. And she was of help, and Leah, who was never backward in making use of people, put upon her, as I thought, before the week was out, and got her to run on her errands and do all kinds of things for her, even to reshape and fit her Sunday dress—which Leah had had for years—in the new tip top Whitechapel fashion, too, which Betsy knew all about of course, being straight from London, where all the fashions come from. She was really one of the family by the end of the week, quite at home and glad that Leah had not frightened her from it when they had first met in the open street. They all took to her, Leah and all, and I don't remember Leah's taking to anybody before, male or female. Not that Betsy could see this, not understanding her so well as we did, but thinking she was always very cross and snappish, not guessing that if Leah had not taken to her she would have "let her have it," and screamed and yelled and jawed at her, as she had done at other people whom she couldn't abide, as she had always done at home when put out by any of us. Leah was handy at making fishing nets, and Betsy Watson, handy at anything, looked on one day, helped her the next and at such a rate, too, that my sister almost smiled.

"You're clever with your fingers," she said.

"We are in Whitechapel—some of them too clever," she added with a sigh, which was not easy to account for.

"No one can be too clever," said father.

"Oh, yes they can," answered Betsy briskly; "too clever by half."

"How's that?" I said.

"Over clever people get into trouble, David," she answered, thoughtfully now; "at least I have heard that they do, Whitechapel way."

"And that's an affliction, David boy, that'll never happen to you, depend on it," said my father, at which everybody laughed, Jonathan the loudest, because it did not take a great deal to amuse him, poor little chap.

How that first week slid away while Betsy Watson was among us!—though I was out of work and hated being out of work "big and lumpy" as the dad said I was. Though dad did not mean all he said about me, bless your heart! Only his nasty way when anything disagreed with him, or when his cough was bad and shook all his good qualities into his bad ones. Gracious, but the old man could cough when put to it. "Coughs his hardest on purpose," Leah always said, but that wasn't quite correct; though, when the whole house was shaking, I used to think he did let loose a bit.

The old dad was fond of Betsy, too, in his way; she could not play checkers—draughts as you may call it—when she first came, but he taught her, and she beat him hollow before the week was up. And mother took to her, and poor Jonathan went over head and ears in love with her—which was silly, to say the least of it, a little helpless cove as he was.

By the end of the week we knew all about Betsy Watson, and what she had not told us herself at starting, Leah kept asking her until she did. Betsy worked in a wholesale house Whitechapel way; "gentlemen's ties" and that fal-lal rubbish turned out by the ton, and meaning hard work, long hours and deuce of a little pay for it. The work had taken most of the health and strength away from her before I had first clapped eyes on her. She had no mother—she had died when Betsy was a little thing not higher than that, sir. And the father? Ah, here comes the story, and out it came all at once, when Leah was harassing one evening and I was smoking a short pipe at the open door and listening to every word she said.

Father and mother and Jonathan had all gone to bed, and the two women folk were sitting up late and working rather hard. I remember it just as if it was yesterday, and I'm likely to remember that night surely.

"Yes, my father is alive," she answered.

"Then why didn't you say so before?" said Leah.

"I didn't think it mattered to you, or anybody else but me," she said, ay, and with spirit, too.

And what's your father doing, Betsy?" Leah asked.

"He's in David's line."

"You don't mean that?"

"Up at the prison yonder, working in the quarries, that's where father is," said Betsy, speaking very quickly now, "and it's as well you should know it. I don't like keeping anything back; I never did."

"Bravo, Betsy," I said, putting my head in at the door to cheer her, and getting my nose snapped off for my pains.

"Isn't it time you went to bed instead of hanging about there at this time of the night?" cried Leah. "What have you got to sit up for? You haven't any work to do."

"That's not my fault."

"Yes, it is," said Leah. "You were never fond of work."

I should have knocked anybody over who had told me that outside in Portland, but I could not do anything to Leah, not even shake her. It was not kind of her, but I said quietly:

"I can't make work."

Here Betsy broke in before Leah could say anything else unpleasant.

"I should like David to know everything as well as you," she said, "because I can trust him, always."

"Thankee for saying as much, my lass," I said back to her; "yes, you may trust me."

"My father has been in Portland prison close upon seven years," she began, "and he has seven years more to serve, less the time struck off for his good conduct. A long sentence, isn't it?"

"What's he in for?" asked Leah.

"Housebreaking."

"It wasn't the first or second time for him to get locked up so long," was Leah's sharp opinion.

"Oh! no—he has been at it all his life," said Betsy, quietly. "I can't remember ever seeing my father. When he was not in prison, he was always keeping out of the way of those who wanted to put him in it. Once or twice he called to see me when I was very little—but I don't recollect."

"Where were you?"

"Oh! he paid people to take care of me."

"Thieves, too, I'll be bound," said Leah.

"No; honest people who did not know how father got his living. That's the odd thing about my father, and it makes me love him, spite of everything."

"What's odd about him?"

"That he did all he could to keep me out of harm's way. He had an idea I should never know anything about him and that one day he would turn up a rich man and take me abroad, to live peaceable there with never a soul the wiser. Very foolish!" she said, with a sigh, "and this is how it ended."

"Just as it ought to end," was Leah's short answer, "I've no liking for a lot of thieves. And if you have never seen him—how do you know this?"

"He writes to me from the prison when they allow him."

"And he's awfully sorry, of course. That's because they read his letters before they let them go," said Leah.

"I can't say he's sorry. He never says he is."

"And when his time is up—he'll thieve again?"

"Yes, very likely."

"Well, he's a nice brute to love, I must say."

"He's my father."

"You'd better have been without one."

"Don't you love your father, Leah?" she asked.

"Can't say I do particular," said Leah; "he's much too aggravating to suit me. But, at all events, he's honest. I couldn't do anything but hate and spit upon a thief!"

"Yes Leah, I dare say you would," replied Betsy, "and I don't ask you to love my father or to pity him; I know he was very bad—I have read about him in old newspapers, and there was nothing much to be said for him. But still he does not forget me—he writes to me—he's sorry I've no mother to take care of me—and he did the best he could in keeping me away from him when I was young and he was bad. You see that?"

"I don't see anything good in him."

"I do, Betsy," I said from the doorway; "at least it's my idea he might have made life much worser for you—and much blacker for you."

"You get out!" cried my sister; "your idea, indeed! You never had one in that thick head of yours that was worth an ounce of sugar. Who cares for your ideas?"

"I haven't asked anybody to care."

"Then hold your noise," said Leah; "do you think I'm sitting up to listen to your gabble?"

"Ah, never mind her, David," cried Betsy at this moment; "your sister is kinder than she cares to let us see, and she doesn't mean all she says."

"Much you are likely to know about me," answered Leah, sharply, at this. "I do mean what I say—I should be a poor creature if I didn't. And you Betsy Watson, might have told us this before knowing we are honest people and said what you had come for downright. We shouldn't a' thought the worse of you for telling us the truth."

"Here! Lookee here!" I began, when Betsy stopped me by holding up her hand and asking if she had not told the truth—told more than there was any occasion for, considering what she was and where she was.

"You said you came for your health," said Leah.

"That's true enough, for I was very ill."

"And you came for something else beside that. You can't look me in the face and say you didn't," went on my sister.

"I am going to tell you what that something else is."

"I can guess. To see your father?"

"Yes, I have an order from the directors to see him the next visiting day. That's next Wednesday," she answered.

"As if I didn't know what you were at Portland for!" said Leah, proud of her 'cuteness—and she was 'cute certainly.

"For once in my life," Betsy went on, "I thought I would work extra hard to save money to bring me here; and in working extra hard, I broke down a little."

"What do you want to see the wretch for?"

"What wretch?"

"Your father."

"To see what he is like—to ask if I can do any good or be of any use when he comes out."

"You'd better let that alone," said Leah.

"It's my duty, I fancy, now."

"Ah! you're eaten up by fancy," was my sister's last remark. "I suppose if he was to be let off you'd go to him, because it was your duty."

"If he asked me—I would go. Oh! yes."

"Though you know he's a bad un?"

"Yes."

"And that there's no chance to make him a good un?"

"Still—I'd try."

"And he'll drag you down instead—that's what it would come to."

"No; I should only die. That's all," said Betsy.

Leah bundled her work together and pitched it in one corner.

"I haven't patience with a bit of a thing like you a talking like that!" she said as she walked off to bed. Betsy prepared to follow her, coming first to my side, as I stood smoking outside the door.

"David," she said, "have you patience with me?"

"O' course I have."

"Thank you. I am glad of it."

"So am I."

"She hasn't," jerking her little head toward the stairs up which Leah had tramped, without much consideration for those already in bed and fast asleep.

"Oh! you mustn't mind her."

"She won't have any patience, any mercy—as you will, David, when you are trying to think the best of me, and when you and she know——"

"What?" I asked, as she came to a full stop.

"That I haven't told her everything—that I've kept a good deal back," she said, all of a flutter now, and not breathing at all regular.

"Have you though?"

"Yes," she said in a whisper.

"Well, you're not bound to tell her anything—or me either," I said, by way of cheering her up a peg or two. "It's not our business."

"No, it is not. That's where you are right, David—as you always are—dull as they think you," she said.

I was pleased at this. These were kind words from her to me and if others thought I was a fool, she did not, which was comforting. I said a little more.

"I'm only surprised you told her such a lot about yourself and father, Betsy. I wouldn't have done it; just as if I'd been drove to it, too."

"I was drove," she answered; "for she knew already. One of those men with the long coats and peaky caps was speaking to her yesterday and asking who I was."

"What men?"

"The men who are always about here and on the hills. The men who walk outside the prison night and day, with guns," she added with a shiver.

"Oh, the warders! I know."

"And the man have seen me walking outside the prison, too—for I've been outside, day after day, just as if there was some comfort in being nearer to him."

"Ah!"

"Do you think he is so very bad," she asked, "and quite past hope, David? For its all truth I have told you about him and me."

"I dare say there's many worse than the gentleman. Why not?"

This seemed to console her, for she said after me, "Why not?" and then walked toward the stairs on tiptoe, stopping with her little foot upon the first one and looking at me again, so very strangely that I felt curdling and creepy.

"You will have patience with me, David. Don't forget," she said; then she went like a ghost, so quiet like, to her own room.

She left me a deal to think of, and I was not fond of thinking. I did not like to know she had not told us all, when I came to spell upon the subject, although a little while ago I had agreed with her. I liked to think her frank, and with no sham about her. In one week I had got to fancy her a good deal and to see her as different from anybody else as chalk from cheese. And yet she had been straightforward enough for half a dozen girls—straightforward enough to tell me she was not quite straightforward and to hope I should be patient with her when I came to know or guess a little more. Which was odd—which was more and more odd, the more and more I thought of it, leaning against the door-post, with my hands in my pockets, and the pipe, which had long since burned itself out, still held tight between my teeth.

I was very restless that night and did not think of sleep. It had been hard to find sleep since I had been out of work, not having enough work to knock the wakefulness away from me; so I leant against the door-post and took it easy like. For how long I didn't know, but I must have gone to sleep in the open air, standing up straight like a statue, or a stuck pig, or anything you care to call me, sir. It was a dark night and warm; the wind had changed in the last four and twenty hours and brought a breath of spring with it, I never remembered going off to sleep in the open air like that before.

The fact was I thought so much of Betsy, of all my sister had got her to say, of all she had said herself after Leah had gone, that I thought myself silly and went off clean to sleep. All of a sudden I woke up with a start and banged my head against the door-post—woke up, I might say, almost in a fright, as somebody stumbled over my feet and made a run for it along the street toward the Chesil bank.

I had got this [illegible] across my mind, that I was sure some one had slipped into the parlor through the open door while I had been dozing and robbed us Costerbadies, until I recollected as a certain fact that there was nothing to take away, and this set me right again. But then recollecting—and this all of a flash, though I was not naturally quick—that the party falling over me had caught me on the side next the doorway, and to make [illegible] clean out of my own house was to set my long legs after him, pretty sharp.

If there was one thing beside quarry work that came natural to me, it was running when I was put to it, and off I went like a rocket after the party who was scampering along close to the houses, and not going it as fast as a man in a hurry to get away would do as a rule. When he was in the open and was running and clambering up the bank as if he hoped to hide there, or jump into the sea, or something, I could see that he had a bundle in his hand, which looked like Leah's bundle, which she had pitched into the corner of the room a little while ago. A sense of being wronged and robbed set me off now at double-quick, and I was on him, the next moment, and then over him again, with my knees upon his chest and my hands at his throat.

"Hold hard! Don't choke a fellow! I give up," the man gasped, and I was gentler with him and got my knees one by one off his chest.

"Who are you—and what are you up?" I asked.

"Your prisoner—isn't that enough?"

"No, it ain't."

"Don't make a row. For mercy's sake, don't make a row until you've heard me out," he urged; "I'm clean done for."

"Is that my bundle?" I inquired.

"No."

"You took it out of the house yonder. I'll swear you did."

"It's my own property."

"It's a lie," I said; "but get up, you rascal, and come back with me." He got up with a little trouble and some help of mine, and stood by me trembling like a jelly. He was not a strong man; he saw he was no match for me, and it was not worth his while to try and get away. As he stood up straight and with no end of trouble, too, as if I had hurt him, I saw what he was at once, dark as it was, and with only a blurred outline of the man to look at. I had seen so many poor devils like himself—all of one pattern, and not to be mistaken—trapped away even by the dark night.

"You've escaped from the prison."

"Yes, that's it," he answered.

"How on earth did you manage that?" I asked. "It isn't often a man gets away from there."

"And it's hard when he does," answered the man sulkily, "and after all his plotting, planning, working, cursing, praying to come to such an end as this. I'd rather you'd shoot me than give me up to them again."

"I never said I was going to give you up."

"You're not!" he said, "good fellow, brave fellow, God bless you, whoever you are! God bless you sir!"

And the man's voice broke and his hands, which were shaking like a leaf, seized mine and wrung them with a tighter grip than when he had clutched me on the beach.

"And I never said I was going to let you go," I added, at which the man's shoulders fell and dropped my hands, and slunk back from me. "It all depends upon that bundle. So just you come back with me into the light. D'ye hear?"

"It's mine, I tell you."

"Are you coming back, or shall I make you?" I asked.

"I'll come. I can't do anything else. Let me lean upon your arm if you don't mind, mate. I'm hurt—awfully."

"Did I do it?"

"No; I scrambled down the rocks from the prison, and missed my footing and fell. So I got up a mad, damned wretch like this."

"That's why I bested you so easily?"

"Yes—that's it."

The man passed his arm through mine and crawled with me toward the house, groaning with every step he took. We went into the parlor together, where he dropped into my father's windsor chair, into which I guided him. I stood over him while I lighted a lucifer and lighted the candle, which the draught, or the man, had blown out while I was doing sentry at my post. And then I saw, clutched in his hand, a bundle of things tied up in a big red cotton handkerchief, all red with white spots, the very bundle which Betsy Watson had carried from the steamer on the day she came to Portland.

"Well—you are a hundering thief to begin again so quick—and an awful fool," I said; "that bundle belongs to this house, and you sneaked it off a quarter of an hour ago."

"I said it was my own—and that's the truth," muttered the man between his teeth.

"No. It can't be the truth."

"And I can't explain. Don't ask me—what's the use? Give me some water, for I'm fit to die."

There was a jug of water on the table, and I held it to his lips, which had turned very gray. Yes, the man was ill, and had been knocked about a good deal, and was fit for nothing, save to pity, perhaps.

I didn't know why I should pity him but he looked so helpless and broken down a wretch, with his two big eyes, like an animal's, watching me steer, and trying to guess by my broad face what I was thinking of. *His* was the face of a man of forty-five—though I thought it was an old man's face as I looked at it then; it was so full of lines the skin was so dark and withered, and the close cut hair upon his head was as white as snow. There was blood upon his forehead and nose, and upon his hands and convict dress—he was a nasty sight to look at, take him altogether and it did not come to my dull wits who he was and why he had walked into my house upon his way from jail. I was no quick at guess work ever, I have said so. It did not come to me, till, with my ears pricked up, I heard the softest tread upon the stairs and some one coming down them, step by step, pausing at each and listening to our talk, and then coming on again. There was only one who could tread as light as that in Chesil, and before she glided in I guessed the truth of it, as I ought to have done before. I put my hand upon his shoulder, and said in a low voice:

"Your name is Watson?"

"Well," he answered, "and if it is?"

"The father of the girl who's coming to us now?" I asked hoarsely.

"Yes," he said with a groan; "God help us both—that's it!"

It was no use denying it, and he knew it as well as I did. I dare say he would have told a lie if he could have done it easy, and spared her or himself, but with her coming toward him, dressed as I had seen her last, and with her big brown eyes staring wide at me, and looking as if she hated me already, there was not much use contradicting it by a single word again. She went toward him and put her arms about his neck, and drew the bruised head to her side, and smoothed the short white hair upon it.

"Yes, this is my father," she said. "What are you going to do with him, David?"

I looked from her to him.

"I don't know," I answered; "it's not my business to hurt him, or to give him up—or—anything."

"He did not steal that bundle—I gave it him. I brought it from London for him," she explained in a low voice; "it contains clothes which he was to change for this dreadful prison dress."

"Good Lor'! You knew he was going to escape?"

"Yes, I did," she confessed.

"How was that?"

"Someone came to her at Whitechapel and told her so," explained the father; "and to ask her to be ready for me any night after the twenty-second. A man out of his time sneaked that message to her for me, with the prison brutes never a bit the wiser. Oh, no!"

He almost smiled, until a twinge of pain brought him to his miserable self again.

"You've worked it well between the lot of you," I said, rubbing the bumps upon my forehead, and feeling lost and silly at all this.

"Do you call it well?" he downright hissed at me: "to be crippled like this and with no power to move hand or foot—to be dragged back presently to the cruel slavery of a life like mine! Fourteen full years of it now too, by God. Think of it, man; think of it!"

I was thinking of it already, and it was making me feel very miserable, with Betsy's brown eyes watching me all the while.

"Yes, it's bad enough," I said; "it's precious bad, I know. But haven't you deserved it?"

"Perhaps I have," he muttered. "But there's lots to be said on my side, for with no one ever caring for me or being better than myself I grew to this, of course. Betsy," he said turning to his daughter, "who is this giant of a man?"

"Mr. Costerbadie—he lives in this house—where I lodge."

"Very poor, ain't you?" he asked, sharply now.

"Yes, very poor," I said.

"And honest," added Betsy.

"Ay, he's had a better start than I had, I'll be bound," said Watson.

"And generous," concluded Betsy, and I felt myself blushing all over as she went on; "a good, warm-hearted fellow, father, who is my friend, and who will be your friend for my sake, even at some risk; who will hide you, and protect you somehow till you're strong again, and not give you up as any coward would."

I was very dull, but hardly quite as dull as not to see the drift of this, for all the way in which she put it; and not to see the danger of it either to the lot of us; to her, especially, who was very much upon my mind, I tell you, sir—more than she could possibly think, considering the little time I'd known her.

Yes, I saw all the danger—but this was Betsy's father. And I knew Betsy's father was a blackguard, and not worth thinking of overmuch or getting into trouble for, but I said slowly:

"I'll hide you if I can."

"God bless you, David!" cried Betsy, with trembling lips and tears springing to her eyes—so quick, that I could have cried myself just to keep her company.

"I don't think as how he will for taking care of him," I said, pointing to her father; "and it isn't for his sake, but for yours, I'll chance getting into a prison along with him. That's all."

The convict looked from me to Betsy curiously, and then from Betsy to me again.

"It's not a bit of use," he said at last, and he groaned hard again as he said it; "where could this chap hide me where I shouldn't be pounced upon half an hour afterward? Is there such a place in Portland?" he asked.

"I'll try and find one."

"But is there?"

"I don't think there is. Still, I'll do my best. You're hurt, you see, and——"

"Yes, yes, that's it," he answered; "that's the cruel mischief of it. If I had been as well and strong as I was yesterday, I might have got away."

"You might," I said doubtfully.

"And now I get you and Betsy into trouble instead."

"And Betsy's been a good girl all her life," I put in here.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"She told me so."

The man actually laughed at this and patted the hands that were clasped about his neck—laughed so loudly that had not Leah and the rest of them been sound sleepers, they must have heard him in their rooms.

"Here's a man with faith in you, Betsy, and believes every word you say, and takes it down for gospel truth—and which it is," he said, turning suddenly to me, "for I have kept her away from Dick Watson all her life, and so have kept her good. That's something, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"But I was getting tired of that," he went on; "and when her letters reached me, now and then, and were full of pity for me and were clever letters, too, that told me she was brisk and sharp, and so on, I thought if I could get away she would be of mighty help to me."

"In—what?" I asked.

"In what I have been brought up to all my life, and am only clever in myself," he cried, as if in spite now; "do you think I can begin anything else at my age, you big idiot?"

Betsy had turned very pale, and the hands about his neck were trembling very much.

"Mine was a different view of life, father," she whispered; "it was of a place away from here, where you and I might have begun very humbly and worthily—something! I thought if I could get you away—if I only could—I——"

"That'll do," he answered hoarsely, "I don't want to hear it. It's a picture, but it ain't reality. There's no more good in it than in me."

And yet there was some good in this waste of a man, and it came out, too, in a queerish way, and where I least expected it. And this is how it came out.

He looked up suddenly to Betsy.

"Do you mind leaving us for a quarter of an hour, and going to your room? I want to talk to this man."

Betsy looked surprised.

"You can trust me with him, can't you?" he asked, almost fretfully.

"Oh! yes."

"And if he gave me up—why, Betsy, it wouldn't matter much. You're saved, he's saved, and it's only the old life again for me; and if we got away," he added fiercely, "it means, mind, my thief's life, with you to help me always. None of your weeping and wailing penitence for me—it isn't in my line, and I won't have it. There!"

Betsy shivered and moved away.

"We will talk of this presently, you and I together," she answered, "and with God's help."

"Very well. But you go away now—and, Betsy——"

"Yes."

"Kiss me, will you?" he growled out; "there, now hook it."

As Betsy went softly up stairs, Dick Watson scuffled to his feet, put his arm through mine again, and said in a thick, low voice, "Come on, gov'ner! Take me away, get me out of this."

"I don't know where to take you."

"Back to prison, you dolt! Don't you see I'm only fit for that?"

"Oh! I see that plain enough," I answered.

"And that's where I am going; I won't have her brought into the scrape; I won't have you. Do you hear? don't you understand?" he cried; "if I could have got away, I'd have altered my mind now."

"You are going to give yourself up?"

"Something like it; come on! Let's get out of your house; I can't breathe in it, somehow."

"But—Betsy?" I asked, as we walked from the house together.

"I have said good-by to her. You can tell her to-morrow. I wasn't going to get her into trouble, and that life with me would have been all I said just now. You need not," he said, "talk about my repentance, or any of that humbug, but for all that, Costerbadie, my pluck failed me at last. She's better without me."

We were in the dark high-road together, and making toward the higher ground, at a slow and painful pace for him. His arm was like a lump of iron upon mine, as he leaned with all his weight upon it.

"You'll never be able to go much further, my man," I said, "but I dare say I can carry you."

"I'll go till I drop," he answered between his teeth, "and taking our time we shall be able to do it. I'm no particular burden," and here he laughed again like a man who had no end of fun in him, and was letting some of it off now like steam.

Presently he said:

"You don't persuade me to alter my mind?"

"No."

"For Betsy's sake, ain't it?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Just as for Betsy's sake you'd have tried to hide me for a time?"

"Yes, exactly."

"Not a bad sort, you," he muttered, "and with some sorrow in you even for a fellow like me, though you don't show it much."

"I'm not sorry for you," I said, bluntly enough, but he did not seem to take any notice.

"Tell her I was determined to go back to prison, will you, Costerbadie?"

"She'll think I have taken you there, and will hate me after this," I said.

"She will soon understand," he replied: "she will see it as clear as day, and bear in mind all I said to her just now. She's not as dull as you are."

"Don't you think she'll follow us when the quarter of an hour is up?"

"Ah, she may; let us get on a bit faster. Hark—what's that?"

We stopped to listen. There came the grind, grind of heavy feet in the distance, and coming down the hill.

"Two of them!" he said, after a minute's pause; "two of the warders."

"Perhaps not."

"As if I didn't know that infernal tread by this time! As if I hadn't heard it day after day, year after year! Catch hold of my collar, will you? Quick!"

"What for?"

"You've found me and are dragging me back!" he cried. "That's five pounds in your pocket, for your loyalty to the Crown; it's always five pounds reward. Don't you understand?"

"Yes—but Betsy! Oh! Lord's sake, what will she think of me now?"

The five pounds is for her; she will not have a penny when she gets back to London. Give it to her, as a little present from me!"

"But——"

"Man, it's your only chance of not being dragged in as my accomplice; it's her only chance, too. Catch hold, you fool!"

I held him by the collar and then the prison men were before us—two black shadows of men, who carried guns under their arms. As they approached, Watson said to me in a loud voice:

"You need not hold as tight as that unless you want to kill me; I'm coming quiet enough,

ber 9. Copies in wrappers at this office. Price 10 cents.
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V. D. TEIT, [illegible]
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Cincinnati and New York.
Address, J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., New York.

I?—and here's the

men were facing us now
handy for shooting us
aston!" cried one, "and
and caught again,
on't they missed me yet
hanged if they have!"
and who's the man that
vid Costerradie, quarry
ere did you find him?"
the Chesil bank," answered
"and the big brute has
keep me still. He's

rve you right," was the
that's the shabby way
's daughter out of trouble
while before she forgave
it, or would see anything
me; and when she did
very unhappy, and that
pretty quick, and open
the truth of it. Opened
ittle, too, to the fact that I
she did not go back to
fore, but found work to do
I got into full work soon
and on the strength of it
was two years before Dick
and prison.
never got out of jail to
up his old one, and I think
d. He had done a good turn
ving Betsy to herself, and
od, when Betsy was allowed
ay good-by to him, he was

's one to me when they
ning," were the last words
lady, sir.—*Belgravia.*

Domestic Life in the D

mestic life is not without
n the desert. I was one
to the tent of a minor chief
and most humble servant.
y benefit and that of several
boring tents, a brew of
ith an immense quantity of
f syrup which had hardly
gar; and, having a small
loaf left, he gave it to
only present he was able
this tent for more than
he "masterly inactivity"
an apparently sit silent and
yed for whole days, and
r to await with
y when civilized races
selves out by their
and the Arab survives
the field. This inactivity
ive; for let it be thought
g in the evening, and he
grave, listless men crouching
ing nimbly round his
g his pockets with a
voring to abstract his
th his head. The Arab is
l actor. His haughty,
ty and laziness, his courage
ll assumed as a mask, hiding
an mean, grasping, cowardly
. His appearance in the
is nothing better than a
his brother Arab who knows
it at its proper value. As I
ese matters a noise as of
rose on the covered side of
assumed an injured air and
contending parties. His
m, manifested on his
and irritation such as I
rab betray. The sheikh
rling continued, and I
le him by the reflection that
quarreled in all countries
but at length the brother's
out, and he arose with a
and and looked over the
he harem from the open part
igh he sat. Without a word
one into the unseen, and a
ok the place of the angry
ded this assertion of the rights
ace and quit during an
had already appeared with
, and it may have been on a
ld chance of peeping at the
the dispute arose. Soon after
of 16 months appeared in a
geous green jacket. It was
by all the men present, and
off with a lump of sugar by
of 9 or 10, each with his
and, with which the young
erform wonders.—*Blackwood*

How Tastes Change.

hop Thirlwall's greatest
ing a novel in an open carriage
Dr. Hook was ready to
e and under any condition
ed himself "before court"
elf after by reading "The
s"; and so dreaded arriving
Stael's "Corinne," that he
ment by swallowing it
t taste every drop. Sir William
rred novels of the
Somerville in the sunset of
ings over conversational
e days being over;" is
Froude's dictum, that
love-agonies of the Frederick
cease to be absorbing
es of such excitements
elow the horizon, and
he realities of weekly bills
ue us to take the
n. "A novel which can
his life," he says, "must
ments, such actions, and
e encounter after we have
and have become ourselves
tical drama of existence.
ce is the first to disappear
manently pleases; and
h claim a place in literature
us to characters and
gnize as familiar." But
standing it is not only
that yield to the beguil
on was as interested in
n he had gained the
n he was young enough
gh to compass a runaway
isat, Romilly delighted in
lotte Smith. Jeffrey was
he cried over Paul
ed Paul's creator for
ed and declared he had
ever since Little Nell,
knew it. Nor was
callow youth when
r to forgive Dickens for
of the "Old Curiosity
ver, be conceded that
er of raising a personal
acters that was unique.—

Did She Mean to Blow

Cleveland Leader.

Here's a prescription to be
to Dr. Caldwell at the
r this evening. "Can I
?" "Certainly," said the
"It is for a horse,"
ription called for nitric
entine. Dr. Caldwell
t, and, without recalling
the ingredients formed
proceeded to put up
put the mercury into a
red in the turpentine
red in the nitric acid
dous explosion took place
to atoms and throwing
and burning acid into
doctor was knocked down
terribly hurt. Some
found him putting
as badly burned by the
injured so that he could
taken home. It is
ther he does not lose
both of his eyes. The
rrence is that neither
cription could be found
The woman, accompanied
y, drove hurriedly away
the explosion.

A Saint of Islam.

al was accustomed to go
about six weeks to a
d "The Hot Waters,"
or marsh inhabited by
A religious musical
ed one day near the lake
a discourse. The frogs
made his words inaudible
ressed himself to them
g: "What is all this
ou pronounce a discourse
k." Complete silence
was a frog over once
ong as Jelal remained
he went to the marsh
mission to croak again
ed. The chorus
of people, who were
cious power over
rs in Jelal, and
ples.—*The Contemporary*

No. 115 Alder street,

in the world has just
at Hancock, Col., 11,000 feet above

LOVELINESS.

a little girl,
very plain,
hair to curl,
all in vain.

far sought repose:

that through her brain
and spent,
for pain,

a beauteous thing,
blossoming,

was full of grace,
the heavenly face

radiance bright,
reflected light

child,
are undefiled,

of worth;
of earth

—Marie Lacey, in St. Nicholas.

OF A RICH GIRL.

was a wealthy New York
an extensive business
he was much re-
his fellow men, and equally
himself. He had two chil-
and a daughter, the former a
of twenty-five, who occasion-
him in his business in that
and amateurish manner
of rich men usually em

was just eighteen, a rav-
named Eudora, whose
and violet eyes had been the
of having an exquisite
an unknown admirer, sent
day in the week, even Sun-

idealized into a hero the un-
hero she was certain
Without any cause for
connected him with an in-
had occurred during the
while she was staying

to gratify every caprice,
by the loveliness of the sum-
had set out late one
a friend, driving along
and accompanied only
coachman. A sudden
came up. The sky black-
horses became frightened at
noise of the surge of the
losing the presence of
in vain to stop them.
a few yards of her
the carriage was over-
Eudora would have been
and probably crushed to
a man, loitering near,
forth and stopped the
handed them over to the
recovered driver, and rescued
just in time to place
hands of her alarmed friends,
anxiously from their house.
thank her deliverer, but
In the darkness she had
There was no clue by
might be recognized
She was a young lady
romance, and the consequence
she dreamed of him in her

rival of Mr. Coupon in busi-
man of thirty, who had raised
from nothingness, and whose
strange to say, was as blame-
reputation. By one of those
in which the creative force so
this gentleman, with a
as sunny as a Skye terrier's,
the name of Radiance. He
and wealthy, and was ap-
troubled with no kinsmen,
poor. Yet none of the men
he transacted business asked
houses, none of them had
with him beyond that
by commercial affairs. But
highly of him, all esteemed
there was not one who, at some
had not been indebted to
financial aid.

was this which made Mr.
sorrowful, notwithstand-
gaiety of his tempera-
the abundant glow of cheer-
diffused. He was singularly
with a frank and open look,
which, for flawlessness
any woman might have
in manners might have been
Chesterfield. He was well
several languages, and was
in manly pastimes. Miss
Coupon, on the few occasions
visited her father's establish-
Mr. Radiance happened to be
had not failed to remark the
perfection of his figure and
her mother who chanced
her during their down-town
the passing glance Eu-
followed, said to her in a half

pity, isn't it?"
answered Eudora, "a great
immediately forgot the object
as is the custom of
of the world.

there was something about
that the people could not
Why, for instance, should Mr.
been on intimate business
him for years, why should
to him for having twice
from failure, and yet never
him to his house—nay,
shuddered at the mere idea?
many of Mr. Coupon's
hold the same relations
Radiance, and have recoiled
him into their homes, as if
a leper?

was something in this
beneath and beyond
which rendered social inter-
him repellant in the high-
Was it really true that his
was as good as his reputa-
no hidden crime, atoned
yet leaving behind it an
Was he a ticket-of-leave
withstanding his grace, his
his culture, did he not
that forlorn and terrible
those sustain who have
silence of a cell, this horror
the awful loathing and
of serving out a term.

day Mr. Coupon was
embarrassed in money-mat-
was one of those dashing bus-
who run along the road of
speed. Radiance was
man upon whose help he
To Radiance accordingly
explained his situation, set-
that he needed a loan of a
amount.

listened to him calmly.
were alone in the little
of which was closed.
Radiance, who seemed
usually cheerful, "I'll

you would," said Coupon.
condition," continued Radi-

granted," answered Cou-
always reasonable."

"Yes, I am always reasonable," said Radiance. "The money is ready for you on condition—"

"Go on," said Mr. Coupon, as Radiance hesitated.

"On condition," repeated Radiance, eying Coupon steadily, "that you ask me to dinner at your house to-night."

Mr. Coupon sat stupefied.

"Ask you to dinner—at my house?" he managed to gasp.

"Yes; I will be sure to come," and Radiance nodded his head slowly, as though he were anticipatively enjoying the treat.

"You know I can't ask you," said Mr. Coupon, with his breath coming very short.

"I am sorry I can be of no service to you to-day," said Mr. Radiance about to open the door.

"Stay," said Mr. Coupon, breaking into perspiration. "You know I would ask you if I could."

"And why not?"

"You know why not."

"I am not in the least aware. Is there a spot on my reputation?"

"No."

"Are any of the men who frequent your house better educated or better mannered than myself?"

"Few as well."

"I—I don't like to mention such a thing, but are you or are you not under some slight obligation to me?"

"Very great obligations."

"Then listen—every day, for months past, a bouquet has been left at your door for Miss Coupon."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I am the unknown who sent it."

"You! You dared!" And Mr. Coupon rose in his wrath as though to lay violent hands on this audacious, yet innocent offender.

"Yes, and I have dared to do a great deal more. Do you remember last summer when Miss Coupon, driving at night along the beach at Cape May, the horses ran away, the driver became frightened, the carriage was overturned and Miss Coupon would have been crushed to death if I had not stopped the horses—"

"You? you? you?" and this time Mr. Coupon sank upon his chair, and all the power of the vernacular seemed to be condensed into the second person plural of the pronoun.

"Yes, I did that; I wandered there to be near her. I have saved from death your child, whom I adore, yet at whom I dare not cast a glance. I love her, oh with such passionate love, yet I dare not breathe it to her, even by a look. And I have saved you, her father, from what would be to you much worse than death, since it would mean the pangs of poverty. Yet you shudder when I ask you to invite me to your house. And why is it? Because my face is black. I am a negro."

The silence in the little office was broken only by the sobs of the wretched man who had hid with in his arms, which were supported by his desk.

All was tragically true. Black as the darkest of his race, yet with features so Caucasian in their regularity that a white man might have envied it, the fatality of his birth shut the door of happiness from him, and left him alone amid the added curse of culture.

Mr. Coupon sat paralyzed. This, then, was the hero after whom his daughter had secretly pined, whom she had erected into a god, that her romantic imagination worshiped.

"We are obliged to you, infinitely obliged," he said at last rising. "But of course this ends everything. I must be ruined now."

Radiance took no notice of him. He had raised his head and was writing rapidly.

"Good morning," said Mr. Coupon, opening the door.

"Good morning," said Mr. Radiance; "but before you go take this," and he handed him a check for the amount necessary for his salvation.

"No—no? I cannot, I must not accept it now."

"Take it," said Radiance. "With it I purchase the right to love your daughter infinitely, in secret, and forever. I shall send her no more flowers, and presently her curiosity will die. Though this black skin makes me to her a creature less than human, my soul can worship hers." He paused a moment, then added:

"And you must never tell her—"

"No—no, of course not," exclaimed Coupon, grasping the check a little tighter. "Good morning."

Then left alone, the black man muttered, as one speaks in a dream, "I could bear anything—except—that she should laugh!"—*New York Hour.*

No Nonsense about Him.

There is no nonsense about the tiger, as there is about the lion. He does not go about imposing on poets. Wolves may, if they like, pretend that they are only dogs gone wrong from want of a better bringing up, and the lion swagger as if he were something more than a very large cat; but the tiger never descends to such prevarication, setting himself up for better than he is, or claiming respect for qualities which he knows he does not possess. There is no ambiguity about anything he does. All his character is on the surface. "I am," he says, "a thoroughgoing, downright wild beast, and if you don't like me you must lump me. But in the meanwhile you had better keep out of my way." There is no pompous affectation of superior "intelligence" about tigers. If they are met with in jungles they do not make believe for the purpose of impressing the traveler with their uncommon magnanimity or waste time, like the lion, in superfluous roarings, or "looking kingly." On the contrary, they behave honestly and candidly, like the wild beasts they are. They either retire precipitately with every confession of alarm, or in their fine outspoken way "go for the stranger." Nor when they make off do they do it as if they liked it or had any half mind about it—as the lion, that Livingstone tells us trots away slowly till it thinks itself out of sight and then bounds off like a greyhound—wasting time in pretentious attitudes or in trying to save appearances. They have no idea of showing off. If they mean to go they go like lightning and don't for a moment think of the figure they are cutting. But if, on the other hand, they mean fighting, they give the stranger very little leisure for misunderstanding their intentions. The tiger, therefore, deserves to be held in respect as a model wild beast, for he knows his station, and keeps it, doing the work that nature has given him to do with all his might. Life has only one end for him, the enjoyment of it, and to this he gives the whole of his magnificent energies. Endowed with superb capabilities for taking lives and preserving his own, he exercises them to the utmost in this one direction, without ever forgetting for an instant that he is only a huge cat, or flying in the face of Providence by wishing to be thought anything else.—*Belgravia.*

Erath county, Texas, has an infant industry which needs protecting just now. It is a little girl, six years old, who is an expert telegraph operator.

How Shingles Are Made.

The oldest, brashest logs are selected for shingles, provided always they are not sound. If they are sound they will make lumber. If they are doty, worm-eaten, fire burnt and disreputable generally, they are worked up into shingles. The prime consideration is to get wood that is sound and brash. It must be sound to make a tight roof, and it must be old and brash to prevent warping. A log may be doty in places, and even hollow, and yet have considerable good timber in it suitable for shingles. The logs selected, they are "run in" and sawed into "bolts" sixteen inches long by a cross-cut saw worked by steam power. These bolts are then placed on end and pushed against a large circular saw in motion, and the good parts cut out in the most economical shape as the operator judges of it by looking at the end. The refuse goes to the furnace room, and the select blocks are carried to the shingle machines at the other end, where they are set on end in a sort of vise, and giggle rapidly back and forth against a circular saw, the block being thrown out at the top and bottom alternately by an eccentric movement for the butt and top of the shingle; at the same time it is moved back to the saw, each movement making a shingle. Of course these shingles are all widths, and some taper in width; some have knots and shapes and doty strips through them, and sometimes these defects run parallel with the sides of the shingle and sometimes they do not. Sitting near the man who operates the block from which the shingles are made, is the "jointer," a man who picks up the shingles nimbly and holds their edges an instant against a planer that runs so rapidly it appears to be standing still, and then tosses them where they belong. All perfect shingles—that is, shingles of sound, unblemished wood and with parallel edges and square ends, no difference whether they are wide or narrow, are pitched into one hopper and go below to the "binder." These are "A*1." Shingles that are perfect in every respect except that they have small sound knots in the upper half are pitched into another hopper or chute and go below to another "binder." These are "A*." Shingles that are perfect in every respect except that the butt is not on a right angle with the sides are pitched into another chute and go below to a boy who lays them on a gauge and pushes them against a saw by which they are squared, after which they are thrown on a conveyor and go to the binder of "A*1" shingles. Shingles that have a doty streak or crack or knot near the middle are jointed and pitched over the planer to a man who holds them against a circular saw until they are ripped up and these defects cut out. Then, if this operation leaves the sides and butts at right angles, they are sent below to the binder, but if these defects run at an angle, the butts must be squared and they are sent down for that purpose first. Shingles that are "feather-edged," knotty, doty, shaky and incapable of being made over into anything good, are sent down a chute and come out in bundles, by a strange travesty on language, marked "No 1."—East Saginaw, Mich., Letter to the Lawrence, Kan., Journal.

Charming Girls.

The most charming woman in Queen Victoria's court a few years ago was one whose features were homely, and whose eyes were crossed. The secret of her attraction lay in a certain perpetual bright freshness in her dress, the turn of her mind, and her temper.

Jane Welsh Carlyle, when an old sickly, ugly woman, could so charm men that a stranger, meeting her in a stage coach, followed her for miles post-haste, to return a parasol which she had dropped. The charm lay in her bright vivacity of manner and the keen sympathy which shone through her features.

Margaret Fuller also possessed this magnetic sympathy, in spite of her enormous egotism. Men and women, the poor and rich, felt themselves drawn to open their hearts and pour out their troubles to her. Yet Margaret was an exceptionally homely woman.

The popular belief among young girls who read the Companion is, that it is only a pretty face which will bring to them the admiration and love which they naturally crave. No books, it is said, have a larger sale than those written that give rules for beauty, recipes to destroy fat or freckles, and to improve the skin or figure.

Now, no recipe will change the shape of a nose or the color of an eye. But any girl, by daily baths and wholesome food, can render her complexion clear and soft. Her hair, nails and teeth can be daintily kept. Her clothes, however cheap, can be fresh and becoming in color. She can train her mind, even if of ordinary capacity, to be alert and earnest; and if she adds to these a sincere, kindly, sunny temper, she will win friends and love as surely as if all the fairies had brought her gifts at her birth.

But it is of no use for a woman whose person is soiled and untidy, and whose temper is selfish and irritable at home, to hope to cheat anybody by putting on fine clothes and a smile for company. The thick, muddy skin and soured expression will betray her.

"John," said an artist the other day to a Chinaman who was unwillingly acting as a model, "smile. If you don't look pleasant I'll not pay you."

"No use," grumbled the washerman. "If Chinaman who feelee ugly all the time, he lookee ugly," which is true of every other man and woman in the world as well as of John Chinaman.

Hawthorne's weird fancy that our secret weakness or sin should hang like a black veil over our faces between us and other men, is true in fact.

Every hidden propensity or vice, every noble trait or feeling, leaves its mark on the features, the expression, the eyes. Day by day and hour by hour, line after line, here a little and there a little, it is recorded on the face as on a tablet, and when we reach middle age, there is a story of our lives plainly written, so that he who runs may read. It is not cosmetic, not rouge, nor depilatories, girls, that will make your faces as you grow older; but the reflex of your thoughts, words and deeds.—Youth's Companion.

Hair Bleaching.

A young lady stepped into a hair store on Grand River avenue and asked the proprietor:

"Can you bleach my hair?"

"Yes," answered the young man who owned the establishment, "I can."

"What will it cost?"

"From $6 to $20; we cannot tell because there is a great difference in the time it takes to bleach hair."

"And how long will it take?"

"I cannot tell you that either; but we would rather sell you a bottle of the bleach and have you do your own hair. We don't like to assume the responsibility."

Here the wife of the proprietor looked up from a wig she was making.

"It is a pity to bleach your hair," she said, regarding the young girl. "It will break off and fall out as soon as it is bleached. Let me advise you to keep your good hair the color it is. I am making a wig now for a lady who had her head shaved at the barber's. She had her hair bleached and it all broke off and looked like stubble."

"There is worse than that about it," said her husband. "There is now in the asylum at London, Ont., a lady from Goderich, who has been hopelessly insane for three years from using the bleach, and there are two well known ladies in this city who are in a very serious condition from brain troubles caused by its use."

"Then it is as dangerous as hair dye?" suggested another party present.

"It is a hundred times more dangerous, but it does not affect all constitutions alike; some never show any effect from it, or if it makes them ill, neither they nor their friends understand the cause of it. It is worse than foolish to destroy their hair in that way; it is wicked. I am in the business and keep the bleach for sale, because they will have it, and, as I say, there are lots of folks it never hurts."

"What is the process of bleaching the hair?"

"You wash it out first with soda water and then apply the fluid to the roots and all through the hair. Some times a two ounce bottle will turn the hair light, but it must be applied at regular intervals, as fast as the roots grow out. We have the French bleach in bulk but it is sold by other hair dealers in small bottles, $1 a bottle."

"What do they do with dark eyebrows when the hair is light?"

"Pencil them with the French eyebrow crayons. We have them both in red and blonde."

"Dark eyelashes often go with light hair, naturally," said the wife of the hair dresser. "My hair is light and never has been bleached, and my eyebrows are almost black."

The young lady who had evoked this information concerning the hair concluded to let her head alone. A few questions asked at the leading hair store on Woodward avenue elicited about the same information concerning the process, but it was considered non-poisonous. The "water of gold"—eau d'or—is the name of the white and harmless-looking liquid which the hair dresser calls "bleach," and which would hardly sell as readily as it does if it were labeled poison.—Detroit Post and Tribune.

The Squatter at Church.

The other day an old squatter came to the city and attended divine services in a fashionable church. He sat uneasily on the cushion, and when the organ began to rumble his hair began to stand on ends. Turning to a man who sat near him he asked:

"What sort of an artickle do you call that?"

"That's the fatted calf bawling," the man replied.

"Thought they'd killed him ter feed the projtikin' son on."

"Yes, they killed one, but they've raised another."

The deep tones of the organ roared like a storm behind the scene, and the squatter, with a wink in his dry old eye, said:

"Must be pawin' the groun' now. He's mad as a hornet. Sorter lettin' up—now he's down on it agin. Now they're twistin' his tail. Jingo! how he flings his head up in the air. Now they're givin' him the rope. Let him swing—hold him."

The choir burst forth in a melodious air, and the old fellow sat for a moment in seeming admiration, and turning again to his newly formed acquaintance, he said:

"Pretty good singin', but sorter slow. They don't seem to get down to the work. Now look at that bald headed feller. He's dodgin pints right along, and that other feller with them whiskers like a goat can't keep up with the outfit, while that gal thar is leavin' all o' them. Wouldn't ketch anybody leavin' Nick Muggles, a feller what sings in our church. Why, put him up thar with that turn out and he'd go on an' transack his business an' get through an' be ready fur all sorts of fun fore that bald feller an' his crowd got nowhar on the road. Nick is what I call a singer and fidler. He can knock the everlastin' spots offen it. Why, he can make a fiddle call hogs an' talk like a ten year old boy; an' er bago, huh. He can make it cluck so plain that the horses in the neighborhood start off. Wish he was here to-day. Look how that bald-headed feller's slackin' up, will yer? Ef I was him I'd quit. Now he's sorter peartenin' up. Look at the gal climbin', will you; and jing, see the goat-whiskered fellow pitch after her. Hanged if he ain't making it lively for her. He'd 'er catch her ther ef she hadenter dodged. Dinged if he ain't got her now. Now he's got by her. There he goes like a skeered rabbit. The gal's droppin' back now, and is goin' along with the bald-headed feller. Hello, look at that fat man puffin' along. Look at him climb, will yer? The gal's gittin' uneasy agin. Look at her prance. There she goes after the goat-whiskered feller. There they all go, bookety, bookety. Now they're all together. See 'em walk along. Hello, they've stopped."

The old fellow listened with rapt attention to the sermon, occasionally nodding in approval, or shaking his head in uncertainty. When a man with the contribution box approached, the squatter asked:

"What's up?"

"We are taking up a collection for the heathen, and as you seemed to be so much interested in the sermon, I didn't know but you would like to give a few dimes."

"What's the matter with the heathen?"

"Why, he doesn't know anything about the gospel, and we want to raise money enough to send it to him."

"Wall, I tell yer. I don't think he'll spile afore mornin'. I've got a horse swap on han', an' ef I ken git 'nuff boot come 'round an' we'll sorter look into the matter."

"But, my friend, the heathen children need clothes."

"So does mine, by jingo. Bill ain't worn nuthin' but a shirt for six months and hast to stay outen perlite s'ciety; Ike's got a vacancy in his britches biggern yer hat, an' Jack haster stay under the house when a stranger comes 'cause he got his clothes scorched durin' hog killin'. Come aroun' arter the swap, fur I don't think the heathen will spile 'fore mornin'."—Arkansaw Gazette.

Stones which have long been numerous on the soil of South Carolina are now being manufactured and used for fertilizing purposes. The deposits of these stones, which were long considered worthless, are now said to be more valuable than the guano beds of Peru.

Tea culture is carried on in several of the Southern States, and according to a letter from that section, the number of families that regularly use tea of domestic production is steadily increasing.

Copper color and mignonette are again fashionable.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Steel nails are the latest novelties.

Bricklayers in Houston, Texas, receive $6 per day.

New York uses from 8000 to 10,000 tons of ice a day.

Figs are worth $3 per bushel in St. Augustine, Florida.

The potato blight has appeared in Wayne, Pennsylvania.

The latest use of electricity is its application to bleaching linen.

Ohio's wheat crop is stated at only one half what it was in 1882.

Seville, Florida, expects to ship at least 1,000,000 oranges this season.

The San Domingo sugar crop is short 50 per cent., and a financial crisis prevails.

The annual products of the British American sea fisheries are set down at about $10,000,000.

Minneapolis is reported to ship annually, beyond her local consumption, 1,650,870 barrels of flour.

A cypress log twenty-seven feet in circumference has been sent from Florida to the Louisville exhibition.

The New England mackerel trade is almost in a panic. There is a decrease of 183,454 barrels from last year.

Over 800,000 dozen of eggs have been imported into the district of Oswegatchie, N. Y., during the last two months.

A girl in Howard, Steuben county, N. Y., has plowed, planted and cultivated four acres of potatoes this summer on her father's farm.

There are 682 furnaces in the country. Of these only 334 are in blast, yet the stock of pig iron has increased 144,935 tons since the first of January.

About $25,000,000 are invested in the bakery business in this country, divided up among 7000 establishments. The annual production is worth $70,000,000, and $45,000,000 of raw material is used.

Business appears to be dull in England. A decrease of $1,500,000 imports and $2,500,000 exports, for the month of July, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, is a discouraging sign of the times.

Augusta has 133,800 spindles actually turning. These are set in ten mills, which have a capacity of 20,000 additional capacity. Besides these, another mill, with a capacity of 30,000, is now being built.

Drinking a Tear.

"Boys, I won't drink without you take what I do," said Old Josh Spillit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him in astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions is laughable. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures to us. You are chief of the mixed drinkers, and I won't agree to your conditions."

"He wants to run us in on castor oil and brandy," said the Judge, who would willingly have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square," replied Spillit. "Take my drink and I'm with you."

The boys agreed, and stood along the bar. Everyone turned to Spillit, and regarded him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said Spillit, "give me a glass of water."

"What, water," the boys exclaimed.

"Yes, water. It's a new drink on me, I admit, and I expect it's a scarce article. Lemme tell you how I came to take it. Several days ago, as a passel of us went fishin' we took a fine chance of whisky along an' had a heap of fun. Long toward evenin' I got powerful drunk, an crawled under a tree an' went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whisky an came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they'd left me out thar drunk, an' told it around town with a mighty bluster. My son got hold of the report; an' told it at home. Well, I laid under that tree all night, an' when I woke in the mornin' thar sot my wife right thar by me. She didn't say a word when I woke up, but she sorter turned her head away. I got up and looked at her. She still didn't say nothin' but I could see that she was chokin'.

"'I wish I had sutain to drink,' s'd I.

"Then she took a cup what she fotch with her and went down to whar a spring biled up, an dipped up a cup'ul an' fotch it to me. Jes as she was handin' it to me she leaned over ter hide her eyes, an' I seed a tear drap in the water. I tuck the cup an' drank the water an' the tear, an' raisin' my hands I vowed that I would never after drink my wife's tears agin; that I had been drinkin' them for the last twenty years, an that I was goin' to stop. You boys know who it was that left me drunk. You was all in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Perils of Fast Eating.

Carl Bozly has been suffering in the charity hospital in Jersey City from the effects of attempting to swallow too large a piece of meat. On last Sunday evening he sat down to supper in his boarding house. He intended to make a call on a young woman later, and he began to swallow in haste. He was giving particular attention to a large dish of stewed beef, when suddenly he threw down his knife and fork and rushed out of the room. Some of his fellow-boarders followed him to an adjoining department, where he had thrown himself upon the lounge. They learned by his signs that he was being choked from some food that had stuck in his throat.

A doctor was summoned, and with a long instrument he pushed the obstruction further down, but not completely into the stomach. As the patient was suffering a good deal he was removed to the charity hospital. Drs. Yarick and Gray found that the obstruction was too far from the respiratory organs to interfere with them. As there was no instrument in the hospital of the proper length or construction to reach the impediment, further treatment was postponed until the following day.

Bozly passed a miserable night. He was constantly irritated by the most painful sensations in his throat, and was unable to swallow any medicine. On the following day the doctors operated on him with a probang. It was a long rod with a bottom or flat head at one end. This was thrust down the patient's throat until it encountered the obstruction. A gentle pressure was then put upon it, and its course was continued downward until the meat had been forced into the stomach. Bozly vowed that he would hereafter eat his meals with great deliberation.—N. Y. Sun.

Bonnets to match the costume are to be the rule, and the fashionable woman will have a bonnet for every street dress and theater toilet. There is to be a decided effort to revive large bonnets, but the small capote and the becoming Langtry turban are prominent among the shapes prepared for the fall opening, and will surely hold their own.

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From childhood to age, St. Jacobs Oil for all kinds of bodily pain. It cures.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 16, 1883.

EASTERN DISPATCHES.

Hundreds of Massachusetts Operatives in Idleness.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC GRANTED A CHARTER.

A Woman Who Murdered Her Husband Hanged—The Elegant New Steamer Oregon—News in General.

Secret Convention of the Knights of Labor.

CHICAGO, Sept. 15.—Delegates to the secret convention of the Knights of Labor, lately closed in Cincinnati, have returned, and one of them said, in an interview this evening, that there were 150 delegates present at the first roll call, and the number was increased subsequently to 170. There were representatives from a large number of states, including Texas and Arkansas, though of course a large proportion of them were from the east and west. The gathering was entirely harmonious, and one or two socialistic resolutions introduced were quietly put aside. There were several telegraph operators in the convention, and two of them were elected officers. There were no signs of their withdrawal. The convention let the telegraph question severely alone, as the only way to harmony. The telegraphers were misled in going into a strike. They supposed the Knights of Labor would stand back of them with $180,000 to $200,000. The Knights of Labor, he said, always oppose strikes, unless forced into them. After the operators struck, however, the body gave them its moral support and some financial aid. The headquarters of the organization were moved from Pittsburg to Philadelphia, and the next convention will be held at the latter place, the first Monday in September 1884. New officers were elected as follows: Grand master workman, T. V. Powderly of Scranton, Pa.; worthy foreman, Professor Coffin of Illinois; grand secretary, Fred Turner of Pennsylvania; secretary of the insurance board, N. [illegible] McGraw of Pennsylvania; grand treasurer, Richard Griffith of Illinois; general statistician, Mr. Eagan of Michigan; executive board, Messrs. McClelland of New Jersey, Campbell of Pennsylvania, Foster of Massachusetts and Payne of Michigan; coöperative board, Boyer of Kentucky, Belmont of New York, Sharpe of Missouri, Vallis of Canada, Pelham of New Jersey, Turner of Pennsylvania and Murray of Ohio.

Is She Dead or Alive?

DES MOINES, Ia., Sept. 15.—[Special.]—The body of Mrs. B. Colant, who died last Sunday, continues to give signs to indicate that the lady is still alive, although no symptoms of breathing can be discovered. The funeral was originally announced for Monday morning. When the undertaker arrived he observed indications that life was not extinct. The lid of the coffin was raised, and he observed moisture on the inside of the glass covering above the face. The lady was taken from the coffin and every known restorative applied. Incisions were made and blood issued freely. The blistering test was also applied, and a blister immediately raised. Tuesday morning, the patient apparently being really dead at last, the undertaker was again summoned, but a faint color suffused the cheeks of the supposed dead woman, and the funeral was again postponed. As the matter now stands no signs of decay are manifest. The joints are supple as in life, and the flesh is perfectly soft and moist.

Tammany and the County Democracy.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—At a meeting of the Tammany committee on organization to-night, the chairman of the committee on harmony reported that the county democracy declined to entertain any overtures looking toward a united delegation. He thought the county democracy was acting in reference to orders of the state committee. As the county democracy had evidently misunderstood Tammany's proposition, he asked that matters be referred back, so that a more explicit proposition could be made. This was opposed, but John Kelly, while declaring that Tammany hall could not accept the county democracy's invitation to enter its primaries without declaring itself dissolved, dwelt strongly upon the necessity of union, and said he was in favor of trying every means to secure it. The motion to refer the report back was carried. The German democracy's organization of this city has resolved to send delegates to the democratic state convention.

The Drought in New England.

BOSTON, Sept. 15.—[Special.]—The great drought in New England has not been broken. The Lawrence *American* says the water in the Merrimac is lower than ever before known. Operations at various manufacturing establishments have been seriously impeded, and at some entirely suspended. At Lowell the water is three feet below the top of the stone dam, mills being operated mainly by steam. At Nashua the mills employ only a part of the days of each week. At Manchester all but mills No. 3 and 4 of the Amoskeag corporation are shut down, and the help has been paid off and informed that they will not be wanted until the water rises. About 3500 hands are thrown out of employment. At Lawrence the Central Pacific cotton mill, in which 300 hands are employed, and one-third of the rest of the works are closed. Six hundred employees are being thrown out of work.

The New Steamer Oregon.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—[Special.]—*Star:* Langtry and Patti have secured berths and staterooms on the Oregon, which leaves Liverpool on the first trip October 6, paying $1000 each. The Oregon is claimed to be the finest vessel afloat. Her length is 520 feet. She has five decks and a promenade. Placed amidships is the ladies' boudoir, an elegant apartment. The total height of the saloon is over twenty feet. Nearly all the staterooms are fitted for two passengers only. The ship has electric lights on the incandescent principle, is divided into seven water tight compartments, and is placed on the admiralty list for war purposes if required.

Verdict Against the "Police Gazette."

ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 15.—W. Montrose of the New York *Police Gazette* was to-day convicted of distributing obscene pictorial news, and sentenced to pay a fine of $1000 or serve twelve months in the chaingang. Several weeks ago Montrose came here by order of Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the *Police Gazette*, to make a test case under the law passed in 1878. Fox is here, and the trial excites much interest. The presiding judge says he will impose the full penalty, because the defendant was seeking to get a foothold for a paper which has been suppressed for five years. The case goes to the supreme court.

The New Steamer San Diego.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 15.—[Special.]—The *Press* says of the San Diego launched yesterday: "She will be completed in about four weeks, when she will leave for her place on the line of the company. She will be schooner rigged, 326 feet in length over all, 45 feet 3 inches beam, 22 feet 11 inches depth of hold, and will carry 200 first class passengers. She is a No. 1 ship in every respect. The side-wheel steamboat Alaska, for the same company, and for service on the Columbia river, is nearly completed and will be ready to leave in about two weeks."

Sharon Will Fight His Case.

CHICAGO, Sept. 15.—Senator Sharon of Nevada is in the city. In relation to his arrest in San Francisco, just as he was about starting east, at the instance of a woman who claimed that he owed her money, he said it was purely a case of blackmail, instigated by an ex-Australian convict, who scribbles for a low publication in San Francisco, out of revenge, because he caused this woman to be ejected from the Palace hotel. He says he never borrowed money from her, and says he will fight the case through to the end.

New York Freight Market.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—[Special.]—California clipper markets are dull, with a slow movement of freight. The St. Nicholas will probably fill by the 18th. Tonnage is in better supply, and rates are still firm. The Eclipse, Carondelet and Pharos have arrived, two of which will probably load for San Francisco. The Valparaiso arrived yesterday with six feet of water in her hold. Overland freights are unchanged, with a gradual improvement in business.

A Political Sensation.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 15.—[Special.]—There is a lively political sensation over the resignation of D. W. Kerwin, chairman of the police board, because the gamblers' ring, backed by those who want to run the city corruptly, made things so uncomfortable for him. There may be some startling developments over the result.

From Portland to Portland.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 15.—[Special.]—A train of ten cars of canned corn, conspicuously lettered to attract attention, left this evening on a special fast schedule, for Portland, Oregon. It is understood that Villard will make a demonstration on its arrival.

A Prominent Man Missing.

DETROIT, Sept. 15.—John J. Jones, a prominent and wealthy shipbuilder of Amherstburg, Ontario, at the mouth of the Detroit river, has disappeared. He seemed to be mentally unbalanced of late and it is feared he is drowned.

David Davis Goes South.

CHICAGO, Sept. 15.—[Special.]—A special from Bloomington, Illinois, says Vice President Davis and wife have gone to Fayetteville, North Carolina, where he owns a large tract of land.

THE PENNSYLVANIA DEADLOCK.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Sept. 15.—As soon as the journal was read in the senate to-day the republicans, in order to carry out the action of the caucus to meet only on Thursday and Friday, moved to adjourn. Carried.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

FEARFUL RIOT AMONG COAL MINERS.

READING, Pa., Sept. 14.—A dispatch from Hazleton says a fearful riot took place there late yesterday, at the coal mine of the Upper Lehigh. A number of miners had been discharged, and they threatened to destroy the company's property. The constabulary were called out, and a terrible fight with pistols occurred. A woman named Harding was struck by a ball and instantly killed. A young girl of six years of age was also instantly killed. Police Captain Baines was shot through the head. Nine miners were arrested and eleven revolvers were found on them. A number of men were slightly wounded. Several officers were badly hurt in making the final charge in capturing the rioters.

ACCIDENTS.

A LARGE CROWD STAMPEDED.

CHICAGO, Sept. 14.—[Special.]—At the Rockford, Ill., fair to-day some Spaniards had on exhibition a buffalo. The animal became frightened, broke over the fence, and dashed into a crowd of 20,000 people, creating the utmost consternation. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt.

Changed to a National.

[Special.]—The National Gold Bank of San Francisco was yesterday transmitted into an ordinary national bank, on application of Mr. D. O. Mills.

J. V. Fushes, of Bluff Springs, Ala., says: "*Samaritan Nervine* cured me of fits."

ON PUGET SOUND.

The Villard Party at Seattle and New Tacoma.

SEATTLE, W.T., Sept. 15.—[Special.]—There was a great demonstration to-day. The guests were escorted through the city by the reception committee, and conveyed in carriages to the pavilion on the university grounds, where they reviewed the long procession, headed by the Grand Army, Queen City and Carbonado bands. The display of coal, iron, lumber, fish, cereals and fruits was very fine. For the barbecue on the grounds three oxen were roasted on an immense spit revolved by a steam engine. In addition there was an immense clam bake and salmon roasted by Indians. The crowd was large and enthusiastic. Ex-Governor Ferry was president of the day. An address of welcome was delivered by Judge Thomas Burke. Speeches were made by Congressmen Kasson of Iowa, and Henderson of Illinois, Rev. Dr. Bartlett of Washington city, Gen. Hazard Stevens of Boston, Mayor Harrison of Chicago, Hon. Thos. H. Brents of Walla Walla, Judge Paxson of Pennsylvania, the Mayor of St. Paul, and Mayor Ames of Minneapolis. There was fine singing by the German Saenger Verein and a chorus of school children. The boat leaves at 2 P. M. for Tacoma, to convey the party back to Portland.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

NEW TACOMA, Sept. 15.—[Special.]—The last excursion of the general guests of Mr. Villard to Puget sound, in charge of Frank T. Dodge, has been one of the pleasantest of the whole list. The weather was delightful, and all the arrangements have contributed, not only to the pleasure, but the rest and refreshment of the party. The scenery was a surprise. Mount Tacoma and the Olympic range of snow-clad peaks excited much admiration. The display of the resources of the country about the Sound, as well as the Sound itself, were examined with much interest. At Tacoma and Seattle the people extended magnificent hospitalities. Both cities were in turn duly christened the terminus of the road, and it would be difficult to say whether the stress of the accent was placed on the penult or on the penultimate. At Seattle $10,000 were raised for the decorations and the banquet. The disturbance in the arrangements, caused by the inability of Mr. Villard to remain long in the city, was, of course, regretted, but the celebration was nevertheless a great success. The party had a fine lunch on the boat returning from Seattle, and returned to Portland fully convinced that there would be water in Puget sound as long as the Columbia river flows into the sea.

THE JOURNALISTS.

NEW TACOMA, Sept. 15.—[Special.]—The journalists who accompanied Mr. Villard to Portland reached here this afternoon, and were entertained by our citizens. They were shown the points of interest and given a lunch. At Alpine hall speeches on behalf of Tacoma were made by General Sprague and the mayor and for the journalists by E. V. Smalley, General Fullerton, General Boynton, William Henry Smith, Noah Brooks, Henry S. Perry and J. S. Nelson. The party left for Seattle at 2:30. It is their purpose to go to points of interest in Washington and Montana not touched by the general party, and reach the east about the 1st of October. They have been greatly favored with clear weather, and have had good views of Mount Tacoma, St. Helens, Adams and Hood, the last obtainable for four months.

THE JOURNALISTS AT SEATTLE.

SEATTLE, Sept. 15.—[Special.]—Smalley's party were met in the bay by the citizens, with a band, on the steamer Eliza Anderson, and escorted to the wharf. There they were met by the reception committee and driven through the city in carriages. Returning to the Brunswick house, they sat down to a banquet given by the citizens of Seattle. James McNaught presided. The speech of welcome was by A. T. Hawley, of the Seattle *Herald*. Other speeches were made by Governor Newell, Dr. Miner, and Judge Burke of Seattle, and by E. V. Smalley, J. L. Thomas and others. The party left at 11 P. M. for Port Townsend.

THE NEW SOUTHERN PACIFIC,

It is Incorporated by the New Hampshire Legislature.

CONCORD, Sept. 15.—The bill incorporating the Southern Pacific Company passed the house last night and now goes to the governor. This bill is to pave the way for the consolidation of the Louisville, Western Texas and New Orleans, the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio, the Houston and Texas, and the Texas Central railroads, as well as several steamboat lines, having aggregate capital of upward of $80,000,000. The bill permits railways in the state to consolidate, provided their aggregate capital does not exceed the amount of the combined capital; they may lease lines, build extensions or branches, and construct new railroads.

CONCORD, N. H., Sept. 15.—The house sustained the governor's veto of the railroad commissioners' bill, by a vote of 25 to 16, and a new bill providing for the appointment of commissioners by the governor and council was passed, under suspension of the rules.

CONCORD, N. H., Sept. 15.—The senate, under suspension of the rules, passed the bill incorporating the Southern Pacific company. It is proposed to consolidate a number of large railroad and steamboat lines, connecting Texas and the south.

THE SAME AS VETOED.

CONCORD, N. H., Sept. 15.—The railroad commission bill is the same as vetoed by the governor, with the exception of two clauses, one requiring professional knowledge of certain branches, and the other giving the legislature power to elect commissioners. The former eliminated and the latter amended give the governor and council the appointing power.

COMMENTS BY THE "STOCKHOLDER."

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—[Special.]—The *Wall Street Stockholder* says of the bill under consideration in the New Hampshire legislature: "Why go to New Hampshire, the careful observer will ask, to obtain such a charter? The answer is very simple—because it could not be obtained else. The same thing, in a slightly different form, was tried last winter at Washington, but congress unceremoniously sat down on the scheme. Under ordinary circumstances the parties interested would have sought their charter in California or Texas, or in some of the territories through which the roads pass. The trouble with that method would be that it would be applying for aid too near home; hence it applied to New Hampshire, which, if successful, will empower the company to go into the state of Texas, and under the laws of the country, within her borders—what she prohibits a corporation of her own creation from doing."

A WOMAN HANGED.

Mrs. Miller, Colored, Pays the Death Penalty for Murdering Her Husband.

RICHMOND, Va., Sept. 14.—Barbary Miller (colored) was hanged here to-day for complicity in the murder of her husband in February last. Charles H. Lee, her accomplice, was hanged the 3d of last month. The woman died from strangulation. Several thousand persons were in the vicinity of the jail. Everything was orderly.

The execution took place in the jail yard, only about 100 persons having witnessed it, though many hundred had applied for permission to witness the novel spectacle of the hanging of a woman. The trap was sprung at 11:12. Henry Lee, her accomplice, planned the murder, but failed to execute it when the time came, and the woman took the axe from him and brained Miller while asleep. Lee then carried the body to the railroad, where several trains passed over and mangled the corpse in a horrible shape. It was thought the victim was asleep on the track, and the company paid the expense of the funeral, but subsequently suspicion was aroused and the two culprits were arrested and confessed their guilt.

MRS. MILLER'S CONFESSION.

Last night the sheriff, at Mrs. Miller's dictation, wrote out her confession, which she signed and turned over to him to publish after her death. In it she says she and Lee had talked of killing her husband in September last, but nothing was done. In November Lee bought some poison, which he put in some ginger tea and gave to Miller. It did not have the intended effect, but on the contrary seemed to cure Miller of a pain in the side of which he had been complaining. Subsequently, she says, she went to Richmond, and Lee told her he was going to kill her husband before she returned, but his courage failed, and he did not do it on the night of February 23, but finally agreed that Miller must die next morning. Miller went out and Lee followed him for the purpose, as she knew, of killing him. When Lee returned he had blood on his clothing, and she washed it off. She says Lee killed her husband at her suggestion. If she and Lee had not been arrested, they would have been married between that time and Christmas. She said she was willing to die for her crime, as she was going to heaven.

SPORTING NOTES.

SLOSSON ACCUSED OF COWARDICE.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, Sept. 15.—[Special.]—Sexton yesterday stated to a correspondent, that Slosson's action in trying to challenge Schaeffer on the eve of his departure for France was cowardly. He says Slosson has had many opportunities, but backed down at the pinch. He is afraid to play Schaeffer, and takes this time to try and get in one of his tricks. If Schaeffer would agree to play him, and Schaeffer would win the choice of tables, he would pay his forfeit and get sick. If he could play on his own cushions he probably would stay. "If he wants a game so bad as he says I'll play him for the championship. I hold the emblem, and will give him a chance to win it. If he is so keen to play then let him try Jake. His talk about Schaeffer is only bluff."

FIRES.

CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 15.—[Special.]—Mrs. Glartuz of East Templeton, left her children in the house this evening, while she was milking a cow. When she returned the house was in flames. She burst open the door and attempted to rescue her little ones. She would have suffered the fate of her offspring had she been permitted.

THE TURF.

ARRIVAL OF STANFORD'S STABLES.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—[Special.]—Stanford's California stables have arrived safely at Hartford, and will participate in the Charter Oak meeting in October. Hinda, Rose and Bonita will there meet Mackay's Ruby and Eva. The programme will be published soon.

CANADA.

LOUISE DONATES A PICTURE.

OTTAWA, Sept. 15.—The Princess Louise has donated a picture of her own painting to the dominion gallery, as a memento of her residence in Canada. The picture is five feet in length, and is at present on exhibition in Boston.

ENGLAND.

LAST DAY OF THE DONCASTER RACES.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—This was the last day of the Doncaster September meeting. In the race for the Doncaster cup, Thebais walked over the course for the stakes.

THE CHINESE DIFFICULTY.

Particulars of the Recent Fight With Black Flags—Notes.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—French accounts of the battle with the Black Flags state that on Saturday, Sept. 1, the French forces from Ha-Noi advanced to within twelve miles of Sontay, where the enemy was found in intrenchments, upon which the fire of the French had no effect. After three days hard fighting the French troops, aided by a heavy fire from the fleet, under Admiral Bouet, carried the enemy's works at the point of the bayonet, capturing two towns and two of the Black Flags' standards. The French loss was two officers and fourteen men killed, and three officers and forty men wounded. After the victory Admiral Bouet withdrew his fleet to Ha-Noi to await reinforcements, leaving 300 men to hold the captured town.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—A Hongkong dispatch gives details of the battle of the French and Black Flags on the 1st inst. The French, the dispatch says, took thirty prisoners, who were beheaded on the 11th. Although the movement of the French troops was a success, the result showed that very large reinforcements will be needed to clear Tonquin of the Black Flags, as an earthwork of great strength kept the French, supported by gunboats, three days at bay. Sixty men of the available force of 1500 means a large French loss, while 500 Black Flags killed are as nothing. Operations have again been suspended. Another dispatch says the arms captured from the Black Flags in the engagement reported bear the Chinese arsenal mark. The dispatch further states that the Chinese press has adopted a belligerent tone toward the French, and declares the Hue treaty contrary to international laws.

VIENNA, Sept. 15.—The London correspondent of the *Neue Free Presse* says: China and France have accepted the mediation of England for a settlement of the Tonquin question.

HONGKONG, Sept. 15.—The American consul at Canton thinks there need be no further anxiety for the safety of foreign residents of Canton.

LONDON, Sept. 15.—The *Times*, in an editorial, says: "Why does not the French government summon the chambers to learn what France wishes? If the people decide upon war, the sooner they prepare an adequate army and a sufficient fleet, the better it would be. If for peace, the government could immediately fulfill the wishes of the country. At present, notwithstanding the talk about conciliation, all its acts tend toward war, yet it is without the courage to prepare for war on a scale equal to the occasion.

PARTICULARS OF THE CANTON RIOT.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—The *Standard's* Hongkong special gives additional details of the rioting at Canton on Monday last. The riot began at 8 o'clock in the morning, as previously stated. The trouble was caused by a quarrel between some Chinese and Portuguese workmen on the quay. During the latter part of the riot some of the merchants armed themselves to defend their property. The party consisted of nine Germans and three Englishmen. They fired into the mob, killing five Chinese, and wounding many more. The arrival of Chinese troops finally checked the mob. Now two British, one French and five Chinese gunboats are moored in the river, abreast of the foreign settlement. The Chinese have posted placards on the walls of the city, applauding the action of the populace, and calling upon them to kill the Europeans at the next opportunity which presented itself. The different consuls at Canton admit that the situation is very serious, and the future of the European colony is gloomy in the extreme. There is almost open war between the native and foreign elements, and it will be necessary to have men-of-war in the harbor for a long time to come, as a measure of protection. The houses burned by the mob included ten English, one American, two German and one French. The consuls here forwarded to the viceroy a note holding him answerable for the destruction of property, because he failed promptly to send troops when advised of the disorder. Three Chinamen who were caught in the act of plundering property, and the Portuguese who were the immediate cause of the outbreak, are now imprisoned at the British consulate.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

A Yellow Fever Denial.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—The surveyor-general of the marine hospital service has received an affidavit, sworn to by fifteen pilots on the Pensacola bar, and persons on the naval reservation adjoining the Pensacola navy yard, denying the publication of the charges that yellow fever has been introduced into Pensacola navy yard through their negligence. They say they did not board vessels with yellow fever on board; they did not order any vessels to the quarantine station at Ship island, and they have not done anything by which yellow fever might be introduced into the naval reservation.

Rough on the Lottery.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—On the 30th of November, 1879, Postmaster General Key issued an order prohibiting the postmasters of New York city and New Orleans from paying money orders and delivering registered letters to the manager of the New Orleans Lottery Company, upon the charge that he was obtaining money through the mails by means of false and fraudulent representations. To-day Postmaster General Gresham issued another order, extending and confirming that of Postmaster General Key, and making it apply to all postoffices in the United States.

To Visit the Battle Field of Bull Run.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—A meeting of the officers and soldiers of the first corps of the army of the Potomac was held this evening for the purpose of making arrangements for a visit to the battle field of Bull's Run and Antietam. The call was signed by Generals Rosecrans, Robinson, Fairchild, Dudley, Dickerson, and a number of other officers.

Petition for a Rehearing.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—[Special.]—A formal petition was filed in the interior department to-day by the surveyor general of California, on behalf of the governor and people, for a rehearing in the matter of a survey of public lands.

Washington Notes.

The president will leave for New York this afternoon.

Pensacola advices state that there were no new cases and no deaths yesterday.

A special from Wilmington says the hurricane of the 10th and 11th inst. was the worst ever known in that vicinity, and much damage was done to buildings and shipping.

Bonds redeemed to date under the one hundred and twenty-first call, $16,772,850.

As the appropriation for the transportation of fractional silver coin will be exhausted by October, the charges on such coin forwarded from the treasury on and after that date will not be paid by the government, but must be borne by the consignees.

Motion for rehearing, filed by the attorney-general of the state of California, in the case of the survey of the pueblo of San Francisco, was received at the interior department to-day.

GERMANY.

THE LUTHER CELEBRATION.

BERLIN, Sept. 15.—There was a general demonstration at Wittenberg this evening. Dense crowds thronged the streets, singing national and religious songs, especially Luther's hymn, "*Eine Feste Burg.*" The recent order of the emperor and the crown prince has created a profound impression throughout protestant Germany. Their emphatic avowal of staunch protestant convictions and earnest faith in the lasting benefits of the reformation has been received with sincere sympathy by the entire protestant world.

CATHOLIC CONVENTION.

BERLIN, Sept. 15.—Simultaneously with the Luther festival a general Catholic convention was held at Dusseldorf to-day. It was proposed that an association of Catholics of all nations be formed, and that a religious meeting to pray for Catholic unification be held November 10th, the anniversary of Luther's birthday.

FRANCE.

THE JAVA EARTHQUAKE PREDICTED.

PARIS, Sept. 15.—Captain Delaney, a French infantry officer, predicted four years ago that there would be an earthquake in Java, giving a date two days within the actual occurrence. He predicts a worse disaster in 1886. The academy of science discussing the prediction, decided it was merely an extraordinary coincidence.

TELEGRAPHIC SPARKS.

Lorne and Louise sail for England the 27th of October.

The Paris police have frustrated a plot to kill King Alfonso, during his stay in that city.

Pensacola is still healthy. There were three new cases and one death at the navyyard in the last twenty-four hours.

Parnell has paid off the mortgage on his estate, amounting to £13,000, from the proceeds of the Parnell testimonial fund.

Newspaper Advertising.

Philadelphia Record.

For many years there has been a system of public and private swindling in advertising, mainly based on a misconception of its nature and advantages.

In reality the measure of publicity which a newspaper offers to sell to its advertisers is a merchandise that should be sold by measurement, the same as other merchandise, wheat, cotton or sugar.

If a merchant pays ten cents a line for advertising in a newspaper that circulates 10,000 copies, he pays at the rate of one cent for 1000 lines. If he pays twenty cents a line for advertising in a newspaper that circulates 100,000 copies, he pays at the rate of one cent for 5000 lines. He pays, therefore, five times the price in the paper of 10,000 that is charged for a like service in the paper that has 100,000 circulation, though he only pays half as much money for the same space.

Individual advertisers have been, and are systematically robbed and swindled every day by the pretentious newspapers of small circulation, which prey upon the business public by charging for services they cannot render.

Advertisers who insist upon having their advertising measured to them, buying it as they do other merchantable articles, do themselves and the community a great service. The business of newspaper publicity has become so essential a feature of private and public transactions that it is important it should be fairly conducted and fully understood.

The Presbyterian church has lost one of its ablest men in the death of Rev. Samuel Wilson, D. D., professor of Biblical and Ecclesiastical History in the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa.

The boss of all the Russians finds the czar job pretty hard work, but he gets $10,000,000 a year for it. If he is economical he may save up enough to plant him respectably before the nihilists scatter his remains about the streets.

The Buffalo newspaper man who married the widow of Millionaire Fargo, the express company magnate, has started a morning paper. Some people would have got rid of the pile by "bucking the tiger."

A true assistant to nature in restoring the system to perfect health, thus enabling it to resist disease, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

THE GREELY PARTY

Menaced by a Lonely Death in the Far North.

ALL DEPENDS UPON THE WINDS AND ICE.

With the Sinking of the Proteus Their Chances for Aid Disappeared—The Danger Gravely Discussed—Etc.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—Reports were received to-day either at the state department or the navy department from the officers of the returned Greely relief expedition, at St. John. It seems to be generally conceded by those who have given the most attention to the subject, that the complete and disastrous failure of the relief expedition is mainly due to the failure of Lieutenant Garlington to land his stores and house them at Littleton Island, or some other point north of Smith's Island, before attempting the hazardous navigation beyond. If he had done this the destruction of the Proteus would have been a comparatively trifling misfortune, and would not necessarily have imperiled the lives of either her crew or the party he was sent north to rescue. As it is now, there is no party at the mouth of Smith Sound to coöperate with Greely, and no considerable amount of food there for them to retreat upon. The fatal mistake which Garlington made was in plunging into the extreme dangerous ice of Smith Sound without having established, at the mouth of that sound, a depot of provisions and a house, upon which he could fall back in case of disaster. There would seem, however, to be some justification for the course pursued by him. An order issued to him by Hazen, on the 7th of June, reads as follows: If it should become clearly evident that the vessel cannot be pushed through, you will retreat from your advanced position and land your party and stores at or near Life Boat Cove. These orders clearly imply directions not to land his house and stores until he should have run all the risks of Smith Sound, and have found it impossible to go through. They virtually direct him to land his stores late in the season on his retreat, and not early in the season on his way up. This would seem to have been the more prudent course.

THE EXPEDITION'S SUPPLEMENTARY ORDERS.

The supplementary orders, which have never been made public, were as follows: The naval tenders are to join the Proteus at St. Johns, N. F., and to proceed with her to the neighborhood of Littleton island. The Proteus is to land her stores except supplies for the more northerly depots, at Littleton island, on the way north. If she succeeds in reaching Lady Franklin bay, she is to pick up the stores, excepting the house and depots, if possible, on her return. A naval tender will await the return of the Proteus at the neighborhood of Littleton island and on her return steam south in company until she reaches the southern limits of the ice pack, when the vessels may separate. Should the Proteus be crushed in the ice her crew will retire to Littleton island, and the tender will bring to St. Johns, N. F., the officers and crew of the Proteus, the rest of the party are to remain at Littleton island until the Proteus returns, or her crew and expedition succeed in reaching there. The tender may then go to the south, leaving full particulars at Littleton island. Signals by flags, the heliograph and guns should be preconcerted, and communication by this means should be maintained between the vessels as long as possible after they are separated by the passage north of the Proteus. Nothing in the northward movement must be allowed to retard the passage of the Proteus. It is of the utmost importance that she take advantage of every lead to get up to Lady Franklin bay.

LIEUT. GARLINGTON'S ACTION.

From all information thus far received it would appear that Lieut. Garlington either disregarded or found it impracticable to obey these supplemental orders, with regard to the landing of the house and stores on the way north, since the Proteus was crushed with all her stores on board, after she had passed the point where the stores should have been landed and while she was engaged in extra hazardous navigation of Smith's sound. In the absence of any definite information from Lieut. Garlington as to his reasons for the adoption of the course he pursued, and which led to the fatal failure of the plans for Lieut. Greely's relief the officers of the signal service decline to express an opinion or make a statement for the public.

The secretary of war acting secretary of the navy, and acting chief signal officer, are in consultation this afternoon upon the situation of affairs, but have yet devised no practicable plan for the relief of the Lady Franklin bay party.

THE SITUATION SERIOUS, BUT NOT HOPELESS.

Officers of the signal service here freely admit that the present situation of affairs is a serious one, but do not regard it as in any sense hopeless. In the first place, they say, Lieut. Greely's party's original supply of provisions was calculated to last three years, or until the summer of 1884. This supply, they think, must have been very considerably augmented by fish and game, procurable in the immediate vicinity of Lady Franklin bay station; so if the party remains there it will not be in danger of starvation before next summer. General Hazen's orders to Lieut. Garlington, it is true, stated that the food supply of Lieut. Greely and party would be exhausted the present fall; but it is said at the signal office that this was an extreme based on a most unfavorable supposition as to the amount of consumption, waste, loss etc., and did not allow for any care or economy in the use of food, and for any increase of the available supply by means of hunting and fishing. It was a statement of the worst possible case, and was intended to emphasize the necessity of relieving Lieut. Greely's party at once.

GREELY'S PROBABLE MOVEMENTS.

It is positively asserted by the acting chief signal officer that, notwithstanding contrary statements in General Hazen's orders to Lieutenant Garlington, Lieutenant Greely had provisions enough at Lady Franklin bay station to last until the summer of 1884, if he remains there till that time. However, it seems more probable to the authorities here that he should have abandoned his station on the 1st of September and retreated down the coast of Grinnell land to the mouth of Smith's sound, expecting to find there the relief party and a depot of stores, and his situation may shortly become critical. How large a quantity of provisions he would find at Cape Sabine and Littleton island is not known but it is feared the supplies left there last year, and the small quantity saved from the wreck of the Proteus, would not maintain Lieutenant Greely and his men at the mouth of Smith sound through the coming winter, even if the party had shelter and fuel. Some help might be obtained from the Esquimaux of the Greenland coast, could Lieutenant Greely find and open communication with them, but this is admitted to be an uncertain reliance.

ANOTHER EXPEDITION SUGGESTED.

It has been suggested that another ship be sent from St. Johns to the mouth of Smith's sound at once, and also that a sledge party be dispatched from Upernavik up the Greenland coast, but no course of future action has as yet been decided upon. The war department authorities say they can form no plans until they receive fuller information from Lieutenant Garlington, who has been asked for suggestions. Persons here who are not connected with the war department, but who have long been interested in Arctic research and are familiar with the history of explorations in Smith's sound, express grave doubt as to the ability of Lieutenant Greely to retreat down the coast of Grinnell land on sledges after the 1st of September. Autumn sledge travel along that coast was found by officers of the British Arctic expedition of 1875 to be practically impossible. On the 26th of September a sledge party from the steamer Alert attempted to open communication with the steamer Discovery, which was then in winter quarters on the north side of Lady Franklin bay, near Lieutenant Greely's present station. The party succeeded in getting only three miles from the ship and then abandoned the attempt.

FAILURES OF OTHER SLEDGE PARTIES.

On the 2d of October a second sledge party was sent down the coast, for the same purpose, but it returned unsuccessful at the end of ten days, having been unable to go more than nine miles from the ship. The attempt was then abandoned for that season. About the same time Captain Stephenson, of the Discovery, started from Lady Franklin bay with a sledge party up the coast in the direction of Alert. He could only get six miles from the ship, and returned with both sledges broken at the end of the second day. As his conclusion from these experiments, Nares reported that autumn sledging along the coast of Grinnell Land, between Floeberg and Lady Franklin bay is practically impossible. The two ships of the expedition lay only seventy miles apart, on the same coast, from the 26th day of August, 1875, to the 20th of March, 1876—nearly seven months, without any possibility of communication. This fact alone, it is said, shows that Lieutenant Greely with twenty-five men, some of them possibly in ill health, could hardly make an autumn sledge journey of more than 300 miles along the coast of Grinnell Land to Littleton island. If, therefore, he waited at the station until September 1st for the arrival of the relief steamer, he is probably there still.

ANOTHER VIEW.

It is thought, however, by some that Lieutenant Greely, foreseeing the impracticability of making his escape on sledges in the fall, and desiring to obey his peremptory orders to start down the coast not later than September 1, would perhaps abandon his station as early in the summer as open water should appear in Robertson channel, say the last week in July, and attempt to reach Littleton island in boats. It is thought in this way the journey might be effected, under an average condition of the ice and weather because the small boats could be dragged across the intervening barriers of ice, between lanes and pools of open water, where a ship would be stopped. If Lieutenant Greely and his men left Lady Franklin bay in boats late in July, or early in August, they might perhaps reach Smith sound by the 15th or 20th of August—two or three weeks after the departure of the Yantic.

TWO POSSIBLE MEANS OF ESCAPE.

Upon finding the records at Littleton Island of the loss of the Proteus they would have before them two possible courses of action: First, if the season is not too far advanced they might provision their boats from the caches at Cape Sabine and Littleton Island, and make a desperate attempt to reach the Danish settlements in Northern Greenland; or, second, if it was too late for such an attempt, they might try to find and distribute themselves among the Esquimaux, who live along Greenland, between Littleton Island and Cape York. The Esquimaux are few in number, one or two hundred in all, and are generally short of provisions, but they might be able to carry a few of Lieutenant Greely's party through the winter. At any rate this would be the party's only hope. Nothing, it is thought, can be done to rescue the unfortunate men this fall. Their lives are now in their own hands, and their future depends almost entirely upon their own skill and judgment, and upon the chances of wind and ice. The next information in regard to them is likely to come either from Upernavik or from the Esquimaux of Greenland, between the mouth of Smith Sound and Cape York.

SECRETARY LINCOLN'S VIEWS.

Secretary Lincoln said to-night that the question how to get relief to the Greely party, had been discussed at the department to-day. He, however, had little hope that anything could be done this year. He thought it not best to send a party up this fall, with a certainty of their having to winter several hundred miles from the Greely station, without means of traversing that intervening distance, when, by waiting till next summer, a party could be sent that would make just as good progress. He said, however, that if it were shown that relief could be sent to the Greely party, no expense nor pains would be spared to relieve them.

NOTHING HEARD OF GREELY.

DUNDEE, Sept. 15.—The captain of an Arctic whaling ship which has just returned from a cruise off Davis straits, reports that he made a searching inquiry of the natives along the coast, but learned nothing relating to the Greely expedition.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Rev. D. W. Cameron has been assigned to the pastorate of the Olympia M. E. church.

Rev. D. G. LeSourd, of the Puget Sound district, has been promoted to presiding elder.

The next regular meeting of the Presbytery of Oregon will convene in Calvary Church, Portland, Or., Monday, October 1st.

There are 150,000,000 to 180,000,000 Mohammedans in the world. They are found chiefly in Turkey, Arabia, Persia, India and Egypt.

Rev. W. W. Newton, the author of "Priest and Man," will soon begin the writing of another novel dealing with phases of modern thought and life.

The "Old Brick Church," in Isle of Wight county, Va., is the oldest church of English building now standing in America, having been erected in 1632.

The Society of Friends in England has just repealed the prohibition of the marriage of first cousins, which has been in force in that body nearly 200 years.

Charles Nordhoff has written a religious book bearing the title of "God and the Future Life; The Reasonableness of Christianity," which is soon to be published.

Twelve students of the Willamette university have already registered, who are preparing for the ministry. Three of them have charge of circuits in the vicinity of Salem.

The Philadelphia Presbyterian pastors, it is reported, have given up the practice of preaching a sermon at the same service at which the communion is administered.

A son of the South Sea Islander who slew the English missionary, John Williams, of Erromanga, laid the first stone of the monument erected to his memory.

Rev. J. H. Wilbur and his wife are now in this city. They have been on this coast since 1847, and see with gladness the celebration of the completion of the Northern Pacific road.

Rev. S. C. Adams, a well known Christian minister, has gone to San Jose, Cal., to make his future home. His many friends in Oregon wish him health and happiness in whatever country or clime he may choose to cast his lot.

Rev. E. T. Lee, of the Calvary Presbyterian church, of this city, delivered two eloquent discourses, says the Seattle *Chronicle*, in the Presbyterian church of that city on Sunday last. Mr. Lee is at present taking a vacation from his labors in Portland and it is expected he will officiate in the same church on Sunday next, during the absence of Rev. I. R. Thompson at Chehalis.

The eastern and western conferences of the M. E. church of Oregon and Washington Territory have united in a memorial to the missionary board of said church to refund the money collected from citizens of The Dalles, amounting to nearly $40,000, on the basis of a mission claim to a portion of the townsite, which claim has been decided against the board by the United States supreme court.

As a fruit of the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, the three Methodist denominations in Germany—the Wesleyans, the Evangelical Association and the Methodist Episcopal church—have been drawn nearer together. They have held several union meetings in Stuttgart and Ludwigsburg, and arranged to observe, on February 11th, a day of humiliation and prayer for German Methodism. This was to be observed in every circuit.

Archbishop Charles J. Seghers, of this diocese, will leave next week for Rome. He has issued the following official announcement: "During our absence from our diocese, Reverend J. F. Fierens will hold our power of attorney and administer the diocese with delegation of faculties both ordinary and extraordinary. At the request of the members of the association for the propagation of the faith, we appoint Rev. B. [illegible] as principal agent of that association, to whom all monies should be sent for that worthy object and by whom all monies received will at once be forwarded to their destination. We also recommend ourselves, during our voyage to and from the Eternal City, to the prayers of all the clergy and faithful of this ecclesiastical province."

FALL GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED, COMPRISING

SILKS,

DRESS GOODS,

VELVETS,

LACES,

NECKWEAR,

AND A FINE LINE OF

Ladies' [illegible]

AND

Jersey Ulsters.

JOHN [illegible]AN & CO.,

131 and 13[illegible] First Street.

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NEW GOODS!

We have just received from New York a fine and elegant line of

MEN'S, YOUTHS' BOYS AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,

Which for Style and Finish excel all previous Fall and Winter Goods ever brought to this city, and which will be sold at such

Astonishing Low Prices

That a call is solicited to satisfy yourself.

[illegible] AND [illegible]

Cor First & Morrison Sts.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

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OF

BOOTS AND SHOES.

WIBERG & HOLLAENDER,

1[illegible] Front, will remove to

Nos. 76 and 80 Morrison st., corner Fourth.

On or about the 1st of October and until that time

Will Sell Boots and Shoes at Less than ever before offered in Portland.

Their stock is all First Class goods. No Chinese auction trash will be found in their store.

REMEMBER,

1[illegible]5 Front st., between Morrison and Alder.

10sep2m

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

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TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N. Y.

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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

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TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

Oregon Railway and Navigation Company.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.	Sept.	FROM PORTLAND.	Sept
Oregon } Queen } Sunday	2	Columbia, Monday	—
State, Thursday	6	Oregon, Friday	.
Columbia, Monday	10	State, Tuesday	11
Oregon, Friday	14	Columbia, Saturday	15
State, Tuesday	18	Oregon, Wednesday	19
Columbia, Saturday	22	State, Sunday	23
Oregon, Wednesday	26	Columbia, Thursday	27
State, Sunday	30	Oregon, Monday, Oct.	1

Right is reserved to change steamers or sailing days.

RAIL DIVISION.

On and after Sept. 2, 1883, transfer steamer leaves Ainsworth dock, Portland, at 6:15 A.M., connecting with train at Albina at 7 A. M. Arrive at Wallula Junction at 4:50 P. M., Walla Walla at 6:45 P. M. and Dayton at 8:30 P. M. Returning, arrive at Albina at 7:45 P.M. and Portland at 8 P.M.

Main Line Passenger Trains run daily, connecting at Wallula Junction for points on Northern Pacific Railroad.

Through Sleeping Cars between Portland and Helena.

MIDDLE COLUMBIA RIVER DIVISION

DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Boat leaves Portland for Dalles at 7 A. M.

Boat arrives at Portland from Dalles at 5 P. M.

ALSO

Leave Portland for	Mo.	Tu.	Wed.	Th.	Fri.	Sat
Astoria & Lower Columbia	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM	4 AM
Dayton, Or.	7 AM		7 AM		7 AM	
Salem } Corvallis }	6 AM			6 AM		
Victoria, B. C.	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM

NARROW GAUGE DIVISION.

EAST SIDE.

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND COBURG, via O. & C. R. R. to Woodburn.

On and After May 13th, 1883,

Trains for Coburg leave Portland at 7:30 A. M. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

WEST SIDE.

BET PORTLAND, SHERIDAN AND AIRLIE, via O. & C. R. R. to Whites

Leave Portland at 9 A.M. Returning, leave Airlie for Portland at 6:05 A. M.

Freight for all points on Narrow Gauge Division will be received and forwarded by the O. & C. R. R., East and West Side Divisions, respectively.

General Offices—Cor. Front and D Streets

C. H. PRESCOTT, Manager.

JOHN MUIR, Sup't of Traffic.

A. L. STOKES, Ass't Sup't of Traffic.

E. P. ROGERS, General Agent.

A. L. MAXWELL, Ticket Agent.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

WESTERN DIVISIONS.

PACIFIC DIVISION.

Leave Kalama at 10:15 A. M., Arrive at New Tacoma at 3:42 P. M.

Leave New Tacoma at 7 A. M., Arrive at Kalama 12:15 P. M.

Connections.

At New Tacoma with Sound steamers.

At Tenino with the O. & C. V. railroad.

At Kalama with O. R. & N. Co.'s boats.

IDAHO & ROCKY MOUNTAIN DIVISION.

Leave Wallula Junction at 6:30 P. M. Arrive at Cheney at 1:52 A.M., Spokane Falls at 2:31 A.M. and Helena at 10:15 P.M.

Returning, leave Helena at 5:35 A.M. Arrive at Spokane Falls at 12:53 A.M.; Cheney at 1:32 A.M., and Wallula Junction at 9.35 A.M.

Connection

At Wallula Junction with O. R. & N. Co.,

Sleeping Cars to and from Portland.

J. M. BUCKLEY, Assistant General Manager,

JOHN MUIR, Sup't of Traffic

A. L. STOKES, Ass't Sup't of Traffic

E. P. ROGERS, General Agent.

THE

Northern Pacific

EXPRESS CO.,

Office, No. 80 North Front street, Cor. of B.

On and after September 1, 1883, will transact a general Express business; operating the following routes:

Northern Pacific Railroad and Branches.

Oregon Railway and Navigation Co.

Oregon and California Railroad.

Pacific Coast Steamship Routes between San Francisco, Portland (Or.), Victoria, Puget Sound and Alaska.

Will receive for transportation for all points in

OREGON,	WASHINGTON TER.
ALASKA,	BRITISH COLUMBIA,
IDAHO,	MONTANA,
DAKOTA,	MINNESOTA,

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Gold and Silver, Bullion, Valuables, Legiers, Packages and Merchandise.

W. J. FOOTNER, Gen'l Sup't.

T. F. OAKES, President.

H. H. BROWNING, Ass't Sup't and Agent, Portland.

au31 tm

NOTICE.

Oregon Railway and Navigation Co.

AND

Northern Pacific R. R.

[illegible], Yellowstone Park

MONTANA.

EXCURSION TICKETS

HAVE BEEN PLACED ON SALE.

Portland to Cinnabar and Return!

Fare $75 to parties of not less than ten.

Tickets good to return until September 20th.

JOHN MUIR, Sup't Traffic.

E. P. ROGERS, Gen'l Agent.

A. L. STOKES, Ass't Sup. Traffic.

17sep20

SCALES.

FOSTER & ROBERTSON, AGENTS FOR FAIRBANKS Bros' U. S. Standard Scales; every scale warranted by us; 88 and 90 Front street.

m30